

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE 1990

BLACK LABEL
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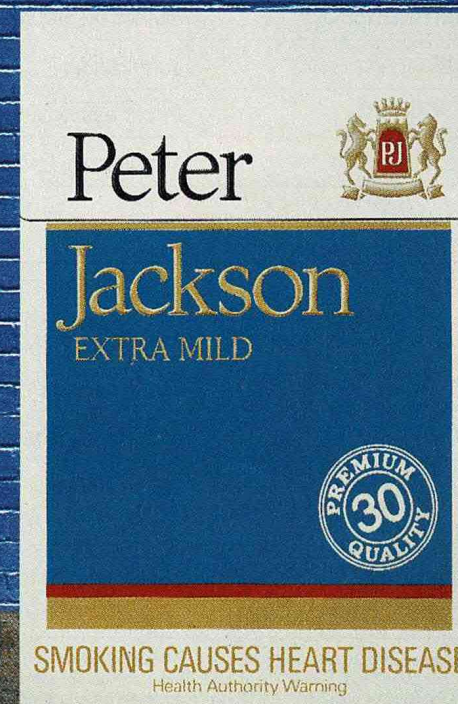


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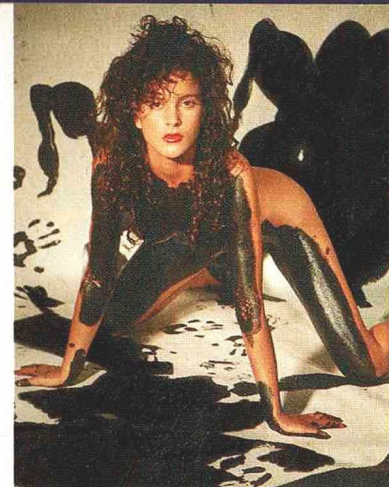
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30 OF THE BEST.

Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 11 No 6/June 1990 Black Label Edition



Cover by Nick Brokensha

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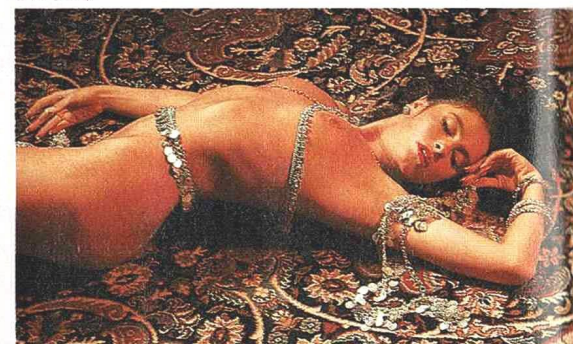
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Talking Dirty



Pet Of The Month



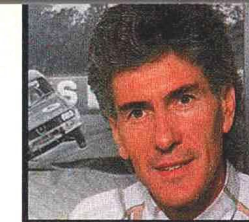
How To Be A Sporting Hero



Hornets' Nest



STUDIO DOOR 34



PETER MCKAY



IAIN MCKELLAR



GRAHAM MONRO



CAMERON SINGLETON

HOUSECALL

THE WILD WEST

If Queensland can be referred to as "The Deep North" then Western Australia is certainly entitled to the tag "The Wild West." It's Australia's answer to Texas — a state populated by cowboys whose recklessness at governmental level led to the biggest shakeout since ... well, since the Queensland shakeout. High flyers out West turned into shot ducks almost overnight, prompting the question: do these Westerners view the world in a fundamentally different way? John Carpenter answers that question in a rollicking series of anecdotes starting on page 34 with photographic artwork by Studio Door 34.

TALKING DIRTY

Pornographer Al Goldstein, publisher of the infamous *Screw* magazine, proudly lays claim to being the most hated man in America. Paul R. Wilson got past the armed bodyguards to sketch the porn king's profile on page 48. The photography is the work of Studio Door 34.

HOW TO BE A SPORTING HERO

It's a piss in the hand. You mightn't be an Allan Border or even (God forbid) a Jacko, but that shouldn't prevent you from scaling the heights of sporting celebrity. Just follow the easy-to-read step-by-step guide outlined by humorist Stephen Pigott on page 58. Scott Kennedy contributed the illustration.

THE REAL L.A. LAW

What Rome is to Catholics and Mecca to Muslims, California is to the attorney. It's the happy hunting ground for a pack of shysters whose major function is to train people to scream "whiplash" on cue, and whose code of ethics could be recorded on the back of a postage stamp. John Baxter pleads insanity on behalf of the Californian legal system on page 74. The accompanying illustration is by Iain McKellar.

HORNETS' NEST

Forget about *Top Gun*. The F/A-18 Fighter Combat Instructors in the RAAF proved in the recent Exercise Cope Thunder in the Philippines that they can blow their American counterparts out of the sky. In words and photos on page 88, Graham Monro pays tribute to an elite group of pilots who form the distinguished vanguard of our entire defence strategy.

HOLY ROLLING

When Bob Jane spent \$30 million creating the Calder Park Thunderdome, duplicating a slice of America's Deep South, a lot of people thought he'd lost his ballbearings. But according to Motoring Editor Peter McKay, who travelled to North Carolina to check out the home of NASCAR racing, Jane has a firm grip on both his balls and his bearings. McKay's report is on page 104.

SIREN ON THE NAUGEHYDE

David's buddies, newly converted to the piety business, couldn't come to terms with his womanising. But the real problem arose when he told them about Henry. Fascinating fiction from the talented hand of Antonella Gambotto, illustrated by Cameron Singleton. Turn to page 54.



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Phil Abraham

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JUNE

feedback

Penthouse for women

I have to express my views regarding *Penthouse*. I think your magazine is great — even though I am female. My boyfriend buys your magazine regularly. I prefer the articles that you produce to the soap and career stories printed in magazines such as *Cosmo* and *Cleo* — these stories are not only boring but an insult to the intelligence of the female.

How about publishing a new female *Penthouse* magazine, carrying stories along the same lines as the men's magazine and with the same format, but with pictorials of healthy male bodies? Believe it or not, we would enjoy this just as much as men enjoy your current magazine. You would probably find it economically viable considering the amount of women who read your magazine now.

I'd like to hear your Editor's point of view on this. Please produce a magazine as interesting and entertaining for us stimulation-starved women. Why should we be the ones to miss out? It's frustrating looking at the rubbish on newsagents shelves that we are supposed to read. — *Name and address withheld*

I have just purchased a copy of your *Penthouse Couples Black Label Collection*. I was thoroughly disappointed to find that 85 percent of the photos were of females. I'm sure there are a large number of females who enjoy looking at the naked male body but for some reason it seems that gay magazines are about the only thing available. I really think that a magazine of your standing should have something for us women. Please, give us a go. — *Veronica Jas, Lithgow, NSW*

It is always interesting to hear from women readers as our surveys have shown that fully one-third of our readership is female. In the past, women's magazines that combine intellectually stimulating articles with photo spreads of healthy male bodies have been marketed both here and overseas. Sales figures of these magazines were poor in comparison to publications like Cleo and Cosmo, and thus publishers were led to believe that women had no interest in such a format. Perhaps times — and women — have changed since then. As to the inclusion of more male bodies in Australian Pent-



Diana Van Gils . . . reader favorite

house, we are on the horns of dilemma, so to speak, as the following two letters illustrate. — Ed

More girls

In reference to the "Variety Is The Spice" debate, I am personally against hetero pictorials, but if some people like them I can see no harm in having them, though not exclusively or so often. The last two issues have had hetero pictorials, and I find this annoying and worrying. This stuff offends me as it is against my sexual preference (my preference is *me*, not some poofy male model having sex with females).

I have always admired your pictorials, as they showed artistic quality and photographers who took pride in their work. I found the female pairs of particular beauty, and I personally do not know of any magazine matching your artistic standards in these areas. This was why I decided to subscribe to your magazine. If people want hetero pictorials of this style, there are plenty of magazines available that would suit them.

On another note, the Ballerina pictorial in the January issue was fantastic — that's my number two fantasy (after gymnasts). Any chance of a pictorial on gymnasts? — *Name and address withheld*

More spice

I have read with interest the letters in response to the views expressed in the letter "Variety's The Spice" in the October edition. I am a male reader who agrees completely with the sentiments expressed by the writer and would like to see more heterosexual pictorials, not that I have anything against the "all girl" pictorials.

I also share the view expressed in the "Spice Of Life" letter, published in the January edition, in regard to showing more of the male model's equipment, along the lines of the Going Bush spread in the August '89 Black Label edition. Keep up the good work. The Black Label issue is in my opinion the best men's magazine available in Australia. — *Bill Williams, Ashgrove, Qld*

Team work

Big raps on your hot March issue. I'm a regular reader and sometime buyer of your magazine (a group of four of us take turns to buy it each month and we pass it around).

The March '90 issue was the first we'd seen in Limited Edition. The extra pictorials were nothing short of filthy (in the nicest possible way), and well worth the extra dough. Our vote for foxiest pictorial goes unanimously to Dutch Treat Diana Van Gils, photographed by Philip Mond. Best article was a split vote between the story about the sailboarders going for the world speed record in gale force winds off Victoria and the one about the crazy stuntman who juggles razor sharp axes and shit. Radical stuff! — *J. Lucas, Dulwich Hill, NSW*

Light relief

Just a quickie to say keep the knockout pics and articles coming on strong through 1990. The Australian male deserves nothing less in the realm of mental and physical stimulation. Not to forget a bit of comic relief. I was pleased to note that in your March edition, amid your usual feasts for the eyes and mind, you included a few of your usual disgusting cartoons. The painting of the brown-eye that followed you around the room was a beauty, as was the national convention of the Swing Sniffers' Guild. Classics, the both of 'em. — *R. Cartwright, Horsham, Vic*

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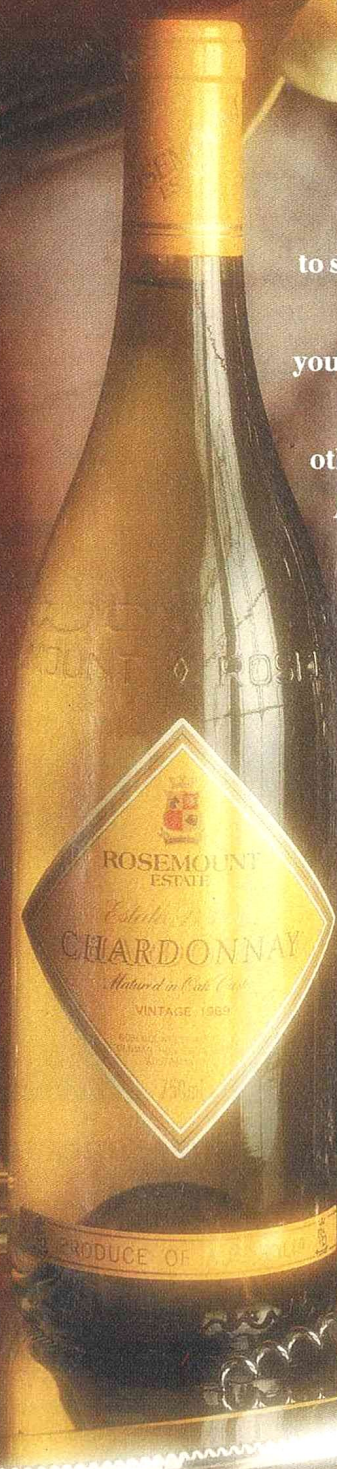
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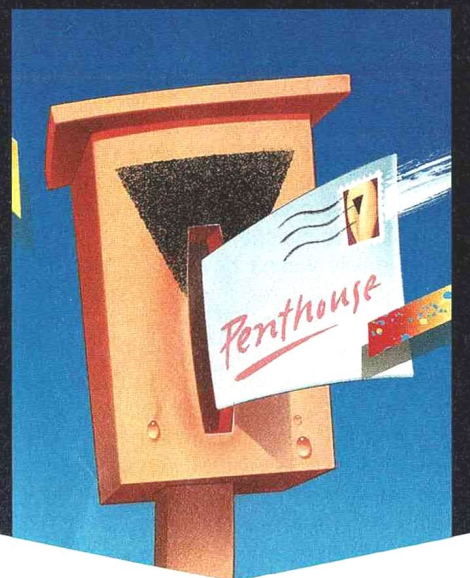
Terrible tease

I have been working for the same firm of accountants for about five years as a secretary-receptionist, and it's not a bad job. The accountant I work mostly with is okay, but like all the men I've ever met, very keen on his sexual prowess and never lets a chance go by without indirectly giving the impression that if I let him into my pants I'd be delighted with the results. *Erk!*

Recently when my husband had been away on business for almost two weeks, my boss was suggesting almost daily that I might like to stay back after work for a drink and a bit of a chat. I didn't feel at all like having an after work drink and chat with this guy, especially not on my back, so I became more and more annoyed as each more persistent suggestion was put.

Eventually I decided to put a stop to this nonsense once and for all. I decided to sexually tease him stupid all day long, drive him right out of his brain, and then accept his crummy "drinks and chat" offer. I didn't expect he'd actually be game enough to put the hard word on me even then, and that alone would make him feel as foolish as the dog that caught the cat and then had to let it go because he didn't know what to do next. Even if he did pop the dirty question, that would be better still, because I could then point out in very definite terms what a creepy slob he really was and how I'd rather lay down for a council bus to roll on to me than even think of doing it for him.

I dressed carefully the next day. Heels, stockings with lace tops and a shortish dress which was loose but not low-cut over the bust. As well as this I wore no bra and put on my "silk Claytons." I generally keep my Claytons for naughty nights when I particularly want to turn my husband on and enjoy some animal passion. They are made of soft pink silk and although brief, are high-cut at the sides and fabulously loose around the top of my legs. They are the panties I wear when I don't feel like wearing any! At the back they leave a lot of cheek to be seen and at the front, the pink silk emphasises everything by tucking into my love wrinkle while revealing more than a little bit of pussy



forum

fur at both sides.

I had a wonderful time all morning. Without anybody else at work being aware of what was going on, each time I leaned over his desk I could feel him stare down the front of my dress at both breasts and no bra. I could feel my nipples pressing right out as I leaned further forward and closer each time. I could sense him being sucked down in a whirlpool of perfume, tits and fantasy while I pretended to be only interested in helping with his work.

Just before lunchtime he asked me to look for some documents in the bottom drawer of his filing cabinet. I knew he was watching my bum as I wiggled my way across to the cabinet, and I heard him stop talking on the phone as I bent at the waist and took my time to locate the file he wanted. I didn't know if he really wanted that file or if he just wanted to look at my legs; anyway I gave him the full treatment — stockings, legs, brief pink silk Claytons and a lot of bare bum!

Well, he looked to be ready to come in his pants and I nearly burst out laughing when a short while after he asked about the old drinks after work. I kept a straight face with a lot of difficulty and agreed that that sounded like a great idea provided the drink was worth the wait. I swear that if he was wearing glasses they would have fogged up, and I doubt he could have stood up without catching the bulge in his pants under the edge of the desk. Great fun! I was having a ball and his were ready to pop.

After everyone else had gone home in the afternoon, I shut the front door and found him sitting at his desk with a bottle of very expensive champagne and two glasses on the desk. I was a little impressed by the fact that the "drink" was of such quality. But never mind that — I had one more dirty trick to play on him before cutting out early and leaving him high and dry.

I took my drink and enjoyed washing it down. The hem of my dress crept up and up while I made a real meal of making myself at home in one of the comfortable chairs opposite his desk. While chatting along

about nothing in particular I slipped one shoe off with the toe of my other foot and then, pretending the other one was difficult to remove, I reached down beside the chair and moved my foot back to take it off with my hand. By the time the shoe was off, my knees were well apart and I caught his lustful little eyes feasting on what I knew would look very like a little bit of gathered up silk knickers and a lot of pussy right between my open thighs and just above the white lace tops of a nice pair of stockings. That was it! Time to go! He was suffering badly enough. Just time for the final putdown, if only he would pop the question.

Right then the phone on his desk rang and out of nothing but long habit, I went quickly to the desk beside his chair to answer it. You have probably guessed what happened next, but believe me it was a big shock at the time. His hand went straight up my skirt and I nearly dropped the phone! While thinking hard what to do next, I told the caller to ring back the next morning, and by the time I'd hung up there were two fingers right in my panties. What's worse is that it felt so good I did nothing more than spread my legs and begin moving my hips to the rhythm of his fingers. Dear oh dear! Delicious and amazing orgasmic feelings started spreading all over my belly. Crumbs! This felt so good that I even pulled my skirt up to my waist with one hand and pressed his fingers into my pussy with the other.

Well, I didn't shift much from where I was. He screwed me right there, bending over

forum

the desk, knickers and all! By the time he came I was on to my second or third orgasm, standing right up on my toes, being pushed further and further over the desk with each stroke and making a bit of a pig of myself about enjoying it so much. The phone, among other things, was on the floor and it looked like a pretty good time had been had by all by the time we were getting our breath back, drinking our second glass of bubbly and wondering who should say what next.

I guess the fact that my lover had been away for a couple of weeks, that I had knocked over two glasses of bubbly, that I had been feeling more and more horny while playing the tart all day, and that I always did want a lot of fucking once I really got going made me want more cock than I had just got.

He wasn't terribly interested in any more right then, but I was so I guess he had no option when I insisted that it was only fair that if he had screwed me, then I should get a chance to screw him as well. I got him to lie on the carpet with a cushion under his head, then slipped off my dress and got to work on getting his cock up. I straddled him on my knees and firstly made him lick my love button while I rubbed a very gooshy pussy right in his face. Then, while holding his cock with one hand, I spread the lips of

my pussy with the fingers of the other hand and took my time easing up and down and all over that penis in a gorgeous aromatic slush of wetness and pink silk.

I screwed him much more thoroughly than he had screwed me just to make the score even, and besides I felt like a praying mantis sucking all the life juice out of a beetle — that felt really good! I didn't ease up even after he came again and enjoyed two more lovely orgasms until he finally asked me to stop because he couldn't take any more. His cock went limp, which effectively stopped the show anyway.

It certainly wasn't how I'd planned the day, and the end result was somewhat unexpected for both of us. Funny thing is that he has never mentioned it since and he definitely keeps away from the subject of drinks after work. Maybe he feels that I kind of used him that day or that he bit off more than he could chew. I also think I scared him a bit, which isn't surprising when you think that he was the one who finally had to call it quits. Probably in his best fantasies he only expected to give me a quick poke in the whiskers as they say, so I guess it is not surprising that he was a bit unnerved when I made him lie back and rubbed those wet and very steamy whiskers all over his face and fucked him till he begged for mercy. — *Name and address withheld*

Full body massage

I have been a regular reader of *Penthouse*

for many years and have been a subscriber to the Black Label Edition since it was first published. Living in Queensland as I do, the version available up here leaves a lot to the imagination and I really enjoy the uncensored edition. I never thought that I would have an experience that may rate a mention in your Forum columns as I live a very quiet life, but the following events have changed all of that.

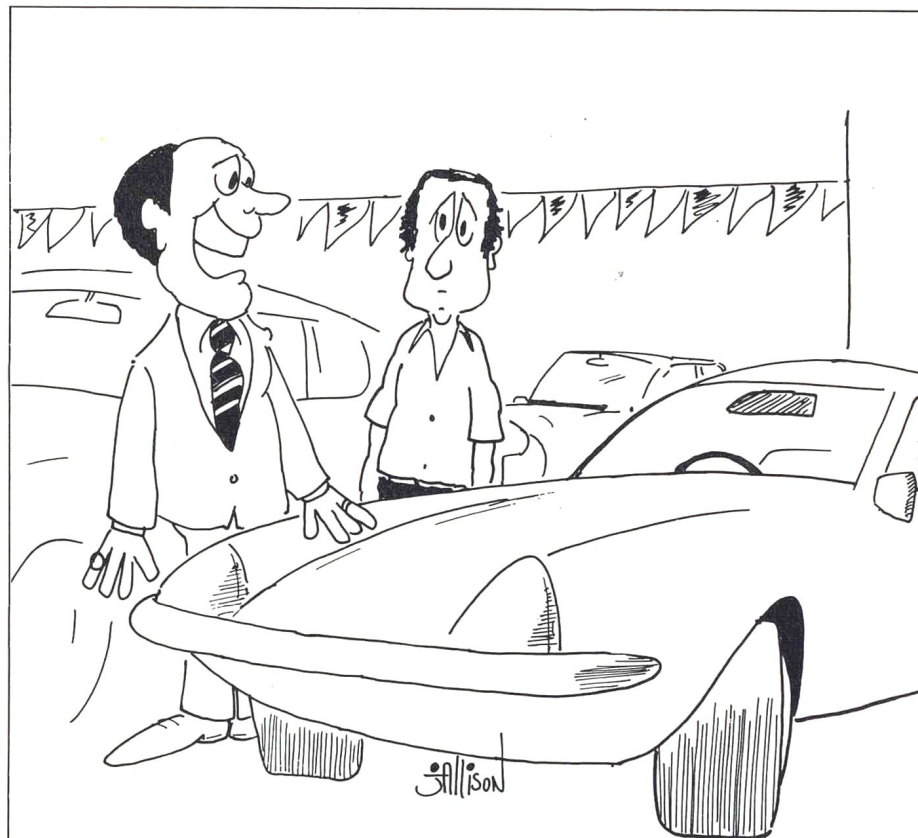
A couple of months ago I hurt my back around the house and made an appointment with a therapeutic massage clinic in Brisbane to try and get rid of the pain. I was treated by a very attractive blonde lady whom I shall call Tanya, and went home much better. The massage was purely straight, with no extra services either offered or hinted at.

From time to time I would call in and get a massage from this lady when I was feeling tired or over-stressed and we talked a lot during the sessions. I mentioned one day that I had studied massage and that she was very good at what she did.

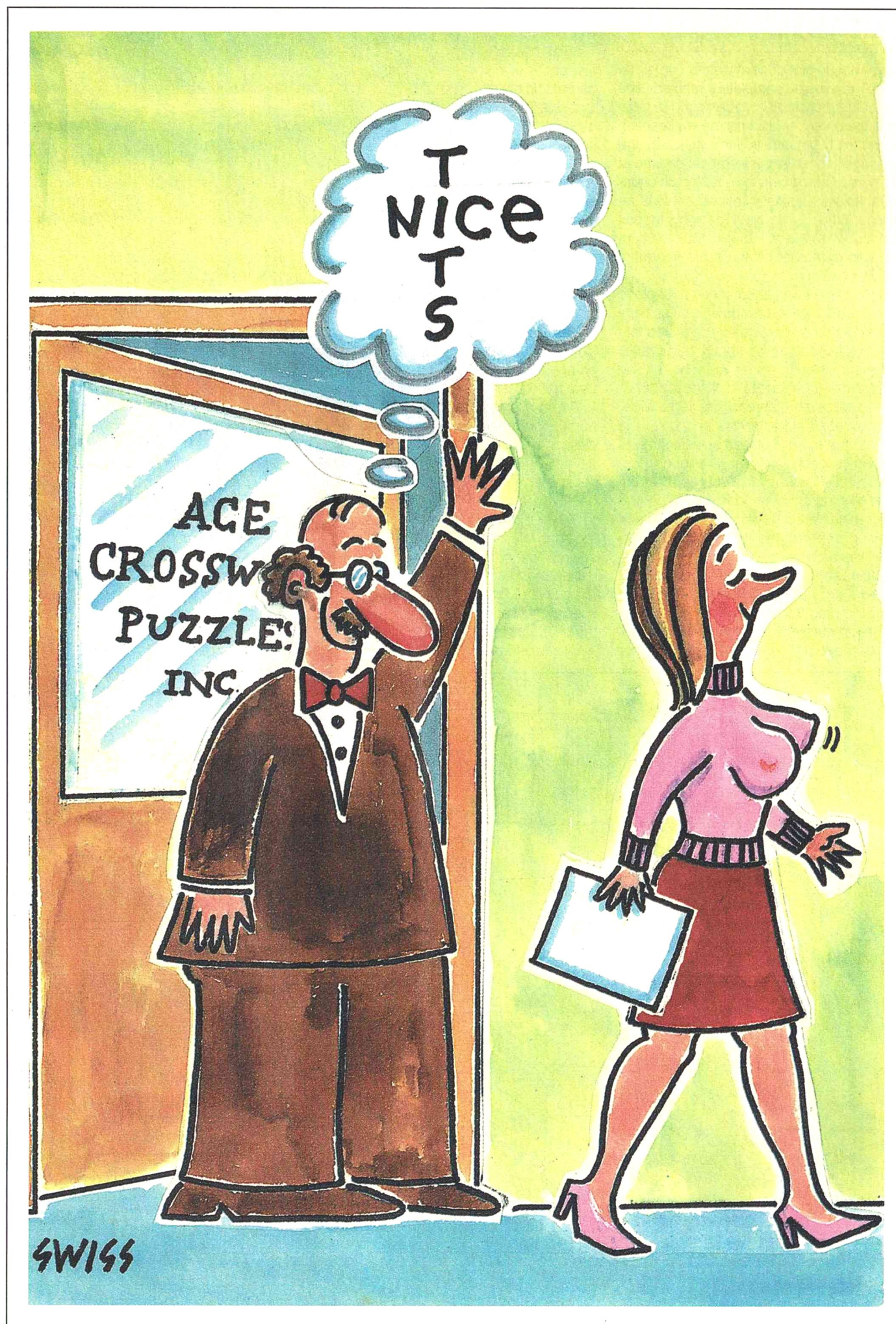
The next time I called to see her she asked me if I would give her a back massage as she had hurt it earlier in the week. I was only too happy to oblige and she took off her uniform to lie on the table. Imagine my surprise to see that she was totally naked under the uniform, and to find that she was a natural blonde — not that there was much hair down there. She was almost completely shaved.

I proceeded to give her a back massage. I, by the way, was already nude, as I had showered and was ready for the table when she popped the question. She told me that her back was feeling much better. Feeling a bit bold by now, not to mention a bit horny, I asked her if she would like me to massage her front as well. Still, I was surprised when she said yes and rolled over. After massaging her stomach and chest, spending as much time as possible on her firm breasts, I moved to do her legs. She did not seem to object when I massaged right up to the top of her thighs and brushed past her pussy lips in so doing. Feeling pretty bold by now, I proceeded to massage her pussy on the outside, at which point she opened her legs wide, allowing me total access to her by now well-lubricated cunt.

She told me not to get too carried away and said we had better change places on the table. Then, without putting her clothes back on, she proceeded to give me a massage that was out of this world. First she massaged my back and worked her way down to my buttocks, where she spent a lot of time. The strokes she was using, though, were not the ones that we had learned when I gained my diploma. When she proceeded to do my legs she seemed to be forever brushing past my cock and balls, just touching them. Needless to say I was getting rather worked up over all of this attention. It was then time to roll over for my front to be done, and Tanya proceeded to give my chest and stomach a very professional rub



"Fast? The warranty covers the first six speeding fines!"



forum

down with no hint of what was to come.

As I lay there, completely relaxed, she started to apply oil to my thighs and to massage them very softly. Imagine my reaction when I felt two hands encircle my cock and massage it for its entire length. In no time at all my cock had grown to its full length under the absolutely fantastic massage it was receiving. While Tanya was doing this to me I inserted two fingers into her slippery cunt and was giving her clit the same treatment she was giving me.

By this time I was about ready to explode and asked Tanya to slow down a bit so that I didn't come too soon. I also suggested that we change places so that I had better access to her dripping love hole. She thought this a good idea and she lay down on the table and spread her legs wide, which opened her cunt lips and gave me total access to her. I placed at least three of my fingers deep into her wide open cunt and searched for the elusive G-spot. At the same time my other hand was rubbing and teasing her erect love button. She was moaning softly all the time and her whole body was arching up from the table.

She reached out with one hand and placed it around my raging erection, and using the precome oozing from its tip, proceeded to massage my cock while I continued to move my fingers in and out of her

cunt and to reach up and touch her tits from time to time.

I was nearing the point of no return and just about to come as she worked on my cock. I told her that I was about to come and that due to our positions I would come all over her stomach and tits. Her only comment was "I know" as she continued to work on my love muscle and aching balls. As Tanya started to come she let out a quiet scream, so that the others in the establishment wouldn't hear what was going on, and at that same moment about a gallon, or so it felt, of hot come erupted from my cock all over Tanya.

This only caused her to moan again and to arch her back until my cock was resting on her stomach. She just held on to it as it slowly relaxed and I let my hand rest lightly on her hot cunt and clit as she came down from her orgasm.

When we had relaxed and resumed normal breathing I got a soft towel and cleaned my come off her. I leaned over and gave her a soft kiss on each nipple and on her mouth. She just reached up and put both her arms around me and held me close for a few moments until we went to shower together. We then dressed and I went off to see my next client.

Needless to say I am a regular visitor to this outwardly straight clinic to receive a very special massage from a very special lady, the best "full body masseuse" that I know. — Name and address withheld

Rub-a-dub

A few months ago my girlfriend moved to Western Australia, while I spent my last year at uni in NSW. Of course, I've been out to visit her several times when phone sex with her just wasn't enough. Late one night, during one of my visits, she took me out and said she had a "wet" surprise for me. Dressed very sexy in a miniskirt, high heels, and a cropped top, she made me quite interested in what this surprise might turn out to be. After a half-hour car ride, through which she tortured me by pulling her skirt up just a little higher every few minutes while caressing the inside of my thighs, we arrived at a hot tub rental place, with very private tubs for two. I instantly knew what she meant by a "wet" surprise.

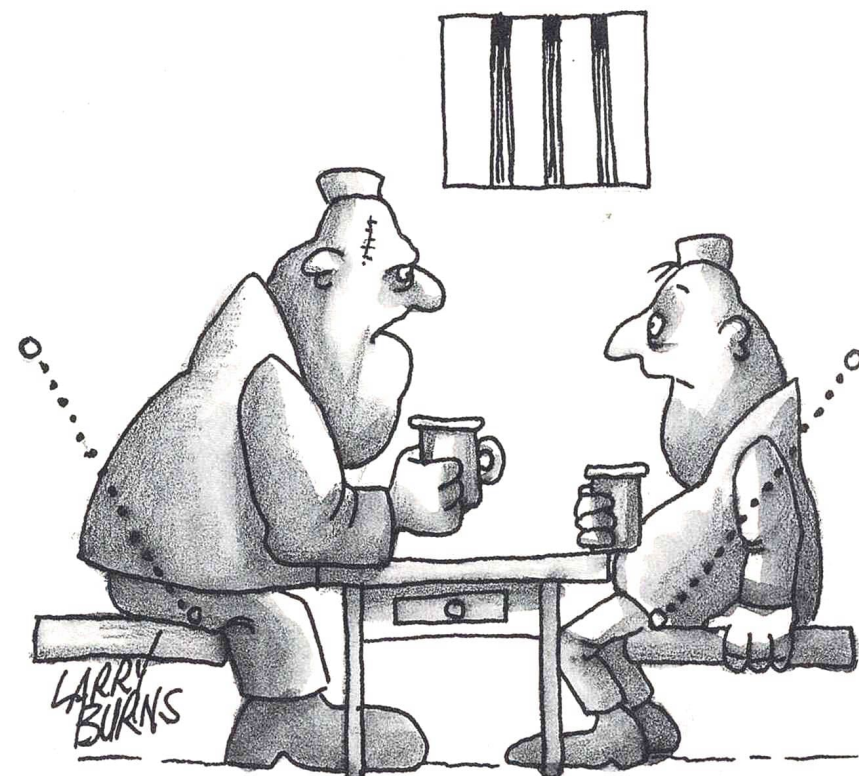
After we were shown to our tub, she revealed the contents of a bag she had hidden in the car: a radio, champagne, glasses, candles, and towels. The setting was perfect. After turning on some soft music, she lit the candles. I found a switch that turned on a light under the water in the tub and slowly undressed. She began to tantalise me by rhythmically caressing her body beneath her skirt and top. Finally, she removed her clothing to reveal a skimpy neon-green string bikini that glowed in the light being emitted from the tub. Her firm 36C breasts swelled in her top, and I wanted fiercely to remove it and caress her magnificent breasts with my hands and tongue.

She stepped into the tub across from me, her tight thighs submerging as she drew a breath when she felt the steamy heat of the water. I, too, immersed myself in the water, my penis fully erect. I forced myself to keep from attacking her and instead just watched her. I could swear that as my heart pounded with anticipation, I could feel my penis throb.

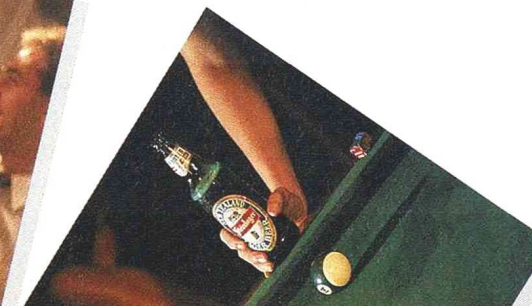
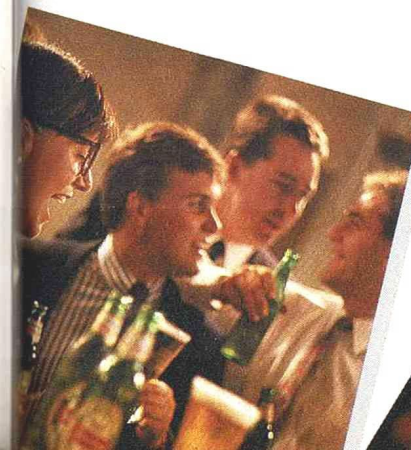
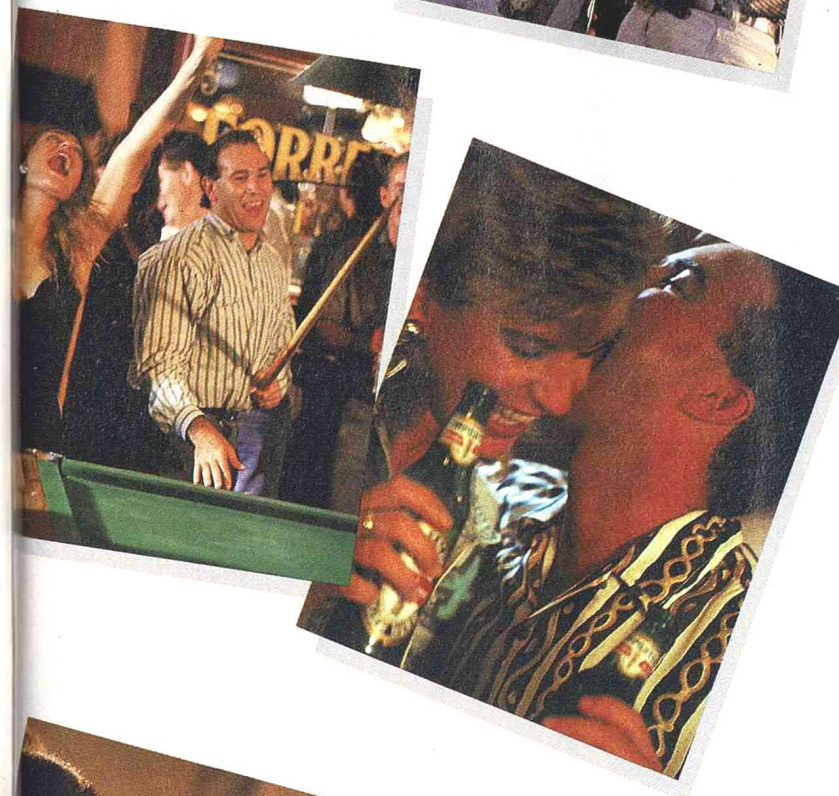
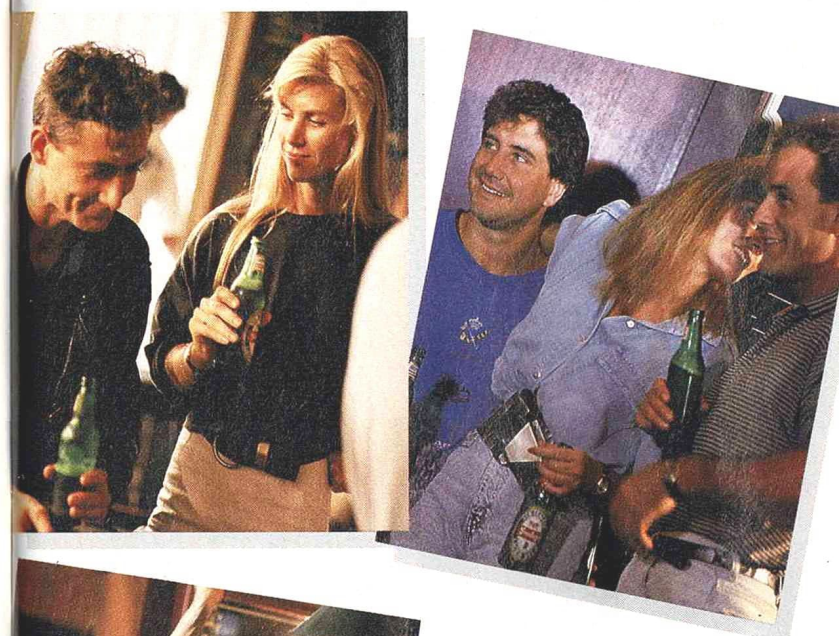
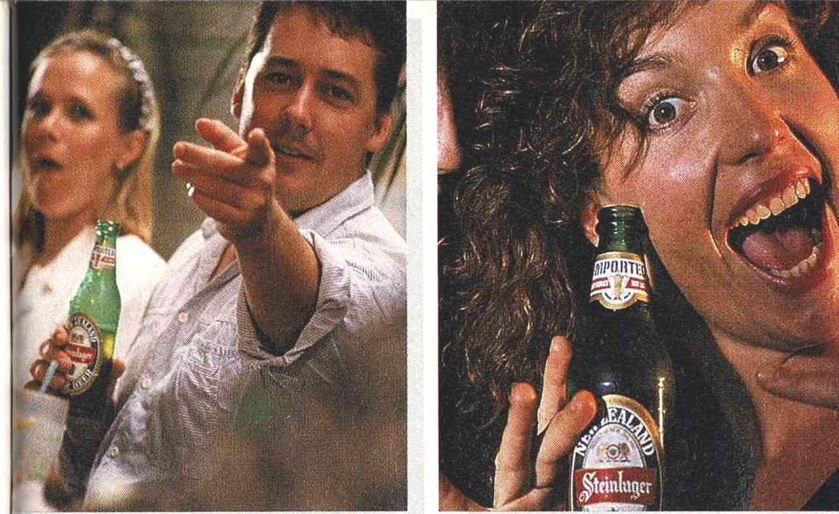
She poured champagne into two long-stemmed glasses, and with one stem in each hand, turned to face me, revealing breasts that seemed to undulate under her bikini with her breathing. I looked into her amber eyes as she waded closer to me. She came close enough to me so that her breasts touched my chest, and through the cloth of her bikini, I could feel her nipples slightly stiffen. My penis lightly brushed her soft skin, and although I was sweating I felt chills go through me. Intertwining our arms, we sipped the champagne, and she said, "I'm yours."

After some moist sips to quench our parched mouths, we kissed deeply and I could feel her tongue almost reach the back of my throat. I reached for the restraining strings of her bikini. As her breasts were exposed, I felt a quiver go through my insides. Fondling her breasts with one hand, I plunged my other hand under the water to remove the last of the clothing hiding her nakedness. We kissed passionately, producing heat that caused more than just steam to rise. After we had playfully manoeuvred around the tub for a while as though we

Continued on page 116



"Anyone ever told you you've got lovely eyes?"



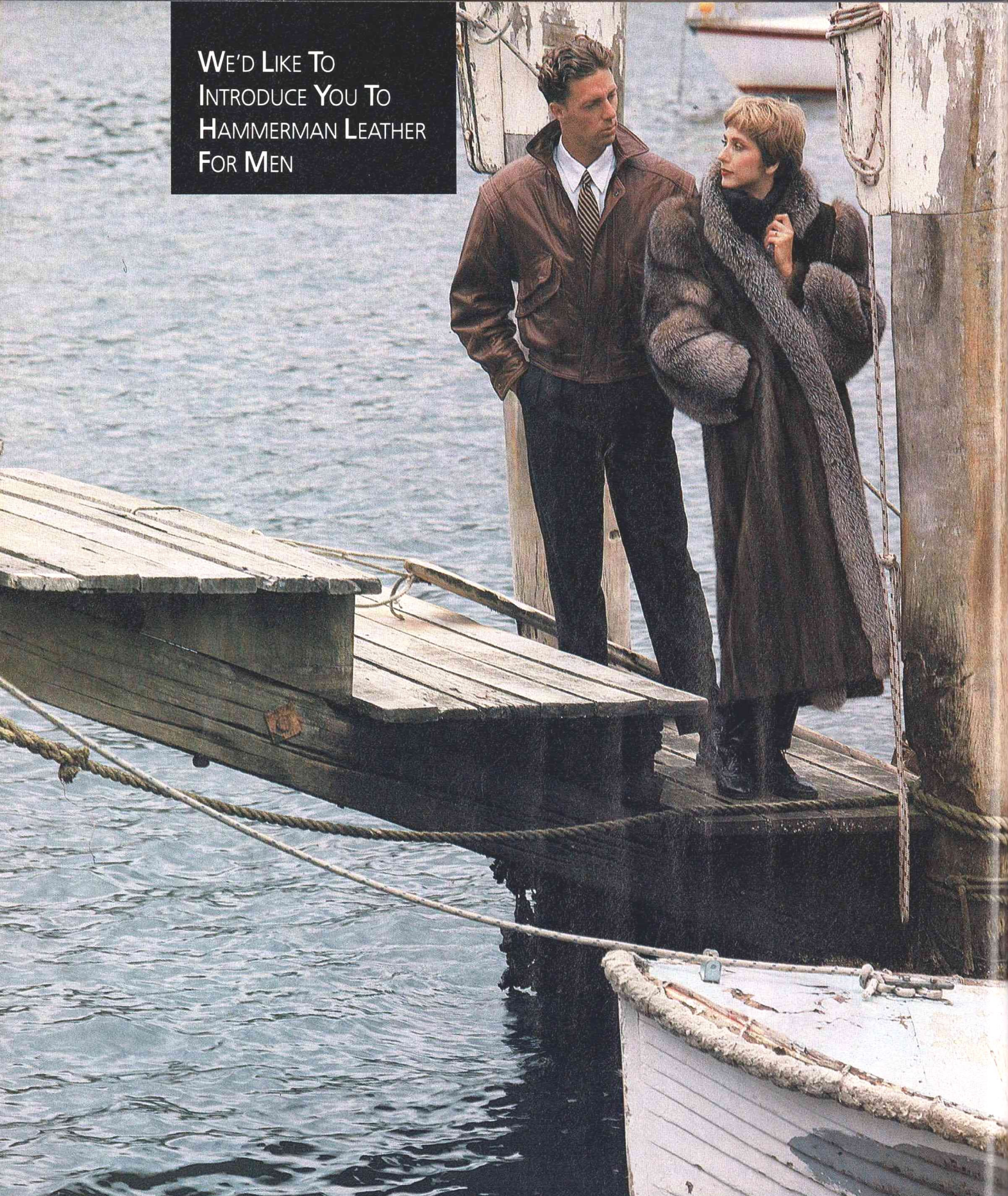
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D R I N K

FRONT

HOT SHOTS

Until the Seventies, most Australians' knowledge of tequila was acquired via those villainous *hombres* who appeared from nowhere every time a clean-cut Western hero ventured south of the border. With their scruffy appearance and limited vocabularies — which rarely extended beyond "gringo", "cantina" and "tequila" — it was obvious they were not men of great taste and discrimination.

Commercial tequila, however, has never merited this rot-gut image. Like the banal instrumental hit of the Sixties, where the chorus shouted "tequila" at regular intervals to prevent listeners from dozing off, exported tequila is rather subdued by caballero standards. It's only when you dive headlong into a binge that you end up feeling like you've gone ten rounds with Jeff Fenech.

The popularity of tequila in Australia has grown enormously in the past decade, largely because of its role in mixed drinks like the Margarita, Tequila Sunrise and Tequila Sour. A sign of the strength of the tequila market was the release of Cuervo 1800 last October. The so-called "aficionado's tequila", aged for at least two years in oak casks and sipped like cognac, was into its third import order before February.

The name tequila is only of recent vintage. Until the beginning of the 20th Century, it was known as mezcal brandy or tequila wine.

The new breed of connoisseur tequilas will blow you away

Whatever the name, Mexico's number one drink has an ancestry that stretches back to pre-Colombian times.

By the early 19th Century, the mezcal produced in a village called Tequila began to achieve a reputation for its high quality. Made exclusively from the maguey plant *agave tequilana weber*, tequila is to mezcal what cognac is to brandy. In other words, tequila is a mezcal, but

not all mezcals are tequila.

The town of Tequila is about 70 kilometres west of Guadalajara in the Sierra Madre mountains. Surrounded by rich volcanic soil, this specific area of central-west Mexico is where *agave tequilana* grows best. Just as French law protects cognac, so by Mexican law true tequila is a special type of mezcal produced from a single type of agave in this select region of Mexico. But unlike ordinary French brandies, mezcal is not exported.

Although aficionados rightly say that tequila has been somewhat tamed by its popularity, it is still a hard liquor. Tequila is distilled at the rather low proof of 110 degrees (Am) to retain the distinctive flavor of the agave juice. But after re-distilling to make it water-white and produce a reduction in strength, tequila is still bottled at a hefty 70-80 proof. Good tequila is never cheap, nor does it vary greatly in price. Anything that depends on a plant that takes eight to ten years to achieve maturity is never going to be in the economy class. And because tequila only comes from a select area and every manufacturer makes it in the same way, one of them can't ask for a price way higher than the others.

Most tequila available outside Mexico is unaged, although it does have a slight maturing period of 35-40 days before bottling. However, as with any national spirit, inside its country of origin the situation is different. Aged tequila, known as *anejo* (aged one), is prized in Mexico. Ranging from light gold to deep amber in color, tequilas aged from one to four years have a unique mellowness, and unlike "silver" tequilas, prices vary enormously. Cuervo 1800 and Cuervo Especial are two good super-premium brands available in Australia.

Because of the range of tequilas available in Mexico there are, of course, connoisseurs. But Australians trying to differentiate between the subtle nuances of taste of the rather uniform imported tequilas have a far more difficult task. One unfailing sign of quality is the initials "DGN" on a label. They stand for Direction General de Normas, the stamp of the Mexican Bureau of Standards. To qualify for this seal of approval, the tequila must be made from at least 51 percent blue agave juice.

The traditional way to drink tequila is, predictably enough, a ritual of



machismo. New Men like their white lightning toned down with mixers, but for the guy who doesn't like his punches pulled, there is only one way.

Place a tiny heap of salt in the small niche between the thumb and forefinger of your left hand. Grip the wedge of lemon or lime firmly between the same two fingers and hold the small glass of tequila in your right hand. Then, in one continuous movement, take a manly suck of the lemon or lime, strike the left wrist smartly with the right to make the salt shoot upwards into your mouth, and sling back the tequila. As with any ritual, different interpretations do exist on how to get the three ingredients down your throat. The one hard and fast rule is that the tequila never goes first.

Although it may be traditional to drink tequila straight, for most of us it is far more pleasurable mixed. The following classic cocktail is for those who only want to prove that they appreciate a good liquor:

Margarita: First wipe the rim of a glass with a wedge of lemon and then dip it into a saucer of salt. Place a few lumps of ice in a shaker or jar, add 45ml tequila, 15-20ml triple sec liqueur, 30ml lemon or lime juice and a little castor sugar. Shake vigorously, strain into prepared glass, slip a bit of Jimmy Buffet in the CD, and waste away. — Elisabeth King

DID THE EARTH MOVE FOR YOU, DEAR?

Are you one of those men who, after meaningful intercourse with a significant other — or a fine wild fuck with a passing acquaintance — has been known to turn to his fellow fornicator and ask: "Did you come?" or "Was it good for you, too?"

No? You've never even *thought* about asking after your partner's orgasm? Well, pal, you're either (a) a caveman; (b) a bullshit artist; or (c) a virgin. Giving you the benefit of the doubt, let's say you've crawled a little higher up the evolutionary ladder than (a). Like, *you can read* for starters. So you're either a (b) or a (c). We all know that it only takes one teeny weeny root for a (c) to no longer be a (c), and what's the betting that, when that red letter day arrives, he asks his partner if she came? If he denies it, it's London to a brick he's a (b).

Let's face it, we've all popped the question. How could we be so gauche? Think about it. Has your partner ever asked you if *you* came?



Of course not. There's something happening here and you don't know what it is, do you?

I'm sure you'll explain that you ask about your partner's orgasm because you are a sensitive post-modern male. You're concerned about her, and you want to make

sure she's satisfied, right? Wrong. You ask because you're insecure and your male ego needs stroking. You want to be reassured that you did the right thing, pushed the right buttons. What you're dying to hear is that she came like Mount Vesuvius, that she has never experienced such sexual ecstasy before you entered her life. This, of course, would make you a man among men.

And why do you suppose *she* never asks you the same questions? Is it that she doesn't care about you? Is she so self-absorbed that she is

The whys and wherefores of the faked orgasm

just not interested in whether you've been satisfied? This is probably not the case. First, male physiology makes the "did you come?" more than a little foolish. Even if you're wearing a condom, your actions and reactions during and after orgasm leave little doubt as to what is happening. Second, and far more important, your partner doesn't have to ask if it was good for you precisely because she is *not* totally self-absorbed. The odds are that your partner derives a good deal of her pleasure from giving you pleasure, so she is keenly aware of your enjoyment or the lack thereof. If you are a traditional male, as most men are, her mind is probably a far better developed sex organ than yours.

There is, of course, another reason why women don't generally ask *their* partners if sex was good for them. It's the rare man who fakes it. Women, unfortunately, feel compelled to fake it all too often. Yes, guys, we've all undoubtedly fallen for a great many Oscar-worthy orgasms.

Why, you wonder, would a partner of *yours* fake orgasm? There are a few possible answers: (1) because you've made orgasms the focal point of your lovemaking, and perhaps of your entire relationship; (2) because you — or society — have somehow made her feel that she's inadequate if she doesn't come; and (3) because, quite simply, she wants to please *you* and doesn't know how you'd react if she didn't come. How sad for her and for you.

I suppose some people might say that the basic phenomenon of faking it is a positive development. After all,

we're not all that far removed from the days when women weren't supposed to enjoy sex. They were supposed to just grin and bear it. No noise. No reaction. And, God forbid, no pleasure. Sex was a male prerogative and a male pleasure. Period. So some might view the fact that women occasionally feel compelled to feign ultimate pleasure as some kind of advancement. Unfortunately, it's not. It's just another version of male egocentricity and male chauvinism.

The point is that despite what you've heard, the orgasm is not the be-all and end-all of sex, and it *certainly* isn't the most important thing in a relationship. Women are way ahead of men in understanding that, procreation aside, the most rewarding aspects of sex are closeness and communication. When you think about it, neither you nor your partner needs the other to have an orgasm. Making love, however, requires the willing participation of another person. By definition, it involves expressing your love — or, at minimum, feelings of friendship and warmth — for each other. Making love requires opening yourself up to your partner; it involves taking risks. Yes, chaps, it requires "vulnerability."

So what does all of this have to do with asking your partner if she came? What does it have to do with faking it? Everything. Really great sex requires more communication than just "Baby, baby, baby." If you want your partner to want to make love to you, you have to be aware of and attempt to meet her physical and emotional needs. And the only way you'll know what those needs are is to ask her. Unlike in the movies, no-one is naturally a great lover or a mind reader. Don't expect to correctly guess what turns her on, and don't expect her to be able to automatically please you. The only way for either of you to know what the other wants is to *ask*.

When you and your partner are really in touch with each other, faking it won't be an issue, and she'll probably have more orgasms, anyway. She'll also be comfortable enough with herself, and have enough confidence in you, not to feel compelled to play silly games. When you're really in sync with your partner, you'll discover that you intuitively know the answers to those stupid questions and you won't need to ask. — *B.D. Colen*

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50,000 BOOGIE MEN

Bodyboarding may not be the most fun you can have lying down, but writer Stuart Hitchings reckons it's getting there

Sitting on a bench above my local beach early last year I watched with a deep sense of yearning as yet another four foot set hit the reef and peeled perfectly across the adjoining sandbank. I had been a regular surf Nazi in the Seventies but had spent most of the last 12 years living in Europe where I'd done precious little surfing; yet I still couldn't watch a wave break anywhere without wanting to be on it. But I was almost 30, more than a little out of condition, and the thought of going back to being just another kook in the line-up, hassled and outsurfed by a bunch of hot 12-year-olds, seemed somehow undignified to me. Still, I desperately wanted to be out there again, to re-experience the thrill of taking a steep drop, maybe pulling into a tube and even coming out again. What was I to do?

In the end it was easy really. I simply did what an estimated 50,000 Australians did last year — I took myself down to the nearest surf shop, bought myself a bodyboard and a pair of flippers and within an hour I was out there, panting and out of breath yet grinning like an idiot, intoxicated all over again with the thrill of simply goin' surfing.

Bodyboarding is currently the fastest growing aquatic sport in Australia, and it's not difficult to understand why. The vast majority of the country's population live within an hour's drive of a beach and, despite growing concerns about pollution and skin cancer, the lure of sun and surf is still almost irresistible for many of us. Yet many people who would like to get into surfing are intimidated by the obvious high level of skill and commitment required by surfboard riding, not to mention its air of being a somewhat exclusive club, full of ridicule and humiliation

for the novice. Bodyboarding, on the other hand, requires little more for full enjoyment than some pieces of reasonably cheap equipment and the ability to swim.

When I say reasonably cheap I mean that there's no reason that complete beginners can't have fun in the shorebreak on a \$69 K-Mart cheapie. But as the standard of your surfing improves you'll begin to feel restricted by such a low-tech piece of equipment and will want to move on to something with a bit more performance. Morey Boogie are the world's largest manufacturers of bodyboards and their top of the line model, the Mark 20XL, sells for \$399 and their most popular model, the Mach 7-7, sells for around \$220. A good pair of flippers will set you back another \$70. Then, if you wish, you can add the following accessories — wetsuit (\$100 – \$150), fin savers (\$10), leash (\$15), webbed gloves (\$30) and board cover (\$50). So, to get fully kitted with state of the art equipment you could end up spending more than \$700. Sure, it's a tidy sum but still not exactly extravagant, especially considering the amount of research and development that's gone into developing the modern bodyboard.

In Hawaii in 1974 American Tom Morey developed the prototype of the bodyboard we see on our beaches today. What he wanted to do was bring the ancient Hawaiian bellyboard into the 20th Century. When his small company was bought out by a large corporation in 1978 the new owners looked to expand into further markets and started distributing the boards in mainland USA, Australia, Japan, Europe and Brazil. These days Morey make their boards from a polypropylene foam core with a slick bottom made of surllyn, the same

plastic used to encase golf balls.

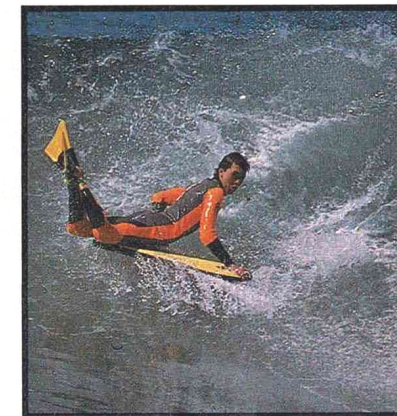
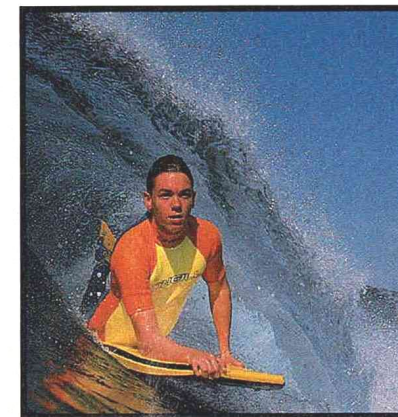
At the beaches where I do most of my surfing the youngest relatively serious bodyboarder (that is, one who has bothered to buy a wetsuit and who I see regularly in the surf) is maybe eight years old, the oldest perhaps 60. Each is of a roughly equal ability and each seems to get equal pleasure from the simple business of riding waves. No wonder then the sport is so popular among Aussies; it is egalitarian, thrilling and brings the same pleasure at being



close to the elements that all surfers enjoy. When I started bodyboarding I thought that it would be just an occasional thrill, a neat way of keeping the flab at bay, but it wasn't long before I found myself hitting one of my local beaches two or three

times a week at six on a freezing winter morning for a surf before work. The fact that my local beaches are Bondi, Tamarama and Bronte, probably the most polluted in Australia, shows just how fanatical I've become — I'll even surf in shit. Bodyboarding gets you that way.

While many, like me, are happy to treat the sport simply as a hobby, albeit a pretty serious one, others take things further. The healthy Australian spirit of competitiveness being what it is, these surfers have



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS STROH



not been content to enjoy bodyboarding as a solitary vice. All over the country clubs and associations have sprung up to organise contests and a vigorous social life for their members.

There's even a growing

professional scene in Australia, with pro contests and riders sponsored by the major bodyboarding equipment manufacturers. While the pro circuit still has a way to go, both in terms of surfing standards and prize money, before it can rival

Hawaii and mainland USA many top Australian bodyboarders feel that the sport is so strong here that within five years Australian bodyboarders will dominate their sport in the same way that Aussies dominate the surfing world.



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T R A V E L

FRONT

THE RIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC

The pre-dawn glow in the east barely colors the sky and a light wind blows a piercing cold. Inland lies the crater floor, a mosaic of thick peat and black bottomless bogs. Outside, a thousand feet below, the South Pacific Ocean eats its relentless way into the volcano's side.

The sound of waves crashing against the rocky foreshore doesn't rise to the crater's crest, where the ceremonial village of Orongo lies in silence. A low cloud drifts by; the air is damp, the atmosphere electric. Sitting quietly near some ritual carvings, waiting for the sun, we shivered. It was as if the greatest god of Easter Island, *Makemake*, was watching, hoping for us to slip off one side or the other. Either way would mean death.

As the light grew, we could make out the three small islets to the south of the volcano. Last century thousands of birds nested there, and each year servants would risk their lives climbing down the near-vertical cliffs and swimming through shark-infested waters to the furthest island some two kilometres away. Their quest was for an egg laid by a sooty tern and the first to return would earn his master the honor of "bird man."

Amidst tales of clan wars, cannibalism, erotic dances on the precipice's edges and the magical powers of the egg, this particular honor appears to be something of a letdown. The "bird man" shaved his head and then spent the following year in seclusion on the other side of the island. He could not wash and was confined to his lonely residence; he was celibate and could only eat food cooked in a special oven.

The annual feast of the bird man is just one of many mysteries hidden in the labyrinth of caves and stone altars scattered across Easter Island, or *Rapa-Nui* as its inhabitants call it. Of course, the most famous of all those mysteries are the hundreds of large stone heads.

More than 3000 kilometres from South America and nearly 2000 from its closest neighbor, Pitcairn Island, this is one of the most isolated spots on Earth. Less than 3000 visitors each year spend more than a night on Easter Island. Most take a short bus ride while their jet refuels to see a pretty park and a couple of stone

heads just outside Hanga Roa, the only town. It's a pity, because they miss everything.

Until the jet leaves, you can't understand how isolated you really are. Until you spend time on the crater's edge, walk through the lava caves and watch the sun set on a row of sombre, stony faces, even the solvable mysteries of Easter Island will escape you.

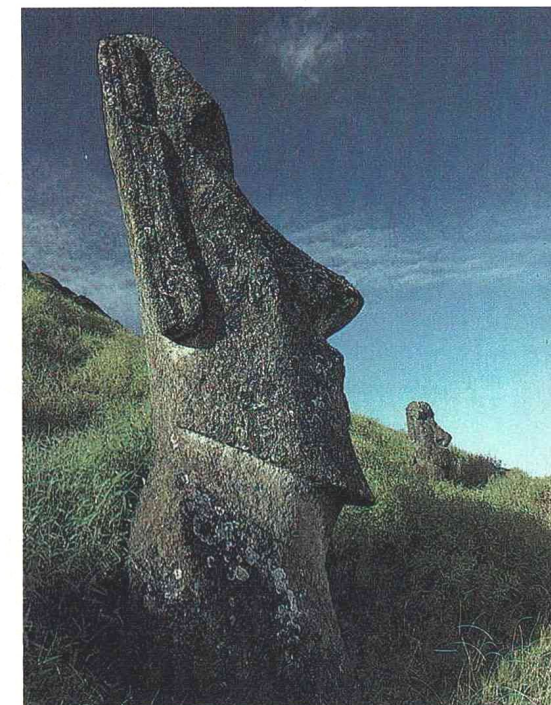
No-one really knows who carved the stone men. Called *moai*, there are nearly 1000 around the island, most of them with their backs facing the ocean. Some are 20 metres tall and weigh around 80 tonnes; nearly all were carved from a small crater in the centre of the island and moved to their standing positions many kilometres away. How? Ancient songs tell of levitation ceremonies, but modern theories explain the moves with tree trunks and ropes. But even the process of standing the *moai* up poses a puzzle.

When James Cook arrived in 1774, many of the *moai* had been knocked off their stone altars. By 1864, all were fallen and the three or four dozen standing proudly on their

Beyond its famous stone heads, the mysteries of Easter Island hang in the air like mist

altars (*ahu*) today are archaeologists' reconstructions. Other *moai* surrounding Raraku Crater, where the heads were quarried, never made it to their proposed sites, probably because of the war between the short-ears and the long-ears.

Here again the mysteries surface: a war between two races living on a tiny speck in the Pacific? The long-ears asked the short-ears to help move the *moai* to the coast. The short-ears refused and so the long-ears dug a long pit across the island and filled it with wood. They planned to ignite the trap and chase the short-ears into a human barbecue, but the plot was uncovered and it was the long-ears who ended up



being fried.

There is a long ditch across the north-east side of the island where the battle is said to have taken place, and excavations have revealed there was indeed a fire. Only one long-ear was spared, and after the battle he was powerless to stop the *moai* being knocked over.

Today no descendants of the long-ears and very few of the short-ears remain. Around 2000 inhabitants subsist off the land or earn a living from tourists. Two hotels provide a satisfactory standard and there are many private homes to choose from.

Although it's only 20 kilometres long and 15 wide, the best way around the island is to hire a small four-wheel drive. In dry weather, the dirt road is an easy drive hugging the coast, but beware the mud in the wet. The sun can be very piercing during summer and strong winds are not uncommon throughout the year.

There's something about visiting Easter Island. There's a sense of adventure, of roughing it, even though lobster is served once a day in the hotels. Civilisation hasn't affected the place — yet — but Club Med is reported to be planning a resort, claiming the only beach on the island at a cost of US\$30 million. Great for guests, but it will ruin the island for everyone else. So if you're going, do it soon.

To get there you fly LanChile from Tahiti. The airport was rebuilt to Space Shuttle standards, so it's very safe — as long as the pilot can find it. — *Peter Eastway*

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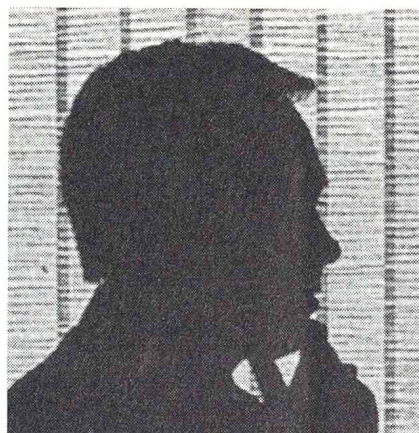
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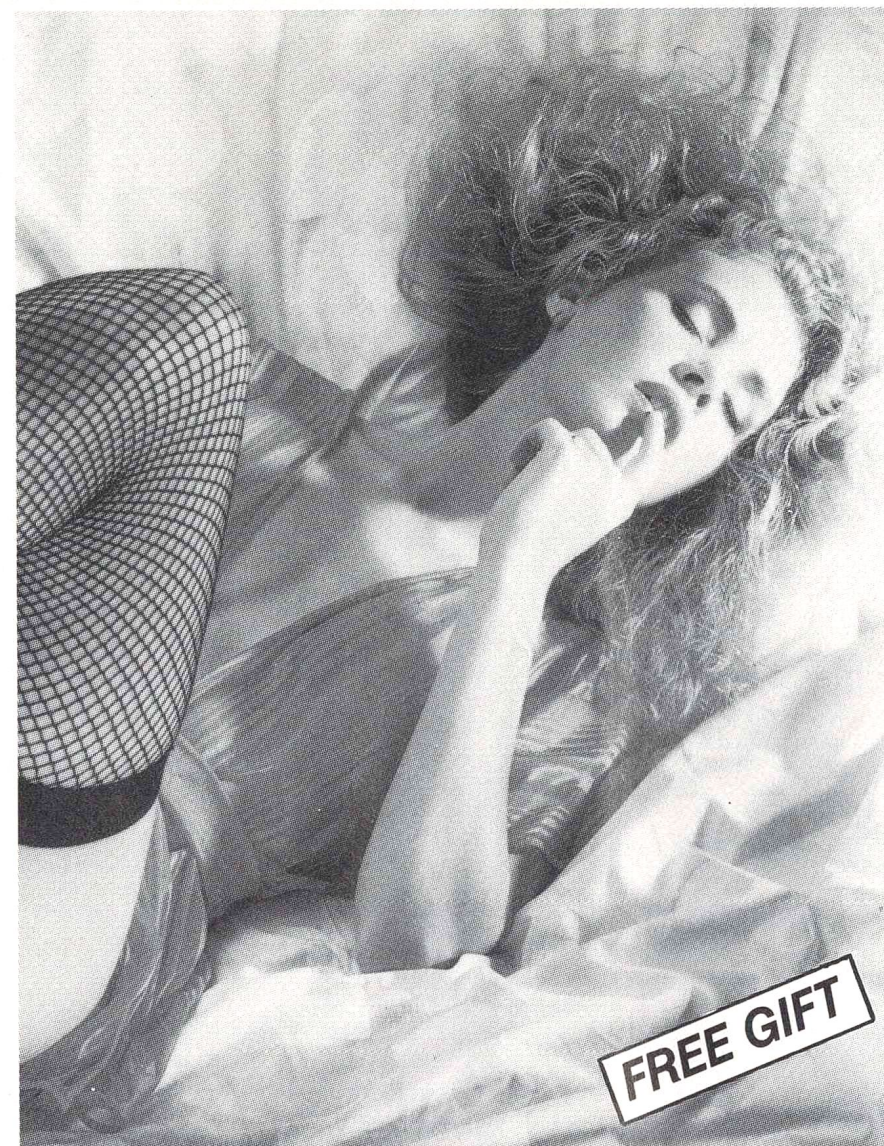
But there is more — much more. For example, this book also answers most, if not all, the embarrassing questions that you would like (but would probably never dare) to ask a sexologist.

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You have perhaps guessed that the reason why the remarkable sexologist who wrote this book wishes to remain anonymous (and uses the pseudonym AIRGI) is because he has made certain revelations in the book and proposes sexual techniques that some fellow sexologists might resent.

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LIES, DAMNED LIES AND REAL ESTATE

The spirit of a man is unquenchable; just as is the spirit of a bureaucrat.

In talks with members of the legal fraternity recently it became apparent that, in certain areas of NSW and Victoria, home renovations that do not conform with the local building ordinances were more the rule, not the exception. That is, much of the gentrified inner city of suburbia and the resorts-turned-dormitories, like the NSW Central Coast, is, *prima facie*, unsaleable. The properties have been renovated without telling the local council and thus, most probably, not in conformity with the rules.

Most states — but not Queensland, yet — put the onus on the seller to either prove or warrant that the property is all okay and not going to be condemned or pulled down to make way for a school or highway. Among the warranties the vendor must give is one that states the property is all hunky-dory with the local council as regards building rules.

Should a vendor so warrant and the intending buyer later finds out that local council knows nothing about the attic bedroom, the rear

deck and the swimming pool, then the buyer is entitled to rescind the contract and, possibly worse, the building inspector could be round with some very inconvenient — and expensive — requisitions.

However, so widespread is the practice of saying, "Bugger the council, what they don't know won't hurt them" that an intending vendor is advised to draw any purchasers into the conspiracy.

Not straight away, of course. You don't greet the prospect with the words: "Hi. Like the place? All done without council approval," and then wink. No. Let them decide they like it first. Then . . . well, there are two schools of thought. One is to tell 'em nothing and hope the purchaser's search of council records doesn't turn anything up. That's maybe okay

Honesty isn't always the best policy when selling a house

for minor alterations — say an old underhouse area turned into a rumpus room — but it's not okay if, say, you have turned that rumpus room into a granny flat or are selling an old fisherman's shack that you have, unofficially, turned into a five bedroom palace.

One old hand told me that the trick is to get an independent building inspector or quantity surveyor to do a full report on the property, listing all areas of possible non-compliance. This is included in the sheaf of documents given to the prospective buyer, thereby creating a state of full disclosure and therefore keeping the contract, when signed, live.

The timing of this disclosure is not important. To the extent it is defined by law, this must be met.

The main thing is to have the prospect in love with the property — unauthorised alterations and all. You've got the place spotless, there are fresh flowers in the main rooms and the coffee pot is steaming alluringly. You've chosen the right time, too, and the sun is pouring through the one window that actually does let in a little light on to the table where you have put the sales

documents.

"The attic is . . . ah . . . unofficial, y'know. Not that there's ever been any trouble," you add.

"Trouble?" they may ask.

This is where the agent, if you've got one, earns his three percent by chipping in with how common it is in the municipality, the council being so slow and inefficient that most people don't even bother applying for permission.

There. It's all out in the open. The skeleton has been removed from the closet and it's just a pile of bones, after all. Everyone does it, it's no big deal, who's going to worry?

The smart buyer — that's who.

If you're the buyer, the point where they mention the unauthorised addition is the point when you momentarily pause in your obvious enjoyment of the property and become serious, perhaps even uttering a brief grunt.

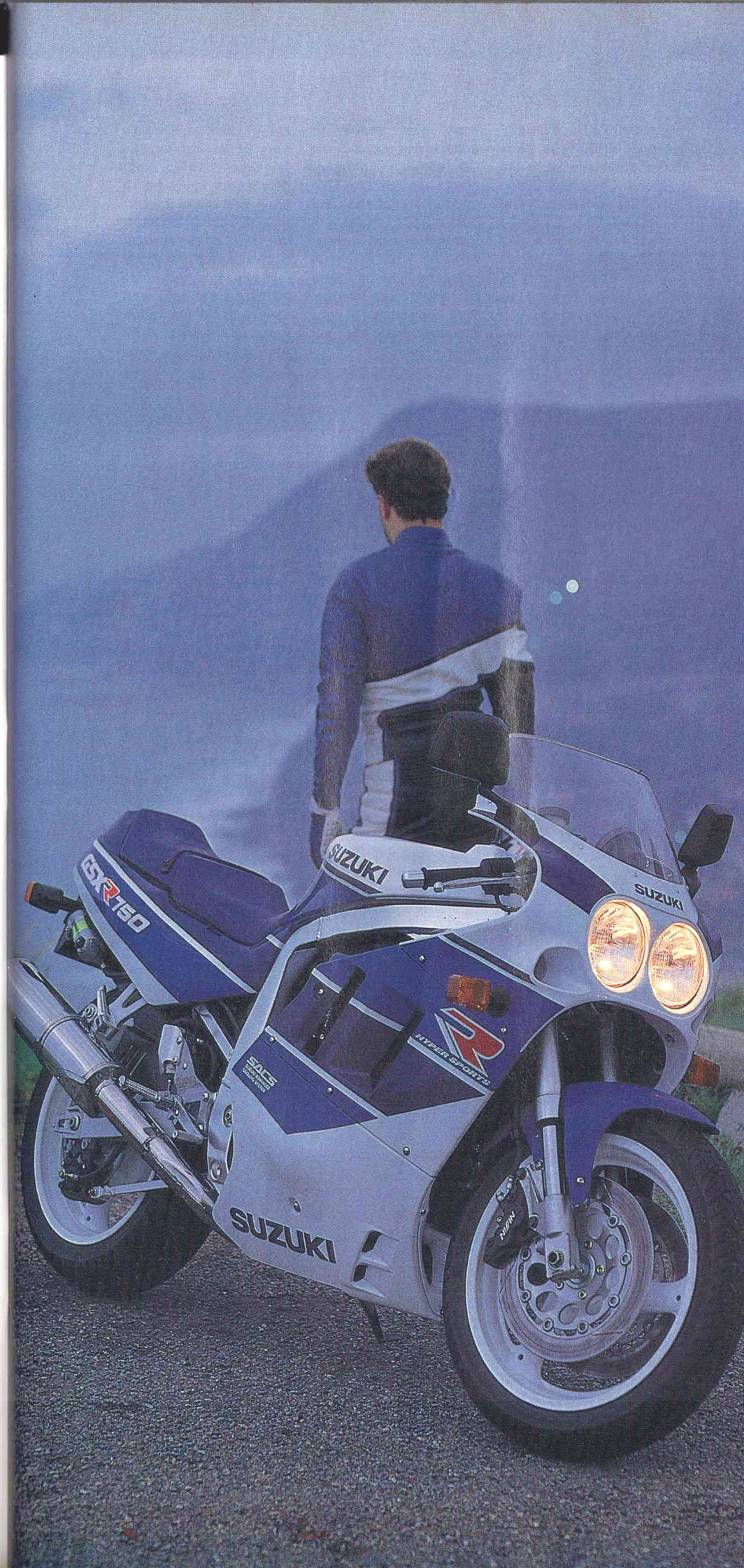
You intended, you say, whether you had or not, to add another room/put in a pool/remodel the whole ground floor and, from experience, you don't like to do anything the council hasn't approved of. "Dear, dear," you say. "If the inspector wishes to he could make us pull the attic out."

"Oh, they wouldn't do that. They're all nice blokes around here. The chief building inspector always plays Santa Claus at the local orphanage etc, etc," they'll say.

The smart buyer will perhaps argue the point only a little more and then bring up the points he has prepared: such as how the bank has said the house is a little overpriced, and is that a gang of Hell's Angels next door or just New Zealanders? And how funny it is that, though not under the flight path at all, the noise of the planes is fairly loud.

The smart vendor will let the smart buyers ramble on. He's telling *you* about those bastards next door? You know all this and that's why you have factored in a couple of grand extra on the price, a couple or four that you can easily go without: the smart buyer's discount. Give 'em away to get the sale. Or you could call it the dumb buyer's premium.

Whatever, the admission of unauthorised additions should not cause too many problems at all. Still, remember that while honesty is, without doubt, the best policy, the best policy is not always the most successful policy. — *David Quicksilver* 



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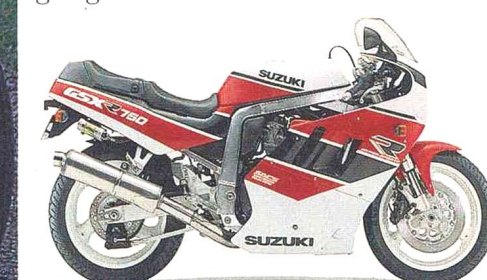
An aerodynamic fairing and triple disc brakes are developed directly from Suzuki's works race machines.

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Put yourself in the picture.

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GSX-R750

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Hitachi's VT-S88E Super VHS video deck delivers quality sight and sound via Super VHS and hi-fi sound, but that's just the beginning. Equipped along the lines of a mini recording studio, it sports a total of seven record-play heads. This means you can enjoy such facilities as crystal clear slow motion pictures, flicker-free stills, clean edits

from one scene to another and sound in the CD league in terms of clarity and depth. Title making functions are built-in and to assist with straightforward operation, on-screen prompts take you through every procedure step-by-step. Play Spielberg in your armchair with the full remote control.

An ideal companion for

the VT-S88E is Hitachi's new 68cm big screen television, fitted with detachable speakers. It goes under the forgettable title of the C28 P811, but the large screen, multi-standard capability (you can replay American NTSC recordings) and stereo sound are rather more memorable. Both from Hitachi Sales Australia.



Active Servo Technology may sound like just another example of Japanese overkill in the jargon department, but in reality, how AST sounds is what makes it newsworthy. Yamaha's backroom boffins have come up with a clever system of precisely controlling the acoustic energy produced by a loud-speaker. As a result it's possible to obtain knee-tembling sound from very small speakers which ordinarily would be... well, ordinary. Yamaha has put AST to work in a whole new system of audio components called the 90-Series which includes a CD player, tuner, dual cassette deck and amplifier. Depending on the choice of speaker a special AST cartridge is plugged into the amp (that's the "active" bit) which ensures the speakers do exactly as they're told. It's this new-found efficiency which allows the speaker size to be dramatically reduced.



The introduction of a new video format is usually cause for much fanfare and promotional partying, but Hi8 — the high band (read "quality") version of 8mm — has sneaked on to the Australian market virtually unheralded. Hi8 is designed to compete with Super VHS (known also as S-VHS) in terms of superior image quality. First Hi8 cab off the rank is Canon's A1Hi camcorder which also delivers hi-fi stereo sound to complement its high quality pictures. A ten times power zoom lens, built-in titling and full remote control are also provided for your \$3600.



As well as performing regular timekeeping functions, the Casio World Time/Thermometer Watch delivers 23 world times and the average high and low temperatures around the world for each month. It also functions as a stopwatch, and features an auto-calendar programmed up to 2029, five daily alarms, thermometer and micro light. It runs for two years on CR1620 batteries. This traveller's friend retails for around \$135 at Casio stockists.



Canon's latest addition to the EOS range of 35mm autofocus reflex cameras can be operated hands-free (well, nearly). You want to take expert portraits? Simply scan the appropriate barcode and every setting is automatically loaded into the camera in one hit. You can do the same for action photography, close-ups, landscapes and a host of other subjects. Automatic focusing, exposure control and film transport mean the new EOS 10 takes care of all the details, leaving you to concentrate on creativity. An optional remote control allows the camera to be triggered from up to five metres away while a two-second delay gives you a chance to get into frame. Around \$1500 from Canon Australia.



The creation of a US aerospace engineer, the Dahon Folder bike will fit in your car boot, back seat or even under your arm. Crafted in hi-tech light and durable alloy, the bike features multi-triangular construction, reinforced frame, Sturmy Archer three-speed shift and a high grade centre-pull brake. It folds to an eighth of the size of a 26-inch bike, and is suitable for riders up to 198cm in height. Priced at \$495 from International Compradors on (02) 868 2124.

PROFILE BY ALEXANDER MCGREGOR

**The spunk of punk has still got it.
In fact, she's got more of it than ever.**

If the mid-week audience that has turned up to see Debbie Harry is an indication, then most of the inhabitants of Ventura, a small town two hours north of Los Angeles, are either thirty-something, probably with worries about a mortgage and the baby left at home for the night, or young surfers whose only connection with Harry is that they both use a dye bottle.

This is a long way from the fast lane for the "downtown diva", the "Marilyn Monroe of punk", the "all-American Aphrodite" who a decade ago fronted the band that was the cutting edge of Seventies pop. The last time Deborah Harry toured, Blondie were so big they were used to being mobbed and chased around the block by besotted fans. Tonight, mid-week, the venue is only half full.

During their heyday at the end of the Seventies and start of the Eighties, Blondie could do no wrong. They were everywhere; you couldn't turn on the radio without hearing their bright pop-rock, or pick up a magazine without seeing Debbie Harry, the most photographed woman in rock, pouting on the cover. In 1978 they managed to land four Top Ten singles in the UK alone. In America they racked up four Number One hits in their brief history. But chart success was only part of the story.

Debbie Harry was always more than a pop star. She became an icon for a whole generation — the woman who put sex back into rock 'n' roll, opening the door for a whole generation of female singers from Madonna to Paula Abdul to uninhibitedly strut their stuff and have fun.

Now she is strutting her stuff to a small house in Ventura. Nowheresville USA. Failure? Another example of how the mighty have fallen? If the enthusiastic audience is any barometer that is not the case at all. Wearing only a black T-shirt that falls short on the thigh, revealing legs in sheer black stockings and high heels, and still exuding her own brand of tough sexuality, Harry is confidently working through Blondie's greatest hits with a band that seems just as relaxed and happy as she is. They might not have Blondie's volatile energy, but a decade later the songs are as good as ever.

The first thing that strikes you about Debbie Harry is how small her body is and how big her head is. Before the gig her street clothes are skin-tight, black, embroidered pants and velvet jacket pulled across a silk blouse revealing a compact,

athletic build with no fleshy excesses. The famous hair is unruly and only a half-hearted attempt has been made to dye it blonde.

The broad, angular face that has launched a thousand wet dreams is scrubbed rosy-clean. She wears no make-up and her translucent complexion shows less wear and tear than beauties 15 years her junior. Her thin, inscrutable eyes and mocking mouth create the appearance of a formidable Mandarin empress.

Harry is watchful and wary, not caring to speak unless it is absolutely necessary. This is not a woman who tolerates small talk with strangers. It's easy to understand why after all the exposure she received fronting Blondie Harry has managed to remain a cool enigma.

"I'm against the idea that rock stars have to live a life that's completely understandable or predictable to audiences," she announces, still with a strong hint of New Jersey in her voice. "There should be a female available for people to have some sort of dreams about as a performer, like: 'What is she really like?' Maybe I'll be the mysterious figure that'll never be defined. Maybe that's what my thing is."

Talk of the past does little to shed light on the woman behind the image. Born in Miami, Debbie Harry was an adopted child, raised in the New Jersey suburb of Hawthorne. It was an environment that a child with big dreams and wild ambitions found stifling.

"I was such a freak. I had white hair, blue hair, pink hair . . ." She has admitted to a short stretch as a baton twirler and wasn't fazed when asked when she lost her virginity.

"I broke all traditions at 16. I couldn't wait. I smoked my very first pot then."

In the mid-Sixties the shy teenage brunette crossed the Hudson River and slipped into New York's pop-art rock scene by the back door. She sang harmonies in a Mamas and Papas-esque, folk-rock group called The Wind In The Willows, who recorded one album in 1968. In between jobs as a waitress at Max's Kansas City (where she waited on Jimi Hendrix, Jane Fonda and Roger Vadim and had her first contact with the Warhol crowd), a beautician, an aerobics instructor and a *Playboy* bunny, Harry drifted in and out of the music scene. She also had a brief flirtation with heroin. Pushed to remember that time now, she shakes her head and is overtaken by

DIRTY HARRY

DIRTY HARRY

giggles.

"Too much acid," she grins and contorts her face into a wild, stoned look. "I don't remember a thing, man, too much acid."

"I was really introverted, trying to size up what I wanted to do, trying to 'find myself' — she rolls the words around her mouth again — 'find myself' — before laughing at how silly it sounds. "And there I was in the gutter, finding myself..."

"I was totally in awe of people like Janis Joplin and Grace Slick," she continues on a more sober note. "I'd get sort of breathless, totally spaced out when I thought of people like that. They were somewhere, right over there, very far away and I never possibly imagined that I'd ever get near. If I felt any kind of problem about being a woman singing in a band in the Seventies when I was doing Blondie I can't imagine what it was like being Janis. No wonder she's dead."

In her own words, Harry "couldn't let the music thing go — I was obsessed." She resurfaced in the early Seventies in The Stilettos, the CBGB circuit high camp girl group. It was there she met the fast talking Chris Stein, who graduated from Stilettos roadie to guitarist. By the time the band folded they were living together and from there it was a short step to starting their own band.

"I had this instinctive feeling about what I wanted to project although I wasn't really articulate about it. But I wanted to have a sense of a different sexuality, something I hadn't ever seen projected by a woman in a band before. I really instinctively knew what it was, but to define it... I was very heavily influenced by the R & B singers — they were so sexy and so tough. And I really liked the girl groups like The Shangri-las, but they weren't so tough and lyrically I thought they were being stepped on. So what I wanted was not to be stepped on, to be sexy and tough. That's probably what I was after."

The "look" became a combination of glamorous movie star and cartoon sexuality. A unique blend of what Harry once called "trash, flash and freak chic."

"I liked Brigitte Bardot a lot when she was really cool," she says. "She was sort of Continental punk I guess. I also got into a lot of those freaked out jazz musicians. And I learned things from The Beatles about sassiness — that was my label for them. And I always thought sex is a cool thing to sell. It's a sure thing."

Certainly it was a good enough style or formula for the Queen of the video age, Madonna, to successfully re-use. Like Harry before her, Madonna is often compared with Marilyn Monroe. However, in Harry's case it was a comparison that she herself helped to fuel, revealing to one journalist that as a child she often

dreamed Monroe was her real mother. But the similarities were only hair-deep. Harry always knew what she was doing, and there was no way she was going to finish up a victim.

"I've created an image, a *shlick* that has been bought by the public, and from that people are categorising me without really understanding what I've done. Being Blondie was like creating a role and having a run on Broadway for five years. I feel that Blondie is part of me but not all of me. I can do a lot of more."

Blondie might have ridden in on the same wave as punk music but the only thing they had in common with their peers — The Ramones, Television, Talking Heads, and The Clash, Elvis Costello and The Buzzcocks across the Atlantic — was that they released records at the same time. Despite their surly interview manner and worn leather jackets, Blondie were a long way from the angst and anger that

“I always wanted to be famous. In my own mind I was famous even before we got out of New York.”

catapulted their other new wave stablemates into the charts. Their roots were in the bright, snappy pop music of the Sixties and though it seemed ideologically unsound at the time, they were unashamedly commercial.

What really set them apart was the lead singer. However, it made the band schizophrenic as they struggled to keep their group identity. Initially they had embraced their identity crisis when Harry dyed her hair to fit the image of the band. A good way to attract attention, but it always made it more difficult to think of Blondie as a band and not a singer.

In any event Blondie created an impression. Slow to catch on in the States, their first hit record was in Australia, and then they took off in England. While other bands were self-consciously trying to keep their street-cred, Blondie warmed to the growing teen-adulation. The success of their third album *Parallel Lines* shattered once and for all the punk stigma of non-commercialism.

Blondie's rise might have been meteoric but it wasn't completely accidental. After all, Harry was over 32 in 1978 (or 33,

depending on which bio you read) when she had her first American hit record. That had come after a lot of hard work; now when she remembers her time in The Stilettos she talks about the rehearsals.

"When I first started with the Stilettos we had a director, a playwright actually. He was a stout advocate of The Method so he would drill us for hours and hours until we were completely hoarse from singing. He didn't give a shit about hitting notes, he just wanted the songs to be done in a way that was so real, like The Method. He would say, 'Take each line, this line and then the next one — what does it mean and what in your life can you connect it to?' He drove us crazy."

It paid off. There were few singers who could match Harry's ability to suffuse the most banal pop song with believable passion.

While it was hard not to be seduced by Harry it is easy to forget that Blondie were a band who put out some perfect pop songs (with the help of the sixth member, producer Mike Chapman). Harry's dreamy voice floating over the top of the hypnotic organ and throbbing rhythm made for some irresistible hooks. And when they quickened the tempo, Harry effortlessly gave the simplest love songs an aggressive, snarling edge.

Nor were they a band afraid of taking risks even at their height of their popularity. In retrospect any collection of Blondie's output is startlingly diverse — whether it be because they managed to squeeze on to the same album a cover of "Follow Me" from Camelot alongside the sublime, lush cover of the reggae classic "The Tide Is High" or have hits with songs ranging from the Euro-disco "Call Me" to "Rapture", a rap song recorded long before hip-hop was in most clubs.

The glow of Blondie's success has long since dissipated but it is clearly something that Harry looks back on fondly.

"It was pretty funny. We really didn't have time to think about it at the time. When you're in it there's always a rush on; you always seem to be hurtling into some new project. We worked really hard for seven years and it seemed to be very fast-paced... like a runaway train." She pauses, letting a smile break across her face. "I always wanted to be famous. In my own mind I was famous even before we got out of New York." She starts laughing. "So it didn't make any difference."

It is hard now to associate Harry with some of the rock 'n' roll excesses that fame brought Blondie. This is the woman whose only comment about her tour Down Under was (supposedly) that "The best thing about Australia was the heroin." When reminded of the alleged quote she pulls her shock-horror look.

"Did I say that? Who, me? — Nooooo. I wouldn't say that."

The Blondie party hit the wall in 1983. Chris Stein, the driving inspiration behind

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

DANNY RUBENSTEIN

HOME: Melbourne, VIC.

AGE: 39.

PROFESSION: Entrepreneur.

HOBBY: Snow Skiing. "It's the only way I want to go downhill."

LAST BOOK READ: "What's Next?" by Paul Erdman.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Established the highly successful Norgen-Vaaz Ice Cream chain and created a new fast food concept — Ruebens' Hot Dogs.

QUOTE: "I got my law degree and then changed direction. It was out of the books and into the fast lane."

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "I saw my father turn a corner store into a retail chain, it's an act I'd like to emulate."

PROFILE: Modest and unassuming. Sees no point in success without happiness, "my parents gave me the recipe for both."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's with Ice. "A most successful partnership."



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DIRTY HARRY

the band, was forced on to oxygen tanks during the last Blondie tour. Afterwards he was diagnosed as having pemphigus, a rare genetic disease that baffled specialists and put him in hospital close to death for three months. Harry quickly became the Greta Garbo of the pop world, as she slipped in and out of the hospital trying to avoid tabloid journalists and paparazzi.

It wasn't over when Stein came out of hospital. Ignoring the inevitable rumors that had him brain dead or dying of AIDS, their Upper West Side apartment turned into a state-of-the-art hospital-lab. Harry battened down the hatches. For three years she didn't leave the island of Manhattan, simply staying in to nurse her lover back to health.

"I was sorta in a weird place then," she drawls. "I was really stressed out for a while. I'm glad to be away from there."

Suffice to say that it is over and Stein didn't die. A pale, bloated version of his former thin self, Stein is still the hot guitarist, whipping along Harry's new band. Although they no longer live together he is still her main musical collaborator and his name comes up frequently in any talk of projects, past, present or future.

"We have a unique and such a funny relationship," she says, clearly having difficulty explaining the intangible. "It's really such an intuitive relationship. It's like we don't talk about anything for weeks on end and all of a sudden I'll say, 'Well we should do this and that' and he'll say, 'I thought we should do this and that' and we'll put it together and we're exactly the same place. It's really cool."

Although it might seem as though Harry has been in hibernation since the last Blondie tour she has been far from idle, putting the pieces of her career together slowly and carefully. Part of the problem — and she is the first to admit it — is getting the confidence. Blondie was a tough act to follow and no-one knows it better than Harry.

"I was in a very creative forefront position. Retrospectively, Blondie were very influential. For me to come back out and have to follow the trends is totally unnatural. It's taken me a while to gain a perspective on that and just to get out there. Maybe that's the scariest thing about starting again — to have to really confront myself and say, 'Well, are you going to take a stand, where are you going to stand, and if you are going to take a stand, which stand?' It has taken me a little bit of time and I'm not afraid of taking a bit of time to do that. That's really important to me."

There have been two solo albums, neither of which made a big impact — partly because Harry didn't tour behind them, even though the second, *Rockband*, produced the disco-hit "French Kissing In

The USA." Her third solo album, *Def, Dumb And Blonde*, puts the old Blondie firm of Stein and Mike Chapman back at the helm, going for a more commercial sound — "simpler, more aggressive," she describes it. And Harry is committed to touring. This is just the start of more tours, more albums. Strangely, unburdened by Blondie's hysterical success she has more freedom to please herself, and more control.

"It's a new perspective for me and I'm starting to feel at ease with it. That's why on the next record I want to go just wild with it, throw away the inhibitions and all the restrictions and commercial restraints."

As well, slowly but surely Harry has been building up a profile for herself as an actress. There have been roles in John Waters' *Hairspray* and David Cronenberg's *Videodrome* with more in the pipe.

"I don't think I can classify myself as an actress yet. Meg Foster is an actress and she can step into any number of roles. I am a performer with a certain charisma and certain style and I can apply that to certain roles but if I had more time maybe I could concentrate more on it. I think I am capable of stepping into certain things but I don't want to make a fool of myself."

For Harry the hardest part of developing an acting career is finding the time. The plans for touring and recording don't leave much time for anything else. Not that Harry minds — she is on a roll.

"I'm having a lot of fun," she laughs. "... So kill me!"

There are not many in the audience who want to kill Debbie Harry tonight. The band is called back for an encore and launches into a rocky version of their disco hit "Call Me." There is a surge in the crowd to the front. Then just as Debbie finishes singing, she stops still. In one motion she reaches to the bottom of her black T-shirt, peels it over her head and gives it to a man in the front of the audience.

Harry is striding offstage before most in the crowd have time to get a good view of what remains of her outfit — a cut-down black bra, sheer black stockings, and only the slightest suggestion of underpants. The auditorium erupts and anybody who was planning an early exit is now rushing back to the stage. There has to be another encore or the venue will be torn apart.

Sure enough, Harry comes back out, now wearing a loose-fitting, shaggy brown coat which she makes no attempt to keep closed. She sings from an open-legged stance, causing a big squash in the middle of the crowd as they strain to see more of what she is not wearing. And then walks along the front of the stage taunting the audience with flashes of her stockinged thigh.

She is belting out her new song, "I Want That Man" ... "Here comes the 21st Century/It's gonna be much better for a girl like me." ☐

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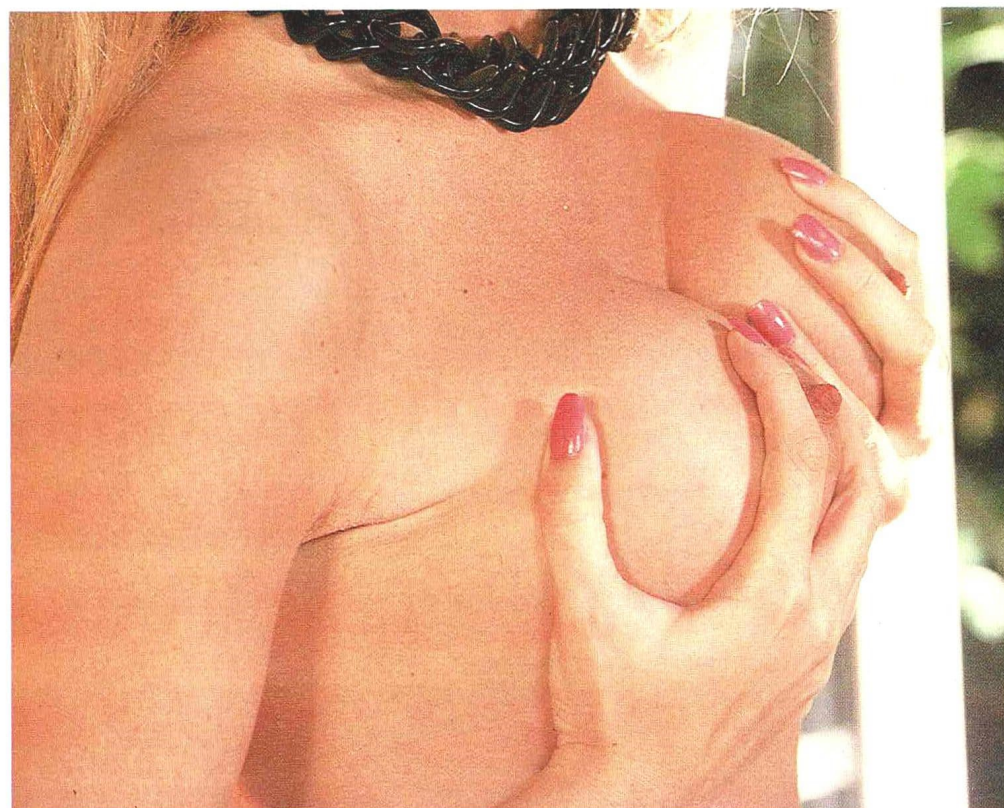
Stunning Christa Cahill has a personality with the force of a tearaway tornado and a physique to match. "I'm not exactly the shy retiring type," she giggles. "I've always been a bit of a wild one. My friends never know what I'll do next."

COCKTAIL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATT JOHNSON



Christa is the bar manager of an upmarket city hotel. "A place has got to have atmosphere and service to keep people coming back," says Christa. "There's an art to entertaining customers and mixing cocktails." Christa's ample talents will undoubtedly keep the customers coming back — and forward. She's a better intoxicant than the most exotic elixir.







Christa admits posing for *Penthouse* was a challenge. "I wanted to do something completely different and shake a few friends up. I must admit this kind of attention is something I could get used to." This one is definitely too dazzling to stay behind bars.





Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

You're stunned: sure, she had made the occasional complaint in the past but nothing that seemed all that serious. You would have said, would still say, the relationship was fine. It was certainly no worse than your friends' relationships, even better than some. But she has just announced she is leaving you. Maybe she's already done it. Through the numbness of your state of shock, you start to feel other emotions; anger that she won't give you another chance, jealousy at the possibility she's found someone else, fear of being alone. If you have kids and she's taking them, there's salt in your wounds. What do you do?

Losing your partner through separation has much the same impact as losing her through death. In some ways it can be worse. You probably wouldn't be responsible for her death, but you probably will feel some responsibility for her leaving. Having a relationship end, even a bad one, is a life crisis for most of us. Many Australians use the John Wayne approach to crisis management: "I'm not hurt if there's no bone showing." Denying and bottling up your bad feelings now will only set you up for problems later. Here's a basic plan for coping with this crisis (or any other).

First, accept that your distress is normal. Most people in your situation feel initially shocked, then depressed, angry, hurt, confused and so on. You will also quite likely have some physical symptoms, such as loss of appetite or disturbed sleep. These crisis reactions are normal. They do not mean you are weak or going crazy or losing your grip. They mean you are human.

Second, share your feelings constructively. People around you — friends, family, associates — will know you are feeling bad, because humans show most of their feelings nonverbally. If you don't say how you feel, that has two bad effects. It makes others guess and what they guess is

GETTING THE FLICK

What if she says she's going?

usually worse than what you would have said. And it tells them you don't want to share your feelings. This will stop them from giving you valuable support.

Third, get your life organised again. If she has left your home, do you need to make arrangements for cooking, cleaning and clothes? If she has left you with the kids, do you need help with them? If she has insisted that you leave the home, do you need to arrange some accommodation? If she has left for good, do you need to see a lawyer? You may not feel like facing up to tasks like these, but getting some order back into your life will help you cope emotionally. As a part of getting organised you

intimacy, effective communication and shared good times. The relationship becomes unrewarding, for one or both. Such couples often don't argue much but the relationship becomes fragile.

Unfortunately, this pattern also often means she has been building up resentment for years and you might find yourself on the receiving end of it. This can make it difficult to have any constructive discussion, but you need to. Even if the relationship is definitely over, you will need to reach some mutually acceptable agreements, probably over property, possibly over kids. If the relationship is not definitely over, you should do something about that and the sooner the

"Find some emotional support. Seek out a friend you trust enough to cry with. Then do that when you feel the need."

need to resolve the question of what is happening to your relationship.

It is more often the woman than the man who initiates the break-up of a relationship. Maybe this is because she is more exposed to the impact of problems in the relationship, while he can often compensate through work and mates. It is a clear symptom of the lack of communication in the relationship that he is often surprised that she feels so bad, while she believes he has ignored or dismissed all of her complaints in the past. The sign of distress in a relationship headed for a bust-up is the "empty relationship", resulting from a lack of

better. Beware of "trial" separations. This usually means: "I want out but I'm not prepared to say so." The only thing you practise by being separate is how to live without the relationship.

If you prefer to retrieve the relationship, make contact and ask her to work on the problems with you. Make it clear that you are not asking her to commit herself to returning, only to working on what was wrong to see if she then wants to return. Use some good self-help books or see a qualified psychologist or counsellor. If she agrees to try this, beware of the trap of accepting all the blame (both partners contribute to the decline of a

relationship) and therefore making all the changes (both partners need to make some if a relationship is going to improve).

Fourth, find and use some helpful resources. It's not "manly" to tough it through single-handed. Find some emotional support. Seek out a friend you trust enough to cry with. Then do that, when you feel the need. You are not looking for advice because it usually doesn't fit your situation. You are looking for someone who can show he or she accepts your feelings, so that you can do the same. If there is no-one you can lean on, use the community resources (front of the phone book).

Fifth, use drugs as a temporary aid, if at all. Stress reactions to a crisis are normal. Squashing them with drugs, whether prescribed or social, does not take them away. It just postpones your need to work through them. You can't live in anaesthesia and you will just fall harder when you come out.

Sixth, give yourself time to work through your crisis reaction but don't get stuck. Depending on the strength of your reaction, which will reflect the importance of the relationship to you, it can take from weeks to months to get over it. A successful recovery from a crisis is when you have it in perspective as an ugly memory that does not dominate your life. So give yourself time to achieve that, while you rebuild your life. The sensible midpath is to rebuild your life gradually, eventually including new relationships, maybe another intimate one. However, if you are troubled by strong reactions continuing long after the event and you are not getting on with your life again, you are probably stuck and it's time to get some professional help.

Being left by your partner is a genuine crisis and will make you feel bad. If you tackle your crisis constructively, and either rebuild the relationship stronger than before or rebuild your life without it, some good can come from the hurt. 

THE WILD WEST

West Australian number plates have carried a string of titles to best encapsulate the spirit of this vast territory: State Of Excitement, Wildflower State, Home Of The America's Cup, The Golden State. But if they were totally frank in the West, they'd name it The Frontier State. It's Australia's answer to Texas — a Wild West state populated by cowboys.

In Texas they drill for oil and create financial empires. In the

If J.R. Ewing put down new roots he'd feel right at home in Western Australia

West they do it with gold, diamonds, and ore. It's a territory where, so it's believed, if you have the front, the charisma and the vision, you'll make a name for yourself — and a respectable bankroll.

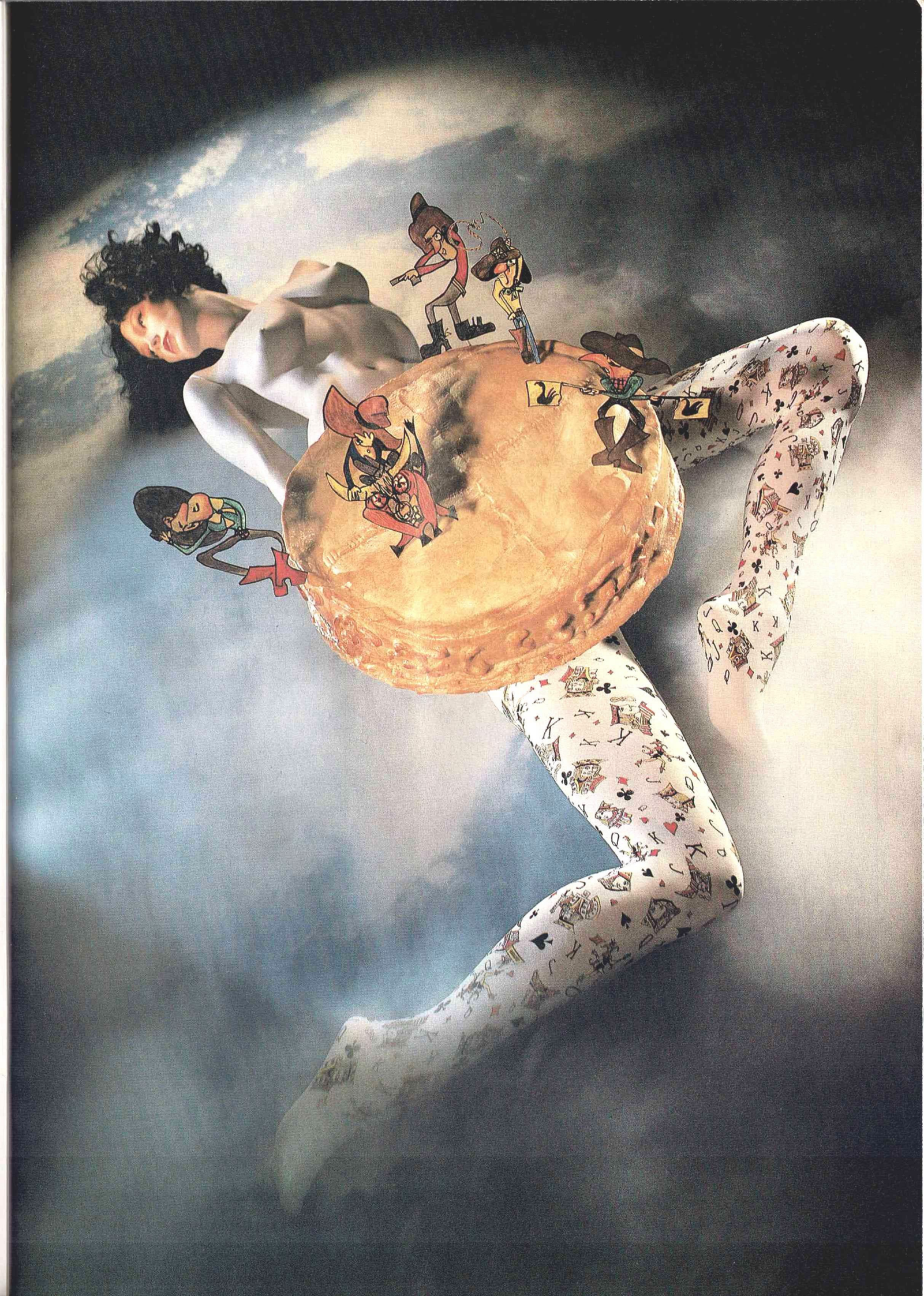
In Dallas, long before the J.R. Ewings, you did it the same way. Asserting those same characteristics, it was like parting a herd of steers on horseback: obstacles moved aside, the way became clear, your vision crystallised and you were master.

In one Perth hotel, the patrons wear stetsons, riding boots — the full cowboy outfit. Some hung replica six-guns from their hips until police stepped in. There, and on the street, you tell a "cowboy" by the way he dresses. On St George's Terrace, and further up the hill at Parliament House, you tell them by the way they do business. Ask any Sydney-based financier if "cowboy" best describes the WA Government pre-Carmen Lawrence in its disastrous forays into money-making schemes, which branded it with the name "WA Incorporated."

The cowboys on the hill are still trying to shake off that image with public relations visits to the East Coast, Asia and Europe. (And while in Asia they are taking the op-

BY JOHN CARPENTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUDIO DOOR 34



THE WILD WEST

portunity to convince the locals that despite all the reports, West Australians are not racially prejudiced.)

Those cock-eyed money-raising schemes which cost taxpayers in the boom-or-bust state an estimated \$687 million weren't dreamed up by some conservative, free-enterprise, gung-ho government. It was a trade union-based, "shoot down the tall poppy" Labor gang. On a per capita basis it was a greater catastrophe even than Victorian Labor's "Jollynomics." Perth is to Sydney and Melbourne what Dallas is to Washington.

Don't imagine for a minute that the Labor purge on politicians tainted by the stain of WA Inc, and the handing of the reins to a woman who has promised to end the government's involvement in big business, reflect a fundamental change in the way the Westerners think. Not a chance.

A bit of contrition among the guilty parties here and there, certainly. Up on the hill it'd run along the lines of: "Them boys was just sowin' their wild oats." You don't change a ruggedly individualistic "can do" mentality with a piece of deft political sleight-of-hand.

Tell an American you're from Australia — not one of the loudmouth, jetsetting, fistful-of-dollars kind you see at airports

and well-trampled tourist spots, but a grass-roots Yank who stays at home. Tell him you're from Australia, and he'll take a breath, stare off into the distance, and be silent for a while. Then he'll say: "Australia, eh? That's one place I sure gotta visit one day." He's never going to. He won't go far from home at all. But because his ancestors wanted to be free, because they had fire in their bellies, because they were prepared to take a chance to make a buck, and because he has been brought up with that history, and has a tad of that free spirit still flowing through his veins, Australia tastes of home.

And just as America had a Wild West, so does Australia. It wasn't so long ago, and still quite fresh in the minds of police in the force today, that crazed killer Brian Williamson Robinson fired a shot from his Belmont home which killed a police constable. Robinson fled to a pine forest north of Perth, and police actually called for a modern-day posse. They appealed to anyone with a gun to head for the bush and help round up Robinson. And so eager were the West Australians to join in, they caused a traffic jam out Gnangara way where the hunt was on.

But it was police who captured Robinson ... and shot him. However, that wasn't what killed him. He died at the end of a noose in Fremantle Prison, the second-last prisoner to be hanged in Western Australia, in 1964. Even while the

manhunt was on, long before any trial, a television reporter described Robinson as "a mad-dog killer." It's a wonder the fugitive wasn't strung up to a pine tree where they found him.

There have been some refinements to the way they did things in the West. It's more sophisticated now. Mind you, they do things differently in Texas these days too.

If the Ewing family wanted to put down new roots it could do a lot worse than move to Perth. Except they would find there's already a family there ... not blood relatives, but a clan of politicians, public servants, and high-flying businessmen. Alan Bond, prior to his spectacular financial freefall, was the daddy of them all; he was particularly paternal when there was a showdown over Laurie Connell and his Rothwells merchant bank. Bond was behind a private "telethon" to see who among the heavy hitters could chip in to save Laurie from the inevitable shoot-out with his financial backers.

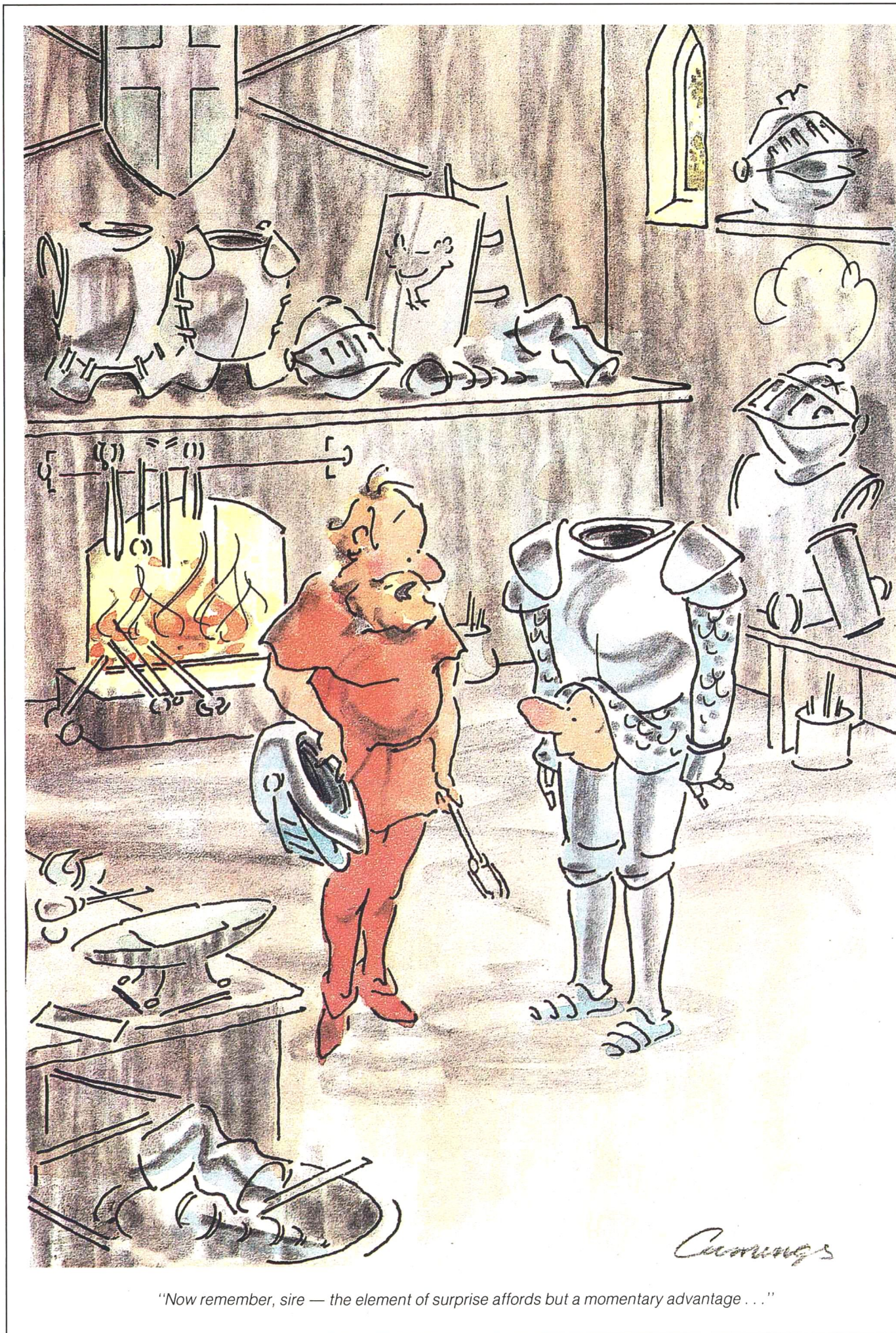
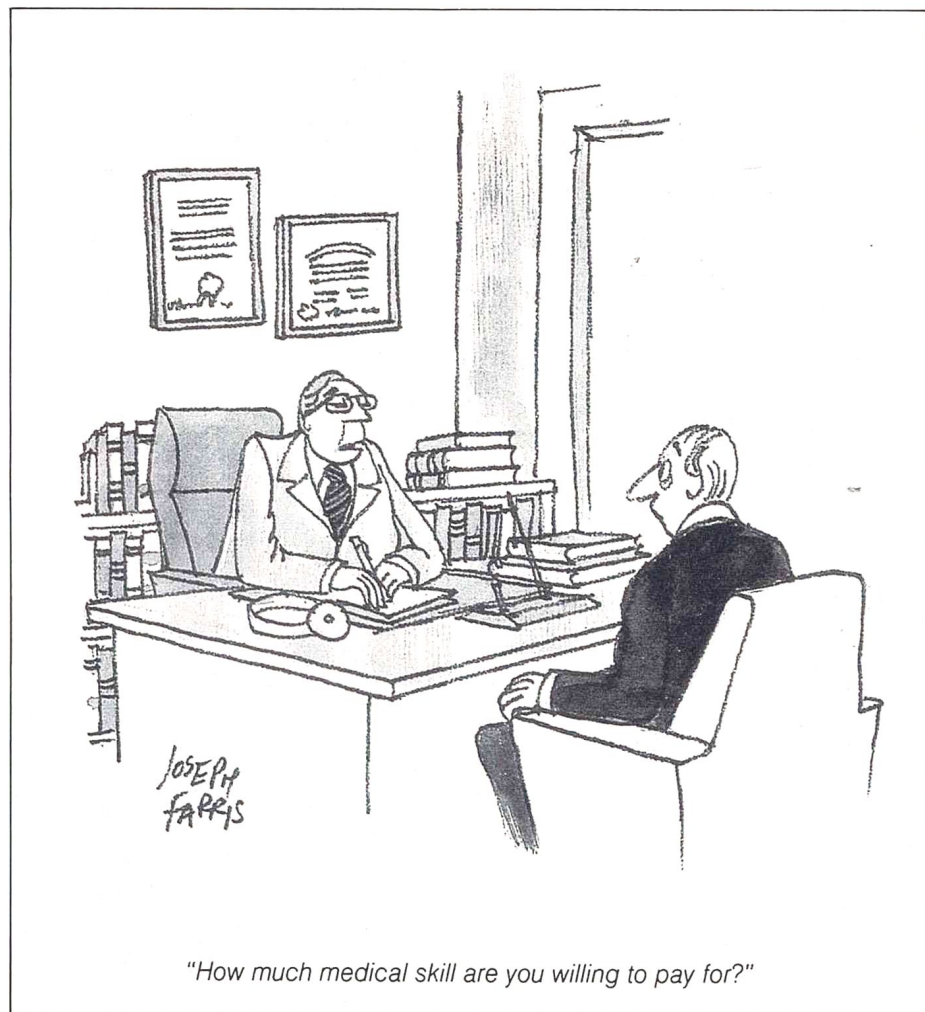
WA Incorporated was well underway then — the offspring of WA politicians climbing into bed with big businessmen, fortune-seekers who former Premier Brian Burke labelled "four-on-the-floor entrepreneurs."

The timing had been right for such a liaison. Alan Bond had done the impossible by hijacking the America's Cup. WA was on a high and could do no wrong. It was just the climate new Labor Party head honcho Burke needed to change the image of his party and stamp his own brand of politics on the state, which he was soon to rename "Home Of The America's Cup."

He'd been a bit of an entrepreneur himself, the young Burkie, printing a weekly form guide and flogging it outside the trots at Gloucester Park. His own breeding was along classic WA lines: have a go, think big, bring in a few of your mates, make a name for yourself and pick up a few bucks to boot. In Burke's case, the dollars he planned on playing for would keep down the State's rates and taxes, so he wouldn't be the bad guy. A former TV personality, he might have been watching too much of *Dallas* as well.

So the gang was all here. Bondy had ridden into town with the Cup fastened to his saddle. And if Burke needed any geeing up, that other old Westerner, Bob Hawke, was following Bondy around like a wide-eyed calf, and even asking the nuggety little entrepreneur if he could do for the country's finances what Bond had done for his own. But Burke, with all the confidence of a seasoned rodeo rider, could see the way ahead. Only when he and his partners hit the track, it wasn't on horseback; it was in a supercharged pickup truck with Burke at the wheel, Bond and Connell alongside, and all the good ol' boys clambering into the back.

First stop was a casino. They wanted to



THE WILD WEST

build one, and Dallas Dempster was given a helping hand to do that. Dallas (and there's a Christian name to ponder) upset shareholders when the budget blew out. Some said they'd like to take him to court, but they didn't do it.

Another stop was when they got interested in diamond mining. The owners said if they didn't have to build a town at the Kimberley mine they would give the State Government \$50 million. Burke's outfit got together with Connell, and with most of that money the state went out and bought a five percent stake in the mine — from Bondy. Bondy went off and bought himself a television station.

Another time, they came upon a tall fella who was kinda quiet and seemed to think a lot before he said much. Not the sort of bloke who'd normally knock about with this crowd. Funny name too . . . Holmes à Court. But he was into horses. Had a pretty smart-looking one, name of Black Knight. Won some cup over Melbourne way in '84. Said he was down on his luck. He'd been looking to buy BHP a while back but he'd been outgunned, and besides, the stock market had crashed.

Anyway, a government agency took some property off his hands for \$206 million, and a little while later, \$285 million dollars of his BHP stock. The same agency had already bought \$30 million worth of Connell property, and the government gave him a \$150 million guarantee for Rothwells. And later again, it spent \$160 million on Bell shares from Holmes à Court.

The state's most reckless plunge was to hand Connell and Dempster \$175 million between them for a stake in a petrochemical plant. All this plant consisted of was a bare patch of ground. It never got off the ground and the government finally admitted it had made mistakes.

Australian History Professor Geoffrey Bolton says it's WA's imports which have given it its Wild West mentality. The state has had more than its share of recent migrants, both from overseas and interstate. "And that gives WA a stronger dose of that migrant dream of finding opportunity and prosperity."

Next to the influx of migrants, Professor Bolton attributes the Frontier State mentality to WA's isolation from the rest of Australia. "From WA it's just as easy to look out over Asia and Europe as it is to look to Eastern Australia." That, he says, opens up a different range of opportunities than there are on the East Coast. And the seemingly endless tract of sand and spinifex which isolates West Australians means decisions are being made for them thousands of kilometres away.

"Another of our problems," says Professor Bolton, "is that there are so few of us — around one-and-a-half million. From that we have to draw the talent for busi-

ness, politics and education establishments, with a smaller pool of human resources. We do fairly well, but we rely too much on untutored enthusiasm. Governments tend to do it themselves, with a few old mates." And that's not a mentality which has popped up only in recent times. Dowding and Burke were not the first to get into trouble involving themselves in business developments. But it has traditionally been the conservative governments who've bitten the bullet, as in Charles Court's damming of the Ord River to grow cotton and other exotic crops. Cotton failed and even today most work there is experimental. Far earlier than that there was the Group Settlement Scheme: bringing out migrants and giving inexperienced men, perhaps straight out of a Midlands cotton mill, 40-acre blocks of land to work. It broke men's backs, and spirits, and was an economic disaster.

There's living proof the cowboy spirit

Isolation and an
influx of migrants seeking
opportunity and prosperity
contribute to the state's
free-spirited Wild
West mentality

still thrives in the Wild West. For if ever an issue were tailor-made to bring down a government it would be WA Inc and Rothwells. But no, the forgiving folk voted the same government back in. Burke was gone by then, having handed over the wheel to Peter Dowding before the wayward old bus careered off the track. Their Cabinet cahoots didn't see much charisma in the greenhorn, but Burke insisted.

And when the whips were cracking, most of the townsfolk thought the new Premier shot down the criticism coolly enough. Somehow, with the help of a hopelessly incompetent Opposition, the slick and domineering Dowding was able to win that election by persuading enough of the people that, despite all evidence to the contrary, WA Inc was a dead issue. Western Australia was still the State of Excitement. Now that a run of court cases has begun to unleash a flow of sordid secrets involving WA Inc, the Labor government can still pin its hopes on the folks accepting all this mess as the result of a few poker-style indiscretions. A couple of political lynchings — most significantly

Dowding's — might slake their thirst for justice.

The one with real charisma is Alan Bond. Now, Bondy might be looking down the barrel at financial ruin, and he might be up to his neck, ethically speaking, in cow dung — but don't imagine that will upset too many people in the Wild West. He brought them the America's Cup, didn't he? And regardless of what he does, they like to think of him as the little battler, the signwriter who scooted around Fremantle on his motorbike with his tools of trade on board, the one who painted the huge dingo on the Fremantle flour mill. It's hardly ever mentioned that he's a Pommy immigrant, and that's a tough prejudice to overcome. He doesn't tarnish much, in spite of all the recent revelations. And he fits the Professor's description of a migrant who saw opportunity and went after it. He had the boldness, the charisma, and the vision. Still has, as far as Westerners reckon, even if he does end up riding off into the sunset with a trail of wounded behind him.

He's like Alby Mangels — and wouldn't the Sandgroppers like to claim him as their own? Jana Wendt ran an expose on that particular "Aussie battler." According to people who worked for him, Alby handled the truth carelessly at times. They said he staged some of his scenes, and wasn't always where his commentary said he was, or had been. In Perth the punters phoned in to say: "Lay off Alby." They didn't care what he'd done. They liked him, and all the adventures he'd filmed, and the media ought to leave him alone.

Men like these walk tall in the West. They're frontiersmen. As long as they look good and make things happen, they're heroes. They are characters who would be at home in WA's colorful goldfields. The West came close to the truth when it printed The Golden State on its number plates. With the America's Cup gone, and the shine gone off a few other fancy titles, the state got back to basics and remembered its "heart." The Police Minister revealed the new plates in Kalgoorlie next to the lifelike seated statue of Paddy Hannan. Paddy was the diminutive Irish prospector who discovered Kalgoorlie's Golden Mile.

The contribution of Kalgoorlie's precious metal has been acknowledged, but not the contribution of those who searched for it, mined it, and lived off it. The goldfields forged the real frontiersmen. It's the prospect of kicking a fortune out of the red dirt with the toe of your boot that brings out the adventure, the risk-taking — the dreaming — in men and women. Fortunes were made and were seen to be made. The sharp point of a pick in the right spot, a 1135-ounce Golden Eagle nugget discovered, and a family's prosperity would be guaranteed

Continued on page 134

**Susy Lane creates tremors
wherever she goes. This
striking beauty admits she can
have a cataclysmic effect.
"Some men call me ruthless. I
guess I've trodden on a few
egos but I can't stand pushy
men. If I'm genuinely attracted
to a man I can't do enough for
him."**

MASTERPIECE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICHEL MOREAU





Susy's like a character in an Ian Fleming novel. This livewire thrives on excitement and foreign places. "I've travelled everywhere from Kakadu to Katmandu. I've had some narrow escapes and done some crazy things. I keep telling myself to calm down, but then I know I never will."





Susy is in demand as an international model, an occupation that suits her globe-trotting lifestyle. "People don't realise how difficult modelling can be, smiling and striking the right pose. It's an artform, really." Susie's model figure is one of nature's masterpieces.



★ T ★ A ★ L ★ K ★ I ★ N ★ G ★ D ★ I ★ R ★ T ★ Y ★



I am seated in a jumbled office opposite the most hated man in America. The place is jam-packed with memorabilia from around the world. Plastic naked women perch precariously on the desk, wrestling for space with frog-shaped ashtrays, green plaster dwarfs and the most incredible collection of electronic gadgets I've ever seen.

The walls are lined with photographs: Al Goldstein covered in mud, wrestling with a semi-naked woman; Al Goldstein when younger and slimmer, being interviewed by Johnny Carson; Al Goldstein with a bevy of curvaceous sex-industry film stars.

"I am this country's best known pornographer, America's dirtiest, most evil man. I am the man they love to vilify. I am the most hated man in the United States," Goldstein tells me.

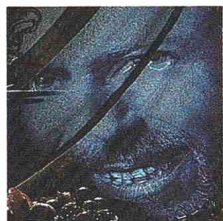
Millionaire pornographer Al Goldstein is the man Americans love to hate

BY PAUL R. WILSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUDIO DOOR 34



TALKING DIRTY



He suddenly reaches under the desk and with one hand pulls out a double-barrelled shotgun. The other hand reaches into a drawer and a squat, vicious-looking pistol appears. "If the bastards try and get me," he growls, "I'll blow them out of this fucking room."

There are plenty of "bastards" trying to kill Al Goldstein. At present the most threatening are fundamentalist Muslims incensed over Goldstein's offer, made early in 1989, of \$1 million to anyone who would eliminate the Ayatollah Khomeini.

"The offer was completely serious," says Goldstein. "When Khomeini put a price on Salman Rushdie's head, I was out to get the sanctimonious bastard."

The guns, the bodyguards and the fortress-like building he works in are proof that Goldstein takes the threats of the fanatical Khomeini followers seriously. The FBI have told him they too consider that the Muslim death squads might well have been despatched.

Al Goldstein is used to being the object of hatred. Since the first issue of *Screw* magazine rolled off the presses 21 years ago, the publisher has been threatened

more times than he can remember, pistol whipped and beaten, and arrested a total of 18 times.

He was a Brooklyn boy, born 53 years ago into a family of journalists. Goldstein, emulating his father, who was a press photographer, eventually landed a job with the *New York Mirror*, but not before he'd tried his hand at taxi driving and industrial espionage.

But he was always profoundly interested in sleaze. So, in 1968, he began editing a trashy group of publications which included *The National Mirror*, *Hush*, *Hush*, *Bold* and *Pick*. Goldstein describes his job as "making up stories every 20 minutes — titles like 'I Chopped Up My Children And Fed Them To Goldfish' and 'Irate Starlet Blinds Movie Reviewer With Dildo' and so on."

What Goldstein learned from working on these publications was that he could get away with any amount of graphic violence, but if he described sex just as explicitly the magazines' owner and the law would come down on him like a church organ. So Goldstein decided to start up his own publication, devoted to sex and nothing but sex. He and his partner kicked in \$150 apiece and on November 4, 1968 a 12-page tabloid called *Screw* appeared on selected newsstands.

For the first time in the "land of the free and the home of the brave", a magazine featured full frontal nudity. And much more

— it was riddled with four-letter words, vicious satire, a gay column that treated homosexuality as normal, and street language describing acts like "cunnilingus" and "fellatio" in words everyone could understand.

Screw guaranteed "never to ink out a pubic hair or chalk out an organ. In the ear, or up the nostril — it's your bag and your own business." It aspired to be "the consumer reports of sex. We will lay it on the line and on the bed, floor, and beachheads of the world, and then lay it again... Sex is fun."

The magazine promised to devote itself to the exuberance and joy of sex. As the first editorial modestly stated, "*Screw* welcomes you to the first issue of the most exciting publication in the history of the West. You are on the virgin trip of the first issue of the magazine-newspaper that gives sex a break and makes no bones about it."

This was a promise the publisher has determinedly kept. Over the two decades that followed its bastard birth, *Screw* has horrified, shocked and appalled a hell of a lot of Americans. The publicity stunts alone ensured that Goldstein's rag would make headlines right across the country. There was, for example, a highly touted "death match" challenge thrown out by Big Al to a female mud wrestler to celebrate the first dozen years of the magazine. The publisher lost, of course, but in his words, "the steroid-pumped amazon refused to bother with mashing out my insignificant life." Then there was the now-legendary "Spermathon" held at Plato's Retreat, a New York swingers' club, where a porn actress took on 83 men before ending the evening by having sex with her husband. *Screw* was there to provide a blow-by-blow coverage of the event.

But it has been the interviews and articles in the magazine itself that have most infuriated Goldstein's critics. In 1972, *Screw* conducted a no-holds-barred conversation with a little-known actress. Linda Lovelace had just made a film called *Deep Throat* and the interview ensured that both the film and Linda became household names throughout the country.

The publicity received from the Lovelace article attracted budding Hollywood stars to the pages of *Screw*; names like Cliff Robertson and Jack Nicholson consented to interviews. Not surprisingly, though, a lot of people refused to have anything to do with the magazine. Under-terred, Goldstein simply invented stories about celebrities and accompanied those stories with actual or faked lewd photographs of them.

Screw published the first in a series of now-famous nude photos of Jackie Onassis, originally run in the Italian magazine *Playmen*. But Jackie's horror was mild compared with the Royal Family's when they discovered that the magazine covered the marriage of Charles and Di by



"Oooh yuck! Smoking in bed. That's disgusting!"

TALKING DIRTY



stripping them of their pomp and their clothes.

Politicians and media moguls were viciously satirised. When Ronald Reagan escaped death from an assassin's bullet, Goldstein cynically suggested in an article entitled "Screw Takes The Worry Out Of Being Shot" that Reagan survived because he had a copy of *Screw* stuffed down his shirt, thus absorbing the impact of the bullet.

Rupert Murdoch was not spared the Goldstein treatment. The new owner of the *New York Post* was described as a "media slimelord" and an extended article about the Australian was headed "Going Down Under." Murdoch, like many other famous people caricatured in *Screw*, was shown in an obscene pose, although the photo was clearly the work of the magazine's graphic artist.

Despite publishing what are often clearly libellous articles about celebrities, *Screw* receives very few writs. Apparently Goldstein's victims believe there's an interminable queue of people brandishing lawsuits and it would take years before their cases came to court. So the outraged are not lining up to shaft the publisher — but even if there were hundreds of writs, Al Goldstein would ferociously defend them. "I am a First Amendment absolutist," Goldstein says, referring to that part of the US Constitution which guarantees freedom of speech.

He means what he says. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent each year on lawyers' fees, though Goldstein often ignores the advice from the legal eagles and provocatively pushes the frontiers of censorship. He pays a high price for being on the cutting edge of the law. Back in 1975 the conservative forces were determined to destroy Goldstein and he was convicted of serious obscenity charges. After an appeal and yet another trial, though, the conviction was overturned and a new trial ordered. Before it began, Goldstein settled with the government by agreeing to cease publishing one of his less successful magazines.

"The Wichita Trials", as they were called, were financially devastating for Goldstein. He estimates they cost him at least \$3 million, but *Screw* survived. However, most of Big Al's other publications have had short (albeit eventful) lives.

These have included *Gadget*, a magazine for electronics freaks, *Fuckbooks*, *Naked City* and *Peter Meter*. The last three magazines were clearly in the sleaze category but, as with *Gadget*, not all Goldstein's publishing ventures have

been devoted to the subject of sex.

There was, for example, a magazine named *Death*. Believe it or not, *Death* dealt with all aspects of dying. "We used to go to cemeteries and analyse the bacteria that would attack corpses," Goldstein told me. "Death is a more obscene word than sex in our culture and I thought people should know something about it."

Mobster Times was perhaps the freshest and most unusual of all Goldstein's magazines. The publication was an offbeat, satirical look at crime and corruption, but with a ferocious twist to it. As one of its early editorials proclaimed: "We strip bare the hypocrisy of past blarney that shrieked the lies that the cops were the good guys and the crooks the bad guys." Well before mainstream criminologists studied white collar crime, *Mobster Times* focussed on the fabrication that street criminals were more

There are well-defined limits to sexual perversion in the Goldstein moral code. He will "cut the dick off" any pedophile.

dangerous than those who wore suits. "We will treat both the street crook and the conglomerate crook equally," *Mobster Times* trumpeted, "since they both seek economic advantage over their contemporaries."

Professional criminals often contributed articles for the magazine, and its film reviewer was actually a Mafia hitman. Unfortunately, his literary career was suddenly terminated in a hail of bullets on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Though the magazine eventually folded, Goldstein remembers it with affection and may revive it when the time is right.

Mobster Times illustrates that America's most hated man is far from a one-dimensional, sex-obsessed monster with no conception of morality. Al Goldstein has very definite beliefs about good and evil.

There are well-defined limits to sexual perversion in the Goldstein moral code. He loathes any form of child sex and would "cut the dick off" any pedophile. But consensual sex, or even consenting violence as in sadomasochism, is fine with him. "If people want to be pissed on or shat on

then that's okay. If they want to engage in S & M then who am I to say no? But imposing your will on another person has nothing to do with what I believe in."

Well, what is evil then? The Goldstein philosophy regards evil as "our love of brutality, our dishonesty, the lies of politicians — violence I suppose." He says he's particularly down on the zealots of this world, especially the religious bigots of all faiths who want to fill us all with guilt.

Sex to Goldstein is basically fun. He regards sexual experimentation as similar to fast food. A McDonald's hamburger or a piece of Kentucky Fried Chicken is a variation on what Mum used to make, but not necessary for survival. And so it is with sex: "No marriage ended because the wife was a terrific cocksucker, and no marriage ended because she wasn't." Goldstein should know. He's into his fourth marriage now.

He is even unsure about the business that has made him relatively rich and infamous. A few years ago, *Harpers* magazine brought together many of New York's intelligentsia for a debate on censorship. The first question the distinguished panel had to answer was: "What is pornography?"

Susan Brownmiller, author of *Against Our Will*, a book about rape, declared that it was "anti-female propaganda." Midge Decker, a writer closely identified with neo-conservative causes, saw pornography as providing "a vision of erotic Utopianism", of "sex without entanglement", where men pursue sex as a "kind of gymnastic discipline."

Goldstein answered Ms Brownmiller's charge by simply saying, "Tough!" Such propaganda, he said, had the same right to exist as any other kind of propaganda. Arguing that propaganda was fundamental in any democracy, he offered to buy Brownmiller a one-way ticket to Cuba.

Ms Decker's comments he dealt with by candidly agreeing with her. "Sure," Goldstein said, "pornography has a viewpoint. Pornography may even be a form of sexual gymnastics — but such a description is a positive way of presenting sex."

But when it came to defining pornography himself, Al Goldstein fumbled around like the rest of the speakers. "I don't know what pornography is," he said. "I haven't a clue." The closest he could get to a definition was "junk entertainment." However, he believed that "today's pornography is tomorrow's erotica" and "whatever pornography is, it has a positive purpose."

The pornographer acknowledges that he has changed over the years and his liberalism in sexual matters does not extend to political and economic fields: "Thirty years ago I was a true Jewish liberal. Now I'm much more cynical and maybe more realistic." Though he believes there are many social reasons why American blacks commit so much crime — discrimination, lack of opportunity, poverty and so on — if

a black person were to threaten him, "then I'll blow his fucking head off."

There's no doubt Goldstein is quite capable of blowing anyone's head off. He is an ardent gun-lover with a huge collection of rifles. Hunting is one of his favorite sports and he is paid-up member of the National Rifle Association, the major organ of the gun lobby in the United States.

Crime worries Goldstein, though he has changed his views about how to deal with it. He loathes the rip-off merchants and those in positions of power who milk the little guy. But he also hates street violence and now favors the death penalty. Though he doesn't believe capital punishment deters anyone, he thinks society should have the right to revenge.

Yet he's fascinated by criminals and believes their point of view should be heard. A few years ago he turned over an entire issue of *Screw* to prisoners who wrote about why they had committed rape, their obsessions with sex while in prison, and their plans for the future.

He has little time for most of America's political leaders and describes both Reagan and Bush as "brain dead." But some of the political and economic liberals in the country are the subject of disparaging editorial comments in the pages of *Screw*.

Goldstein believes he has not changed over the years in his attitudes to sex and censorship. He simply reckons sex is fun and people should have as much of it as they can get. *Screw* epitomises that philosophy, as does his cable television program *Midnight Blue*. The cable program has been beamed to New York audiences for 14 years and is The Big Apple's most controversial television offering. It's raw sex punctuated by Goldstein's acerbic comments about life, love and consumer fraud. It was the only program in America to air the unedited, uncensored, infamous Rob Lowe video tape.

Lowe, a teenage Hollywood heart-throb, made a tape of his sexual acrobatics with a 13-year-old girl. Though some television stations showed censored versions of the film, Goldstein gleefully promoted and then delivered the entire box and dice. He expected the cable network to cut parts of it, but they didn't — probably because the tape was of poor quality.

He may not be so lucky with his plans to beam *Midnight Blue* to satellite owners across America. The program would face communities with far more rigorous censorship laws than New York's. Goldstein expects to be sued and is already braced for some arduous and expensive legal brawls. But he sees himself as merely a pioneer of a brave new world of American television: "We'll become the *Tonight Show* of the future and I'll become the next fat Johnny Carson," he says.

But does he still yearn for the heat of legal battle? The publisher slumps in his chair slightly and admits that at the age of

53 he is a weary man. "I am less combative than I was, but compared to Hefner and Guccione I am still a fighter. I get an adrenalin rush with the battle."

Though he is friendly with the American publishers of both *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, he regards himself as a man on a different mission. "Hefner is very aloof," he says, "and Bob [Guccione] is a workaholic. I am still connected to the people in the streets and I know how the ordinary man thinks." But Goldstein wishes he was as wealthy as the two giants of men's magazine publishing, so he "wouldn't have to worry about money any more." Not that he has much to worry about now. Though Goldstein doesn't know exactly what he's worth, he estimates "it must be about two or three million." Just in case a legal suit cancels out his nest-egg, he keeps a current New York taxi licence and proudly displays it on the wall behind his desk.

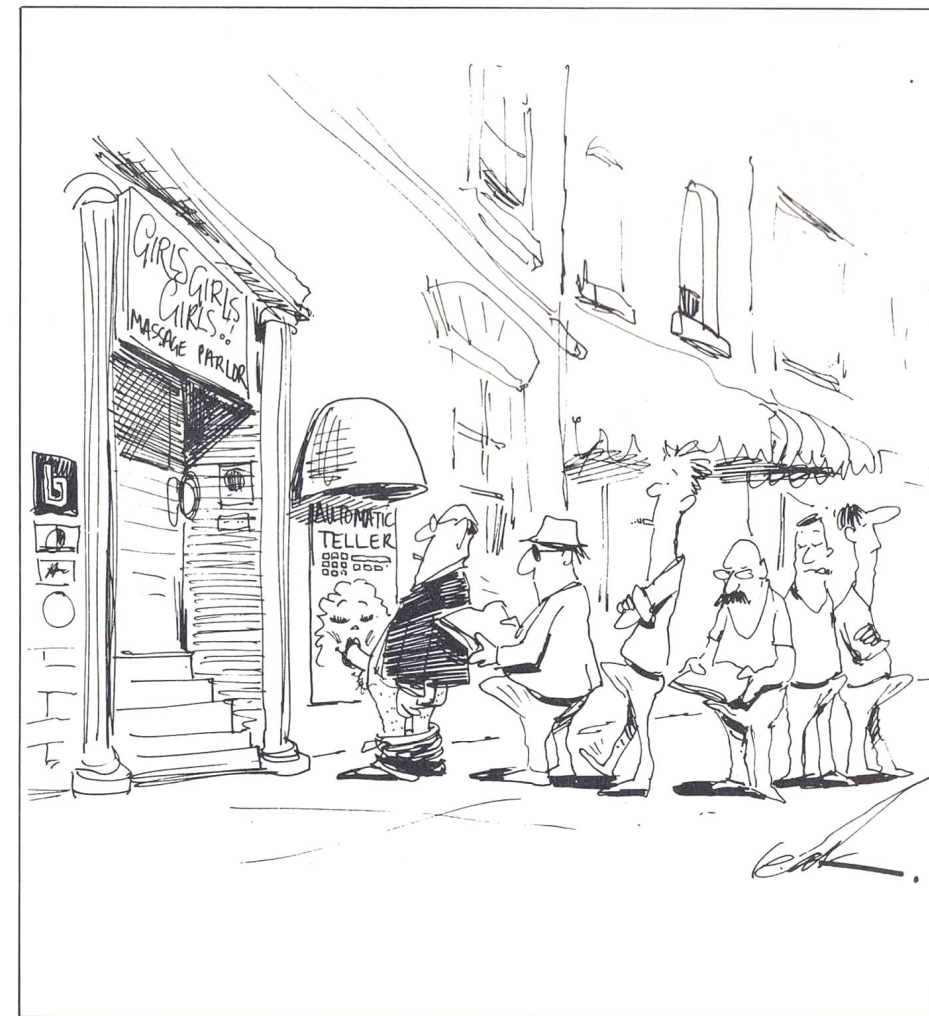
The most hated man in America has undoubtedly mellowed over the last few years. With a new wife and a 15-year-old son, Goldstein sounds at times like the champion of family life. He has a home in Manhattan and another in Florida and admits that, above all else, he loves spending time with his family. And his two major hobbies have nothing to do with sex. Apart from his gun fetish, Goldstein is an electronic gadget freak and his New York apartment is stuffed not with vibrators and

sex toys but with hi-fi equipment, satellite dishes and other technological paraphernalia.

Perhaps explaining both his many marriages and his love of gadgets, the publisher said a few years ago that his greatest fantasy was "to make this my last marriage and phase the wife out of the picture — to come home and hear a robot greet me." Goldstein believed then that his wife knew she was on the way out. "She's like a buffalo. She knows she's here temporarily until technology catches up."

Probably the man's greatest obsession, however, is food. Goldstein frequently reviews high-class restaurants for gourmet magazines. "As I've got older," he remarks, "I would rather eat pastrami than pussy."

Al Goldstein's army of enemies see him as a sleazeball, peddling pornography for personal gain, selfishly distancing himself from the traditional American values of God, country and family life. But admiring men — and some women too — view him as a courageous sexual explorer penetrating primitive and dangerous frontiers just as the early explorers braved vast unknowns to discover the continent of North America. Goldstein, to his followers, is a rotund, free-spirited eccentric — a combination of Bob Guccione, Ralph Nader and Benny Hill all rolled into the Christopher Columbus of erotica. 



Siren on the naugehyde

FICTION BY ANTONELLA GAMBOTTO

ILLUSTRATION BY CAMERON SINGLETON

Reaching an age such as mine without allowing the scars to show has a certain effect on you. You can pretend it's not happening, that the hand life has dealt you is a fistful of aces and not a pack of jokers; you can pretend that your arse and your ethics haven't begun their descent into hell and that you love your wife more than your investments and that you do your job because you have faith in the value inherent in effort and that you can look yourself straight in the eye in the mirror first thing and not wonder who the snake-oil merchant staring back at you is. You can pretend all these things in the

time it takes to post a letter or lock a door, because one second longer and you'd start believing your own publicity.

Self-deception has never been my bag. This is the age of the specialist and not of the Renaissance Man, and as self-deception requires a great deal more energy and imagination than I have at my disposal these days, I

Was she a mistake or a milestone?

settle for what may or may not amount to the truth. And the truth of my life nowadays is something akin to refracted light. Very little self-generated heat and a lot of reflection. Or, as my wife would have it, deflection.

My friend Christopher tells me that he is really impressed with his new business of Catholicism, that the secret is there, nursing its mystery in some subcutaneous psalm and attended to by one of those pederasts in a dog-collar. He and his wife Zoe have taken to the congregation like ersatz criminals, all suburban piety and blasphemous neckties, taking hymns as an antidote to the color-by-numbers science of conjugal life.

Piety, for me, has never been the answer to anything. If you take into account all the stained gussets you've snorted, if you take into account all the threats of suicide and the financial embarrassments and all the squalid improvisations at three in the morning while your wife is standing there looking like one of those bug-eyed orphans painted on to Woolworth's velvet; if you can take all these things and a thousand more into account you can see what I mean when I say piety is not the answer.

It's nothing more than a synonym for fear — all there, writ in the eyes. Life is about theft — stealing as much as you can in your allotted time before they ring the bell. Whereas piety, piety is about denial.



Pretending. You get to be the goof in the eye-shades, hanging out at the gates of the local high school, watching the thigh parade and ready to detonate with dreams. Oh, those young girls, they're piety incarnate. They just exist to let you know about the joys life won't allow you. And all those cheerleader Joes, my age or roundabouts, taking up gospel classes to wring their consciences clear of all those dirty — slap your hand, boy — *dirty* little dreams. And I have a question: why? Why are they dirty? What makes a thought dirty? Is it the thought of your mother, hanging out the sheets on a windy day? Is it? Is it the thought that you didn't turn out to be the Sunday-school schnook with a mind as clean as the hand-washed holster for his prick? The husband who listens to country-and-western favorites on the radio as he tinkers with the guts of his car? Give me a break. Why do our mothers all want us to be the door-opening cock Miss America wanted to marry?

Mothers aside, and well aside, out somewhere in the basement if you please, I think the whole thing boils down to daring. Without daring, you build your own coffin, and carefully, oh so carefully so. Just in case. Ready up for the ulcers, the cancers, the upended deals. Even Rupert Murdoch has taken to wetting

behind his ears with holy water. And all the Mafia boys enlisting the services of their neighborhood padres at Christmas. Twenty, thirty, fifty thousand bucks — anything to get the piety back into those raddled cheeks!

Having never subscribed to guilt like my friend Christopher, I find little appeal in the idea of punishment and reward. It is said that the mark of a psychopath is a lack of conscience, in which case perhaps it could be said that I have psychopathic tendencies. But I prefer to avoid extremities of judgement and to think of myself as an organic opportunist. Christopher is fond of amending my description of myself to that of a purulent son of a bitch, but I am only full of good feelings for him and for my friend Saul, as they know not what they do.

Christopher, being a born-again philosopher, and Saul, who is a reactionary in the purest sense, no longer have any compassion for me. The onset of time has scared them. They've seen death get into the same elevator. All of a sudden they're back-tracking and apologising and pulling down the blinds. They cannot bring themselves to support my philosophy any longer, a philosophy which Saul likes to roll around in his scorbatic mouth and spit out as anarchy. And Christopher agrees. It is like having a private Greek chorus, wakened from the sleep of the ages in order to unite in its dissension.

They can say what they like but we still play poker on the train every night on our way home from work, balancing a sheet of cardboard on our knees and playing with a stack of dollar bills until we reach our stations. We've been doing it for as long as I can remember, this ritual. It lessens the eventual blow of domesticity. Sometimes you're on a roll and other times you're on a streak that makes you want to tear your hair out, but in the long run, we all break even. After almost twenty years of losing and of winning, we all break even.

Even so, the change is well underway in them. Saul is now a big ring man, and having put on a bit of pury in the past few years, when he deals the cards all I can look at are his fat fingers, nipped in the bulb by these incredible rings of his. Rings like door knockers, thick and heavy and encrusted with diamonds.

Christopher has taken the opposite route — the supernova route, signposted by vitamin capsules and German hair dryers with ten different speeds on them. He tells himself he's looking good like some people bandy greetings. "I'm looking good," he tells me earnestly. "I'm really looking good." In his apache career gear and his tassled loafers, he could be mistaken for a ticket tout or a Los Angeles pimp or even a member of the Alabama God Squad, all clean teeth and bristling intentions. Every time Saul lights a cigar, Christopher almost spits out his bicuspid with indignation. "You'll get cancer, you fat bastard!" he screams at Saul, who doesn't give a shit. "You'll get cancer and then you'll be sorry." To which Saul always replies, "Not if I give it to you along the way." And we always laugh at this joke; not because it is funny, but because it is an expression of the love we have for each other.

On the train we talk about baseball and we talk about our wives and sometimes we just sit in a comfortable silence, broken only by the candid flick of cards. But sometimes they kill me with all their sanctity. Sometimes I feel like decking the both of them, Saul with his Havana and Christopher with his sun-grilled hair. I feel like shaking them from the roots of their doctrines and telling them to wake up before they stagnate beyond recognition. And they are fully aware of this anger, and it changes nothing.

Christopher, who suffered a heart attack a few years ago, changed his spots the minute they wheeled him in on an aluminium tray. And Saul has just mellowed over the years, happy with his diamond knuckledusters and his fat children and his fat wife steaming her fat head over a saucepan. Saul figures that there's no merit in upping the ante too often; he has always liked to be on the safe side. It's the Jew in him coughing to be heard. I, on the other hand, drift with the tide, easy with myself and unafraid of what others perceive to be my inadequacies.

These inadequacies, of which I am told there are many, include my predilection for women. Christopher calls it my mermaid complex. He says that no matter how many times my ship sinks, the next mermaid on the rocks has got my undivided attention. And he has some truth. I'm a survivor by nature, and I don't bother myself with caution or direction. I swim like a fish, even in times of despair. And I cannot swim without my mermaids. It's as simple as that.

Pixie, my wife, seems to be unaware of my predilection, something which I suspect is more to do with her instinct for self-preservation than with her stupidity, but whatever the reason, she lets it go. We're much alike in that way, in our love of detachment. And this — this is something Saul and Christopher do not want to understand. They tell me that I'm rationalising myself into the air, that I eat and breathe deception; but they never see and they never hear and they can never really know how truthful I am in my adventures. I never promise anything and I never lie about my life or my intentions, like they do. They deny their urges and sublimate. They don't acknowledge.

Acknowledgement is important, and this is where the anarchy comes in. Christopher looks at me with that messianic face of his and tells me not to dump my fractured psyche on the shoulders of the world. I reply that watching him strive for this sexless piety is like watching a rooster trying to lay an egg. A most depressing spectacle, particularly when witnessed from the vantage point of love.

We talk for hours on this topic, exchanging our views with some heat. I try to explain that it is only novelty which keeps our eyes open, that a man has to try for the sake of mankind, teaching with a joint of the hip what cannot be taught with language. That in every lesson given, there is one received. In this instance, they start with their jackhammers of fidelity, and the discord will only stop when one of us tires of the script. It irks me that we cannot openly admit that we love each other for what we are instead of trying to convert each other, but this itself is a wish for conversion and not to be recommended. The proselytism wears itself thin soon enough.

Pixie has occasionally succumbed to those episodes of choppy politic wherein I discuss our marriage. After an hour of it, she is restored to her customary aphasia, and we are both back with our original hands. It is something that comes with age, this intellectual deafness. We all begin by listening, and as the years stagger on, we stop. We get tired of the sweat involved in introspection and we recline on the sofa, no longer giving a damn if the faucet in the bathroom isn't working. This attitude invariably becomes the touchstone of every great marriage.

In the past, my women were never a sore point with the boys, who listened to my erotic interludes with slaver on their jaws. Then Christopher went and got all hot and heavy with the idea of angels and purity and grace and redemption and now that his life is a paradigm of worth, mine is seen as a sum total of deviation. He gives me a headache with all his ideas about Thanatos. It gives him a pang in the soul, he says to me, when I discuss at length my frolics. What interested me at first was how he had acquired this soul that was able to be panged. Did he simply become aware of it, or was he rewarded with one for his efforts? I with my concupiscence would obviously never win one. And as I have never been one to desire my neighbour's ox, the situation pleased me as it stood — him with Heaven in his heart and me with Hell in my pants.

The real problem arose when I told them about Henry. Nothing had excited them as much for years. Such is the case with men infatuated with the God-view; they like their brimstone and the way they get to smack their lips with satisfaction afterwards.

I met Henry at the Oyster Bar in Grand Central. I was sitting there one afternoon, staring at the painting of the sailship, when a woman came and took the seat beside me. Now, I have no particular affection for small women — they are too close to the vulnerable parts of me for my liking

and that makes me, as a man who has to stoop to fit most doorframes, uneasy. I like my women tall, *slanciate*, the kind of women you can imagine putting your head in the clouds alongside. The game is no good if you have too much of a head start; it hurts my essential sense of justice. Even so, I found myself drawn to her head of frosty hair.

She suddenly looked up, returning my interest but doubling it, and against my will I found myself perturbed by her eyes, which were ringed with shadow and obscure, both reflecting my look and revealing nothing. She pursed her lips and brushed at her skirt with three fingers.

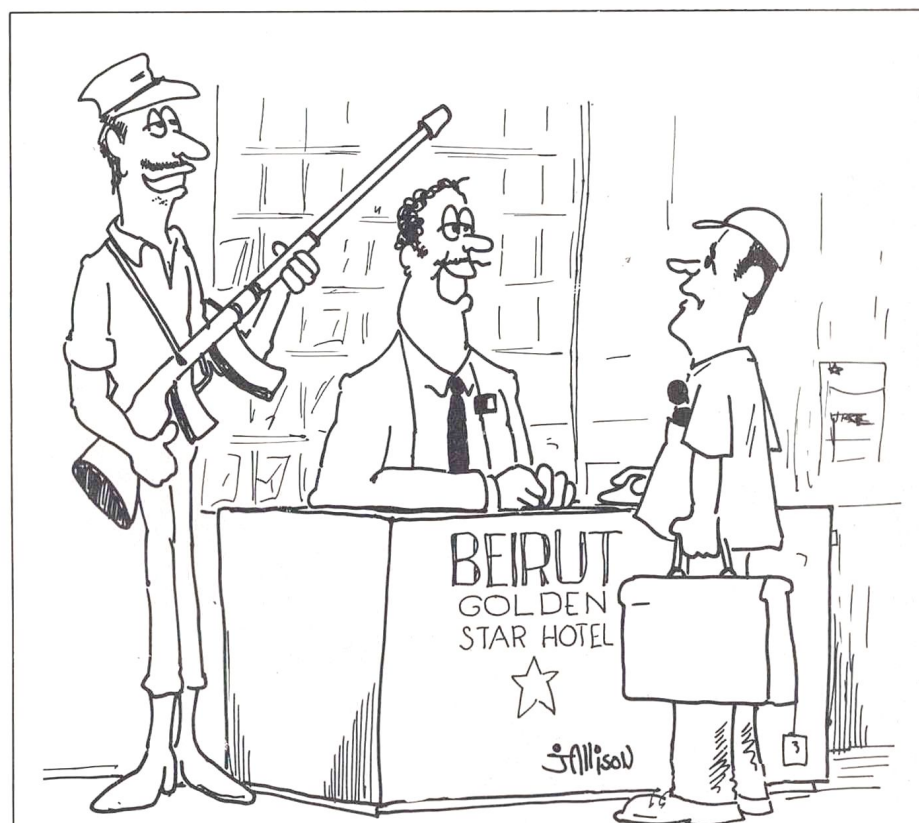
"Can I buy you a drink?" I asked, not without interest.

Looking away, she began pulling up her pantyhose from the ankle. Without lifting her head, she said, "A whiskey sour."

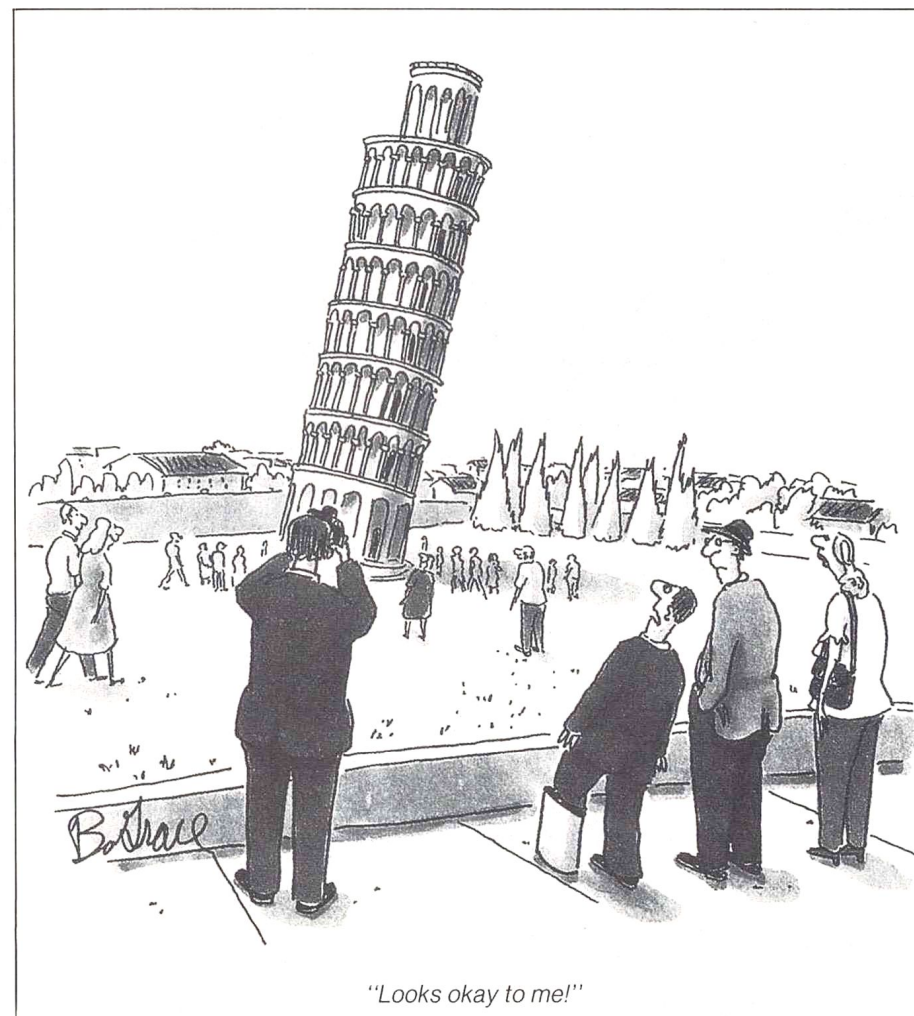
I ordered the drinks and we waited for them in silence. It wasn't an unpleasant silence, not one of those heart-breakingly awkward silences where two people are tying their heads in knots trying to think of small talk, but more of a practised silence, that of two people who know the rules.

The drinks were placed on coasters and I left my tip. She continued pulling up her pantyhose as if she hadn't noticed. Her fingernails were turned out and she was hoisting the nylon with the balls of her

Continued on page 110



"I wouldn't worry. If you haven't got a room with a view now... you probably will before the morning!"



"Looks okay to me!"

How to be a sporting hero

So you want to be the next Greg Norman?

WHACKO! What wonderful times these are for the green and gold. Australia may have ridden to wealth on the sheep's back, but these days we are riding to health and happiness on the back pages of *The Mirror*.

We may not all be an Allan Border or even (God forbid!) a Jacko, but that won't stop us enjoying our birthright as sporting Titans. Even if, as I suspect, 99 percent of us are athletic incompetents, we can all smear ourselves with sporting glory. Just get out of bed and follow this simple guide.

I suggest you begin with something simple, like fishing. Fishing is very easy, non-strenuous, and teaches you many of the traditions of sport — futility, frustration and disappointment. Oh, there's also the bullshit about the challenge of the hunt and the mystical tussle between man and nature, but save that crap until you become a commentator.

All you need is a rod, a stupid hat and some water, preferably with some fish in it. Toss the line in the water and wait . . . and wait. The beauty of this sport is that it allows (nay, *requires*) a considerable amount of drinking while waiting to kill fish.

The choice of bait is up to you. Fish are notoriously silly and will get hooked on anything from a cheap plastic whirly thing to half an ounce of heroin (not so cheap).

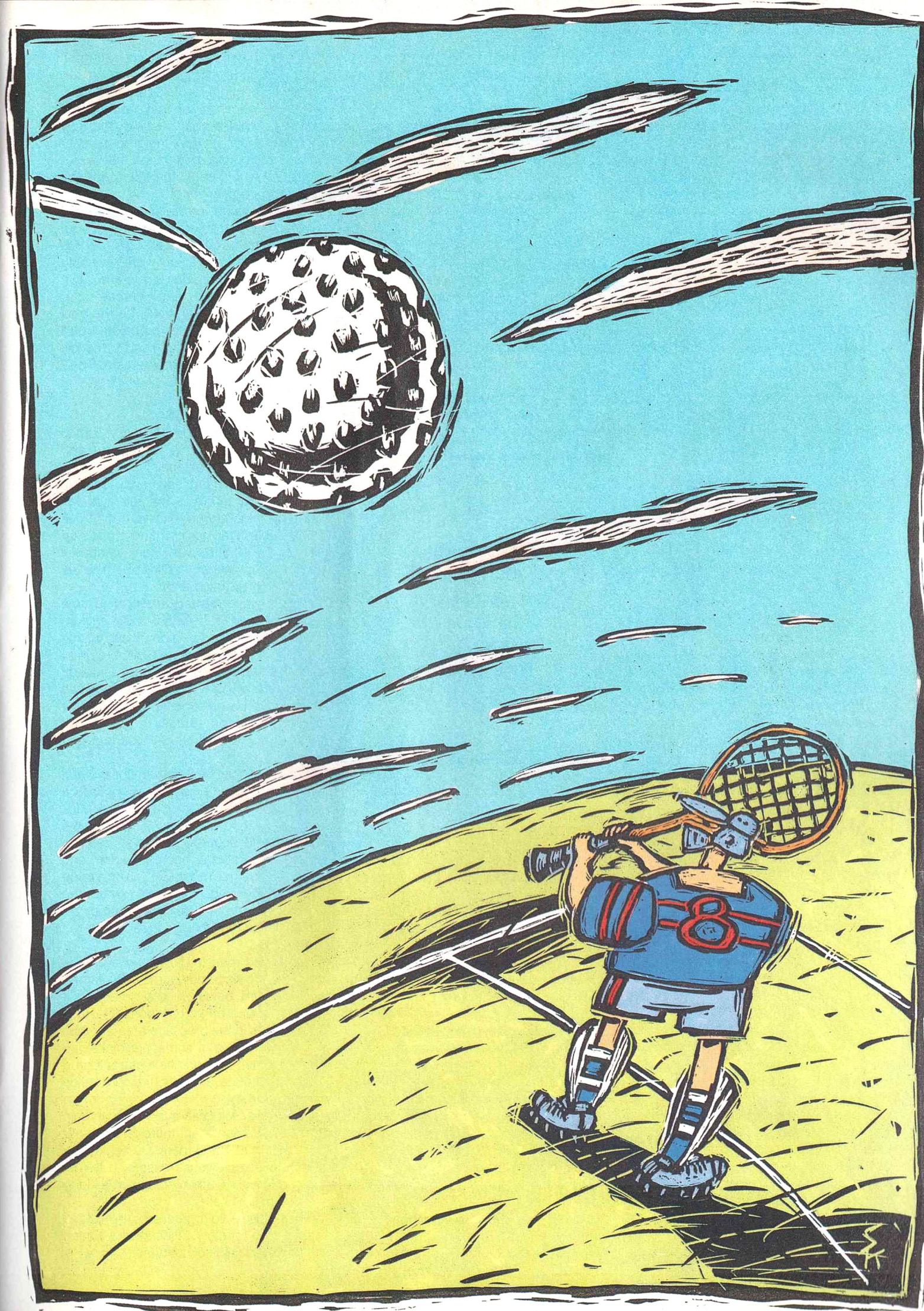
Rock fishing is popular, but you must have a good supply of rocks. Galignite fishing is much more fun, but rather unethical, and it tends to diminish the size of the catch (but not the quantity).

Clear mountain streams are pleasant and popular fishing spots, as are harbors and wide, brown rivers, but my preferred fishing hole is the CSIRO trout hatchery. If you can get past the security you'll be rewarded with a fine catch.

At the end of the day, you can come home like any glorious sportsman — roaring pissed,

HUMOR BY STEPHEN PIGOTT

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY



how to be a sporting hero

stinking like buggery and full of bullshit about how "we was robbed." However, be sure not to stick with fishing for too long. No-one ever got an OBE and a victory parade for landing flathead.

Your next step up the ladder to glorious immortality is unpleasant, but fortunately brief. You must play golf.

As everyone knows, golf is a game for boring old farts with a fashion tumor, but you should at least give it a go. Stuffing about in all weather with a little white ball and a bunch of sticks is silly in the extreme, but the piss-ups in the clubhouse are quite good. Have some faith and hang in there until you have the urge to wear plaid trousers and tartan jumpers all the time. Then run for your life.

Now, all you aspiring Abletts, budding Bradmans and would-be Wally Lewises, it's time for the big decision: what's your sport?

Basically, you've got three choices: cricket, football and tennis. Sure, there are squillions of other games around, but you don't get to be a fabulously well-paid superhuman by being World Tiddlywinks Champion or the International Mr Wonderful of Badminton.

CRICKET

This is a very good sport at the moment. Australia is pretty good at it (well, almost) and, of course, we won The Ashes last year, earning Allan Border the title of Bloke Of The Year. What greater glory can there be? None! Who is our greatest ever hero? Bradman! Hurrah! Just remember, The Ashes victory means we beat the Poms, but Australia is still very capable of being thrashed by the West Indies, India, New Zealand, Zimbabwe and the Denmark B team.

Nevertheless, cricket is a wonderful career choice and the sport best suited to the athletic idiot. Mostly, it involves lots of standing about with a bit of running and the occasional leap in the air.

An important part of becoming a cricket hero is developing an odd character. You can be a fun-loving larrikin like Merv Hughes, an old-style quiet achiever like Steve Waugh, or a hyperactive hoon like Greg Matthews.

Choose your character wisely and always keep a store of laconic cricketing anecdotes at hand. Regale your teammates and the adoring media with boring stories and idiotic jokes and amaze them with sheer bullshit. What about the time you were playing in Lahore? The curry gave you the squirts for three days and you drank all the beer in the hotel in one sitting but you still managed to score a hundred before tea in 40-degree heat just to show what a good bloke you were.

God knows why, but on your days off you'll play golf, and will of course excel at

it. You will also have a hearty crack at the tinny-drinking record on the plane from Sydney to London.

For glory in the eyes of an adoring public, for the respect of kings and the company of greats, cricket is unrivalled. The money, however, is shithouse. Unless you're a demi-god like Allan Border or a fully-fledged deity like The Don (genuflect, genuflect), you won't make much of a quid.

My advice is to stick to the game long enough to perform a few miracles (the rules of cricket guarantee this will happen no matter how useless you are), then get out and hit the commentary box and the after-dinner circuit. Don't worry if the sight of you puts people to sleep or if you have a voice like a cat in a blender — it may be an advantage.

Knock out a few books (*How To Hypnotise Chooks And Bank Managers* or *Cricket Legends I Have Met Or At Least Heard*

“

You have to
be a bit fit,
but you can catch
your breath between
points by throwing
huge tantrums

”

About), make a few stupid ads, then sit back and enjoy. You're a hero!

FOOTBALL

This is a game no sensible adult should ever want to play, but it is popular and so a mighty fine Stairway to Sporting Heaven. Essentially, it is a game for guys who are eight feet cubed with no aversion to having bits of their bodies pulled off.

Deep intelligence is not necessary (in fact, it is usually a disadvantage) and your training need only involve eating everything in sight, biting the heads off wild dogs and uprooting giant redgums.

To properly prepare yourself for a season of Rugby League, run head-first into a solid brick wall for a few hours. For Rugby Union, do the same thing with a group of friends and then firmly grip one another's testicles. For Aussie Rules, climb a very tall tree and dive off. For soccer, move to Europe.

The rules of footy are generally considered to be irrelevant. The whole idea of the game is to take strong, handsome, fit young men and turn them into ugly, twisted wrecks held together with

Elastoplast, hernia supports and string.

Here are a few suggestions for the personality you might like to adopt as a footy hero: the criminal; the psychopath; the ugly mug with a heart of gold; the ugly mug with a brain of goo; the grog-monster whore-hound (lots of fun); and the devout Christian who keeps forgetting the bit about not killing anyone.

Play the game for as long as you can stay in one piece, or until you feel your head couldn't stand another 360-degree revolution. Retire gracefully after winning the grand final, then buy a pub and call it something stupid like Wacka's or Chooka's. Pretty soon, you'll be the next Rex or Lou (or Darrell, if you *must*). You'll be a TV star, a super coach and a true folk hero, but you'll always frighten small children and animals. A small price to pay!

TENNIS

Finally, legends-to-be, it's time to turn to the pick of the lot — the artful and gentlemanly game of tennis.

No longer a game for nancy boys in white shorts, tennis is the realm of the brave and the strong, and you don't risk having your head torn off and stuffed up your bum. What's even more wonderful about it is the money — piles of it. And the women — millions of them.

Tennis was invented a very long time ago by a bored Frenchman. Unlike cricket, which was invented by a bored and insane Englishman, tennis can actually be fun to play. Admittedly, you have to be a little bit fit, but you can catch your breath between points by throwing huge tantrums. As your career develops, these tantrums will become a vital part of your sporting personality.

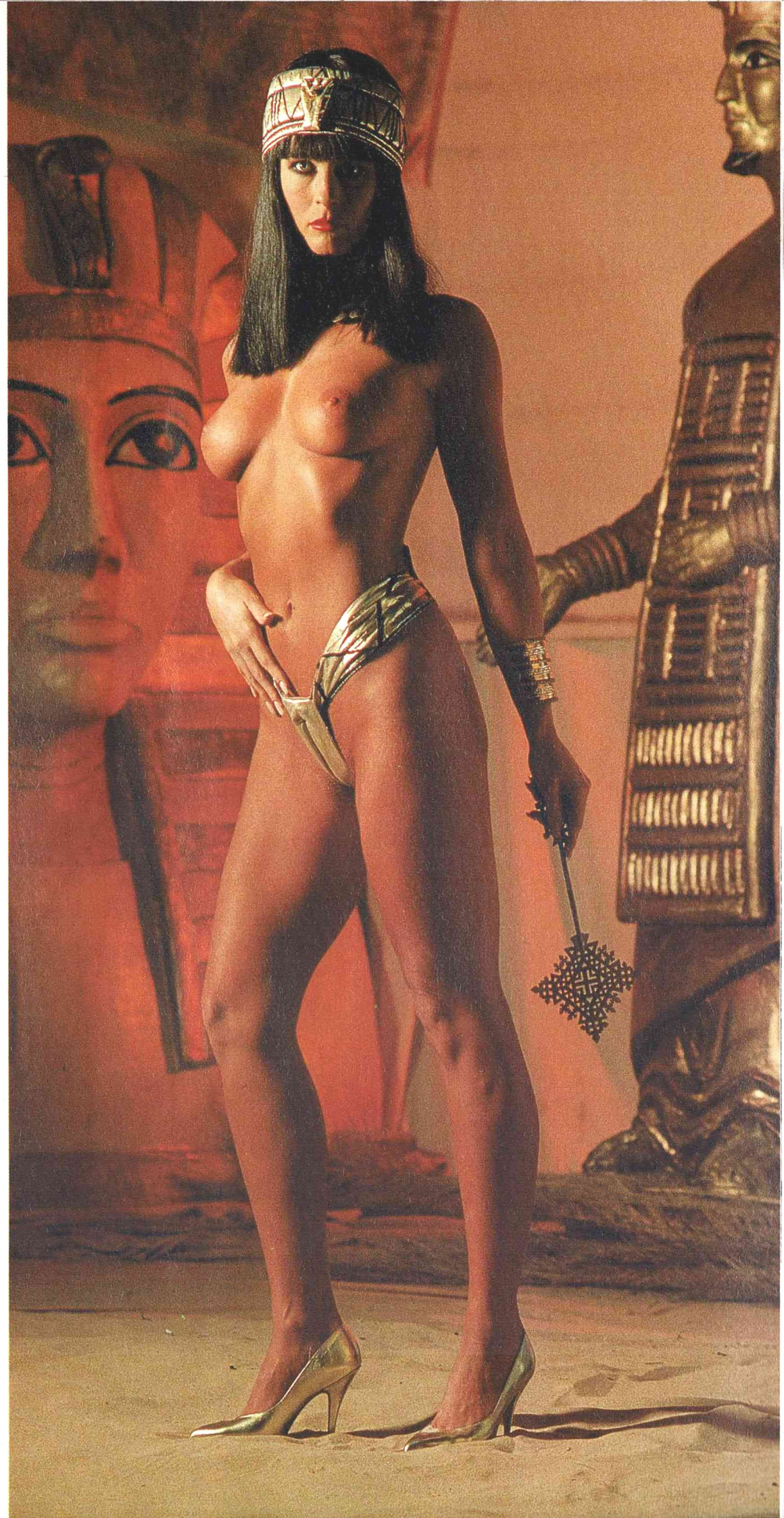
Practise at home by getting upset when everything doesn't go your way. Toss a few racquets around the lounge room, kick the TV in, then stick your head out the window and soundly abuse all passing strangers. Grab the nearest person and shout: "You rectum-faced, turd-eating blind bag of monkey pus!" When the police come around, tell them to fuck off because you're having your period.

It's a hard road to glory, and everyone will be out to stop your journey into immortality. Be alert, be careful and never miss a chance to slag off your opponents. Rash accusations in the press are great for thinning out the field. If someone thinks you can't play, tell the world he's gay or a drug addict — that usually puts the mockers on Aussie sportsmen.

Don't forget to grab every sponsorship and endorsement deal there is. Get your ugly face in all the papers. Do something stupid, like drop your trousers at Lords. Marry a Royal — do anything just as long as you are Up There.

There it is — your green-and-gilt-edged master plan for glory. I'll be seeing you on the hallowed fields of conquest. ☙

donna





walk like an egyptian



Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; Jewellery, white robe, brass vase, bowls and gold slippers by Gallery Nomad, Paddington (02)331-5015; Gold shirt by Let It Rock, Centrepont, Sydney (02)231-4640; Gold and black Cleopatra outfit by Mildred Rose (02)33-3878; Harem outfit by Madam Lash; Black cat and Egyptian artefacts from The Sphinx Gallery (02)953-6668; Bedroom set and gold candlesticks from Joan Bowers (02)360-1500; Persian carpet by Gorgon Persian Rugs (02) 953-2940; Shot on location at The Front (02)264-8762; Egyptian sets drawn by Droogie (02)305-258.

Beautiful Donna Carice is a firm believer in the forces of destiny.

"My life's been dotted with all these suprising twists of fate. It's like certain things are meant to be," she says. We can only thank fate for her exotic pictorial.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZIE SAUVAGE



Donna is entranced by the Middle East and ancient Egypt. "I'm interested in their philosophies and religions," she says, and laughs: "Maybe I was a pharaoh's concubine in a past life."

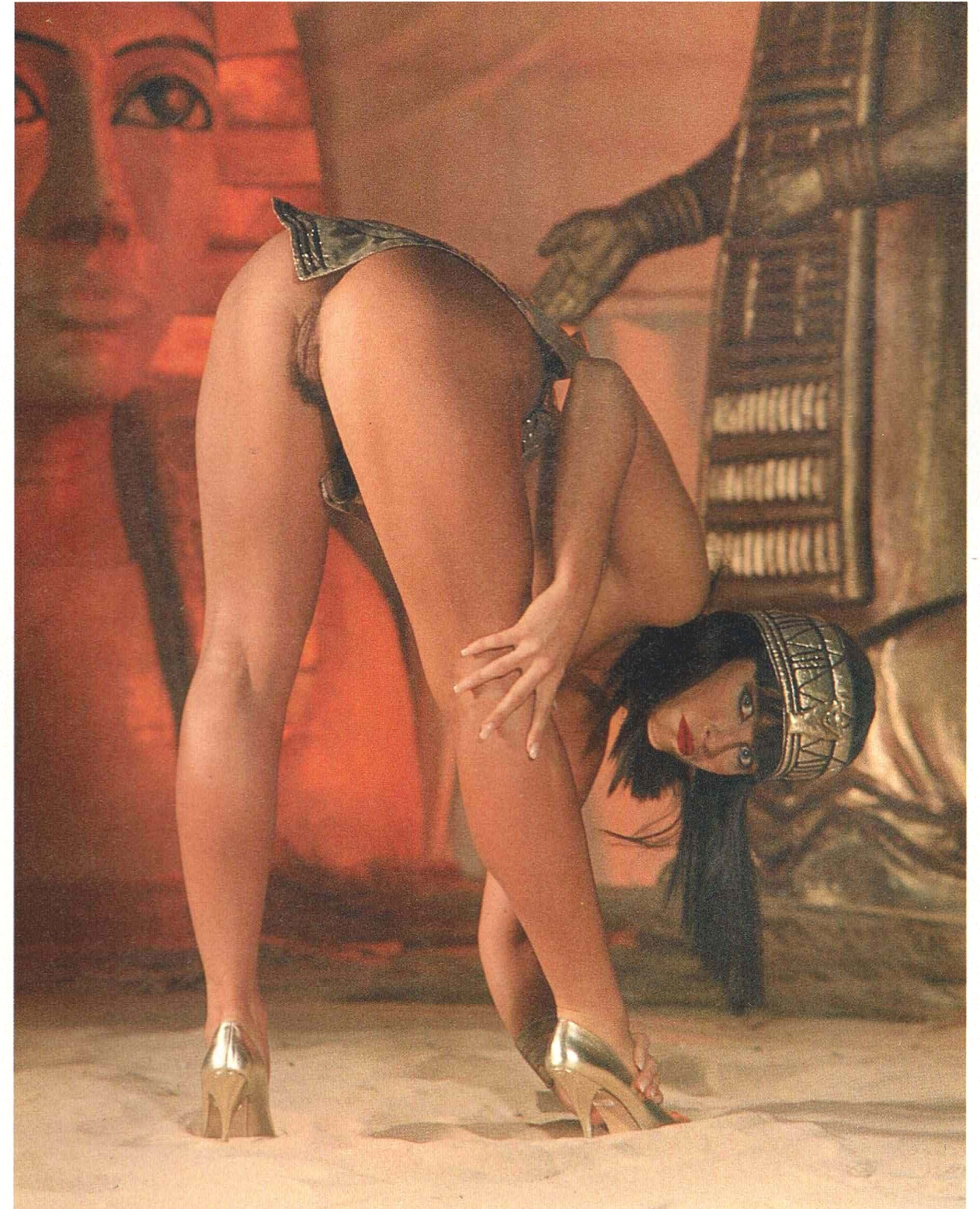


Donna thrives on mystery. "People think I'm mysterious because they always take me the wrong way. They're surprised when they find out what's really going on." Like the sphinx, she's a riddle all men would like to solve.

Donna owes her superb shape to her former career as a classical ballerina.

Now, however, she's left her ballet shoes behind her to pirouette in a new direction. "I'm going through a transition period in my life. *Penthouse* marks that change. I know something's going to happen but I don't know just what."





This dancing girl is single at the moment but probably not for long. "I guess you could say I'm waiting for a meaningful sexual coincidence. Someone to play Antony to my Cleopatra."



BY JOHN BAXTER
ILLUSTRATION BY IAIN McKELLAR

If California's legal system were put on trial it would have to plead insanity

The September 1, 1989 cover of *TV Guide*, America's largest TV magazine (and a jewel in the crown of Rupert Murdoch), showed a woman in a gauzy dress leaning on a heap of money and displaying excellent legs. The cover was headed: "OPRAH! THE RICHEST WOMAN ON TV?"

The photograph *looked* like black TV hostess Oprah Winfrey. And the cover copy, emphasising both her \$333 million fortune and her recent loss of 30 kilos, definitely suggested it was Winfrey.

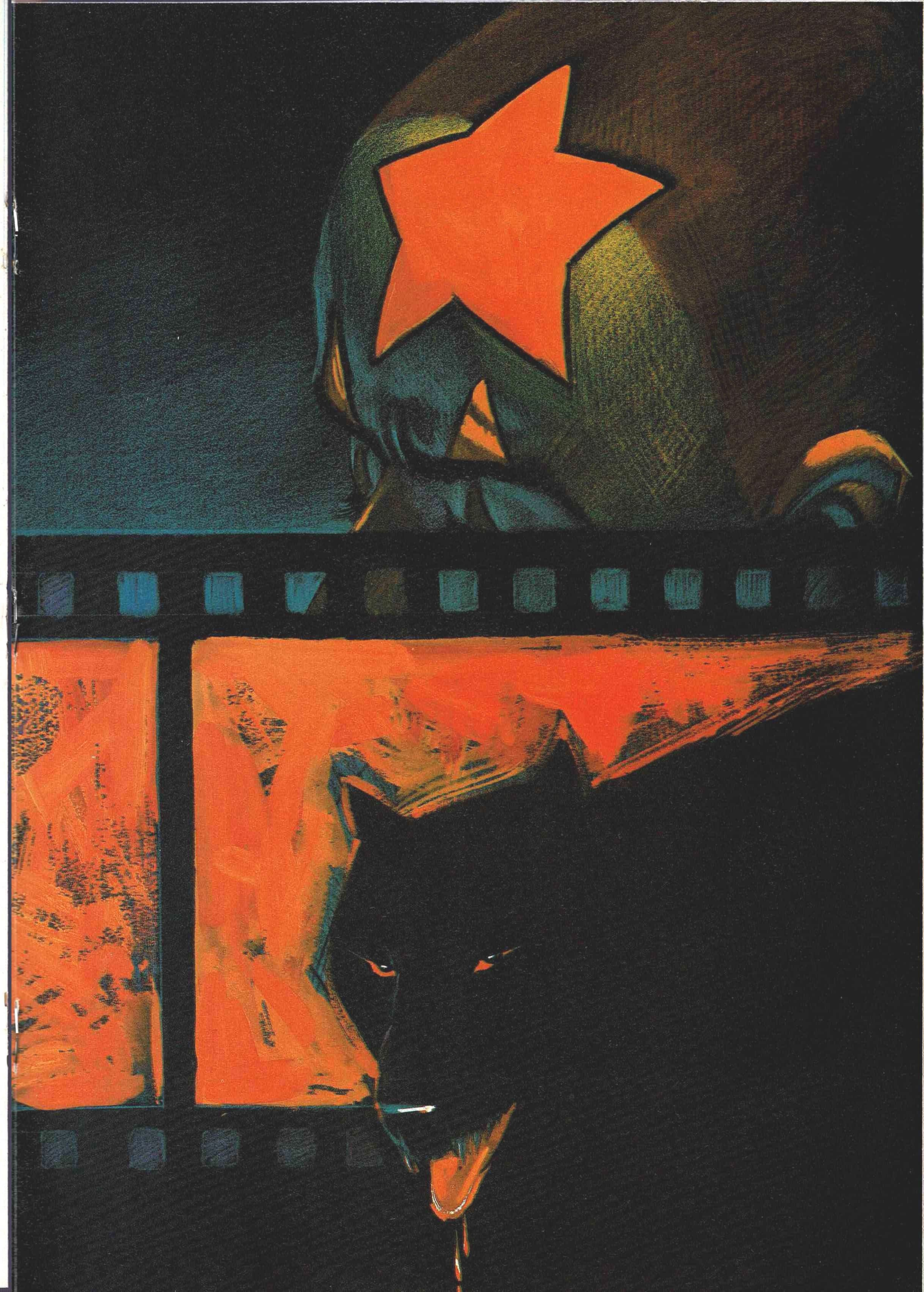
But it didn't take Ann-Margret long to rec-

ognise the legs, the body and even the ring on the finger. They weren't Winfrey's at all, but her own; the artist had stuck Oprah's head on a still from a 1979 Ann-Margret TV special.

What do you do in such cases? Well, you can do what the heirs of Bobby Darin did when they heard McDonalds hamburgers being advertised with a jingle that sounded a lot like Darin's 1959 hit version of "Mack The Knife." Or what actress Sondra Locke did when relations became strained with longtime lover Clint Eastwood and he allegedly locked her out of their Bel Air mansion, put her belongings in storage and refused to allow her to visit her pet parrot.

You can follow the lead of Lynn Redgrave when she suspected MCA and Universal had fired her from the series *House Calls* because she breast-fed her daughter Amanda on the set. Or that of Michael Caine when (he claimed) the producers of *The Name Of The Rose* offered him \$2 million to star in the movie, provid-

T H E R E A L L. A. L A W



THE REAL L.A. LAW

ing he lost nine kilos — then gave the role to Sean Connery.

What did these people do? Of course, they did what millions of red-blooded Californians would have done. They sued.

There are 700,000 lawyers in the United States of America, with 111,000 of them practising in California. What the rich feeding grounds of the North Atlantic are to the whale, what the headwaters of the Truckee River are to salmon, what Rome is to Catholics and Mecca to Muslims, California (and especially Los Angeles) is to the attorney. It's the Happy Hunting Ground, Nirvana, The Great Good Place, Litigator's Heaven.

California's love of the lawsuit has turned its court system into the setting for a multi-billion dollar industry. The hit TV series *LA Law* shows its acceptable face. Well-dressed, courteous and clean, Susan Dey and Harry Hamlin wrangle genteelly over issues of morality and the public good, while Corbin Bernsen immerses himself profitably but politely in divorce actions where millions of dollars change hands between disaffected husbands and wives.

How close is *LA Law* to the reality of Californian legal practice? About as close, most critics agree, as *Crocodile Dundee* is to life in the Australian outback. "Most ex-

perienced judges, polled independently," says Commissioner Douglas Carnahan of California's South Bay Municipal Court, "would quickly agree on a single adjective to describe most of the litigation they see: stupid."

Nobody can say how many lawsuits are filed in California every year. The records have long since collapsed from their own weight. Confusing the statistics are the number of suits settled out of court. Nine out of ten cases are never tried. Others are allowed simply to drag on as bargaining chips in elaborate negotiations. "Litigation is literally a way of life in Hollywood," says showbusiness journalist Kathleen Neumayer. "It's a simple tool for doing business."

This perversion of the legal system has turned lawyers, ordinarily among the least visible of all professionals, into desperate hustlers, struggling to snatch a few moments in the limelight and win a chance at the fattest cases.

In most American states it's legal for lawyers to advertise their services, and California is no exception. Daytime TV, especially in Los Angeles, seethes with glossy commercials as attorneys beg, whine and bully the listener for business. One of them shows a legal eagle strolling self-consciously in leathers through a gang of ominous-looking bikers and offering to take cases involving the notoriously accident-prone biking community. In

another commercial, an Asian accident victim in a plaster cast is astonished to find his blue-suited lawyer calling at his home to help him complete the papers for a lawsuit. In a third, a dazed-looking black man confesses: "Lawyer X got me \$2 million."

Most such lawyers take their cases on contingency. "You pay nothing unless we win," grins one unctuous counsel from behind his mahogany desk — omitting to tell us that, should he get a settlement, a third of the judgement will go for his fee, with costs on top of that.

"Ambulance-chasing" by lawyers is commonplace in American cities. The film *The Verdict* showed the traditional methods, with down-and-out Boston attorney Paul Newman bribing undertakers to admit him to funeral services, where he'd press his card on the grieving widow. Even while the movie was in release, LA's lawyers had developed a high-tech version that has hauled the practice into the Nineties and marked Newman's character as hopelessly out of date.

Accidents are the richest source of money for LA law. Since Californian insurance companies have no "knock for knock" agreements among themselves, responsibility for almost every major traffic accident is settled by rival lawsuits brought by insurers. LA police and emergency service drivers complain that they often arrive at pile-ups to find a lawyer already there, alerted by sophisticated scanners in his car that monitor not only police band radio but also private cellular phone calls.

Knowing that, if he can prove injury, the settlement may be thousands of dollars larger, the lawyer asks hurriedly: "Do you want to sue?" Then he gets a signature on an agreement of legal representation and starts coaching the dazed victim on the symptoms of whiplash.

(LA ambulance drivers have their own way of dealing with fakers. "Whiplash, huh?" says the driver. "We'd better make sure you don't move while we're getting you to the emergency room." Placing a board under the "victim", they tape his head firmly with wide adhesive tape, covering everything above the eyes. When the tape's peeled off at the hospital, the eyebrows usually go with it.)

Florida's Bar Association has set guidelines for lawyers advertising on TV, forbidding dramatised incidents, jingles and celebrity appearances. But nobody in California looks like following suit. Privately, the legal profession disparages the ambulance-chasing sharks who cruise the LA freeways, but to limit them would threaten, they fear, the national right to fight injustice in court. And lose their members, it's acknowledged but unsaid, a lot of business.

LA law may be a circus today, but 50 years ago it was, if anything, worse. In the Twenties and Thirties Los Angeles, and especially its showbusiness community,



"I sense a change in your attitude since the re-shuffle, Edwards."



THE REAL L.A. LAW

acted as if it were above the law. A crooked LA District Attorney hushed up the 1922 murder of director William Desmond Taylor, one of early Hollywood's most famous crimes. The DA accepted pay-offs for years from the murderess, Charlotte Shelby, mother of star Mary Miles Minter, whose reputation an affair with Taylor threatened to ruin.

The downside of the studio's cradle-to-grave protection was total control. Stars were employees, tied to long-term "personal services" contracts that allowed the studios to do what they pleased with them. Warner Brothers even sent Bette Davis to promote washing machines made by General Electric, a big shareholder.

Revolt, and you were put on suspension. Salary cheques stopped, and when you were finally starved into submission, you found that the time out of work had been added to the term of the contract. Bette Davis charged, rightly, that this was "peonage." Unable to overturn her contract in the US, she took it to court in Britain. Warners hired the heaviest hitters of the British Bar and buried her in legalities. The judge decided that her rebellion was the act of "a foolish young woman" and found for Warners, who retained its grip on the short-and-curly of such stars as Davis, Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland for another ten years.

It got to be a game — a game that might have been called "Hollywood Babble-On." On one side, the studios, hungry for product. On the other, people eager to sell something for the highest possible amount. And keeping score, giving advice, urging each side to "Hit him again", those combination referees, coaches and henchmen, the lawyers.

By the Fifties, walking out on a contract had become a star's standard tactic for improving a deal. To keep a star happy, studios agreed to almost any demand, from 24-hour-a-day limousine service and the provision of private hairdressers to the employment of wives, mistresses and relatives on the company payroll. Some even bought houses the actor hadn't been able to sell.

Only occasionally do stars over-reach themselves. Larry Hagman, the notorious JR of *Dallas*, hinted once that he was thinking of "ankling", as *Variety* called it. His producers, Lorimar, allegedly told him they would nail his feet to the floor if he tried.

Hollywood traditionally claims that writers live only to rip them off. And it's true that, for decades, producers have been regularly nailed by wannabe screenwriters who claimed that every movie from *Gone With The Wind* to *Abbott And Costello Go To Mars* was stolen from a scenario submitted years earlier. These days, producers no longer accept unsolici-

ted manuscripts, and all companies routinely insure films against inevitable claims from writers who say they've been cheated.

But do original script ideas get stolen? The answer, as reflected in countless LA lawsuits, is: are you kidding? *Of course* stories are plagiarised.

The average producer has neither the time nor the education to read anything more complex than his horoscope. Some are incapable of even that. Novelist Aldous Huxley compared Hollywood executives to chimpanzees: "excitable and infinitely distractable." In another famous gibe, writer Harlan Ellison told one: "You have the cranial capacity of an artichoke."

Ellison should know. In 1973, with fellow science fiction writer Ben Bova, he was asked by ABC to develop a TV movie script from his story *Brillo*, about a robot cop and his human partner.

Ellison and Bova wrote a feature synop-

Can Californian litigation continue on its progress to total insanity? There seems no way to stop it.

sis and 13 story outlines for a possible TV series, but ABC let its option lapse. Imagine the surprise of Ellison, then, when ABC, in May of 1976, telecast *Future Cop*, a 90-minute feature, and launched a series of the same name about an android cop and his human partner. Noting that executive Steve Gentry, who'd worked on developing *Brillo*, was prominent in the credits of both, Ellison sued — and won. The judgement of \$450,000 for both writers is the largest for plagiarism in Californian legal history. So far.

Ellison also squeezed an out-of-court settlement from Hemdale over *The Terminator*, the 1984 hit that featured Arnold Schwarzenegger as a head-crunching robot from the future, sent back to assassinate the mother of his time's most potent political leader. The writer claimed the script ripped off two episodes he wrote in the Sixties for *The Outer Limits* TV series. In May of 1985, Hemdale knuckled under with an out-of-court settlement and a public acknowledgement that they were "aware of Ellison's work."

Another winner was humor columnist Art Buchwald, who signed a contract in

1983 with Paramount to develop a script from his story *King For A Day*, about the ruler of a tiny black African state visiting the USA. When Eddie Murphy's *Coming To America* was a big hit (for Paramount), Buchwald sued for \$6.6 million — and won. Still being decided are scores of other plagiarism cases, including an accusation that actor and co-writer Christopher Reeve swiped ideas for *Superman IV* from an unproduced screenplay.

Given the risks of litigation, studios, when they find an idea worth filming, nail it down with contracts so enormous that they literally rival the bulk of telephone books. Even then, however, a smart lawyer will often spot a new way around the deal.

Take the case of Chris Sizemore, model for the multiple-personality heroine of the 1957 film *The Three Faces Of Eve*. Sizemore's psychotherapist, Corbett Thigpen, told her story in a best-selling book that was bought by 20th Century-Fox and turned into an Oscar-winning vehicle for Joanne Woodward.

Before the film was made, Sizemore signed, in Thigpen's office, a promise to relinquish for \$9300 the film rights to "all versions of my life story heretofore published or hereafter published." A watertight deal — or so 20th Century-Fox thought. But now Sizemore is suing them to cancel it. Her reasons are bizarre. Since 1957, she says, she's discovered 19 additional personalities in her crowded brain and written two books about her experiences. Sissy Spacek, she claims, is thinking of filming one of them, *I'm Eve*. Fox says all rights to her life are theirs. But, Sizemore asserts, the personality who signed the deal was another woman entirely — Chris 1957. It's Chris 1990 who wants to make the new movie. Of course it's gone to court.

Lawsuits about "intellectual property" — ideas, stories, books — win a few headlines, but front page coverage goes to judgements about the two most important factors in Californian life — money and sex.

The top Hollywood attorneys, acknowledged king-makers and deal-breakers of the entertainment business, are mostly silent and anonymous. Less nervous of the limelight is the dean of LA's showbiz lawyers, Marvin Mitchelson. Manufactured by the LA law system, he's a symbol of its taste for flashy verdicts and headline justice. "Marvin," says one attorney, "is a public relations creation."

Flamboyant and theatrical, the grey-haired Mitchelson, 61, rules the LA legal roost from a \$16,000 a month office in Century City, high above what was once the backlot of 20th Century-Fox.

He's represented some of the most famous (and infamous) people in the world, including Joan Collins, Soraya Khashoggi, wife of Adnan Khashoggi, the wife of Bob Dylan, the boyfriend of Rock

Hudson, and Michelle Triola Marvin, long-time lover of actor Lee Marvin, whom the courts agreed to consider as a surrogate wife and reward accordingly with a massive separation settlement. (Michelle got nothing in the end, but the case, and the term it spawned — "palimony" — have passed into history.)

Legal authorities have often criticised his methods. Turning down a Mitchelson appeal in 1986, California Court of Appeal Justice Lester Roth fined him for filing it in the first place, and noted that Mitchelson's briefs in the case "state theories loosely, cite strained authorities, and discuss legal principles in a vacuum." He's had other run-ins with the courts, including one in which a client sued him for failing to file an appeal on time and thus losing the suit. The judge ruled that Mitchelson "acted negligently", and the case was settled out of court.

Mitchelson began as a small-time lawyer in criminal and accident cases in the late Fifties, not too different from the operators who advertise today on LA TV. His reputation was made in 1964 when Pamela Mason, wife of suave British actor James Mason, asked him to represent her in her divorce.

In those days before near-automatic no-fault divorce, Mrs Mason was charging adultery and asking for \$1.25 million in alimony. The figure was enormous for the time, but Mitchelson, recognising a career-

making opportunity, doubled it, then subpoenaed 43 witnesses prepared to attest to Mason's colorful sexual history. Panicked at the prospect of such revelations in open court, the actor agreed to \$2.5 million, and Mitchelson was on the map.

Mitchelson makes no secret of his taste for gambling, drinking — and especially women. Set into the ceiling of his office is a backlit reproduction of Botticelli's "Birth Of Venus", with the slim nude goddess rising from the waves, clad only in her long blonde hair. His chair, he claims, once belonged to movie sheik Rudolph Valentino. By the door of a private bathroom is a cut-out of his client Joan Collins. On 60 Minutes last year, two attractive ex-clients, Kristen Barret-Whitney and Patricia French, accused the lawyer of raping them on the floor of that bathroom. The LA District Attorney declined to prosecute, but French filed a private \$6.5 million lawsuit. Meanwhile, Mitchelson remains squarely in the limelight, almost trumpeting his notoriety, the living symbol of the real LA law.

Can Californian litigation continue on its progress to total insanity? There seems no way to stop it. If anything, the cases are becoming more lurid and the settlements more inflated. Any day's headlines may bring a new and more bewildering case, like these:

- An extra on Robert Redford's film *The Milagro Beanfield War* has claimed that

the studio doctor on location put laxatives in the drinking water.

- Dustin Hoffman is being sued because a woman, the guest of his ground keeper, was found dead in his pool. Hoffman wasn't home at the time, but the woman's ex-husband is suing everyone from the actor to the manufacturer of the pool's heating system.

- The parents of a Georgian teenager sued actor Rob Lowe because he videotaped his sexual encounter with her and another woman in an Atlanta hotel. Allegedly the case only came to court after Lowe refused to pay them \$500,000 to keep quiet.

- And, just to show that legal lunacy isn't confined to showbiz, a burglar breaking into a Los Angeles school fell through the skylight and was crippled. He sued the school for negligence in maintaining its roof.

Who won? Who lost? Some of the cases are still pending, but Michael Caine lost over *The Name Of The Rose*. Rob Lowe agreed, as the price of avoiding prosecution, to perform 20 hours of public service with "disadvantaged youth" in Los Angeles-area schools and "stay out of trouble" for two years. The rape suit against Marvin Mitchelson was dismissed.

And the intrepid burglar who fell through the roof? The school's insurers paid him \$260,000 and \$1500 a month for life. Who says there's no justice? ☐

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PAINTE D LADY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA



In this spell-binding pictorial
illustrator Frants Kantor
collaborated with
photographer Nick Brokensha
and model Dominique to
create a new artform, exploring
the boundaries where art
and erotica meet.
The effects are electric.





Kantor, the imagination behind this artistic adventure, says, "The theme of artist, model and painting is a very old one. All artists paint nude models. I'm just taking that theme further and experimenting with the possibilities."





"We're taking art, photography and model into a different area where they meet and interact. We played with drawing the model, printing the model and having her coming out of the drawings to create a three-dimensional effect."





Kantor claims the pictorial wouldn't have worked without Dominique's versatility as both a canvas and a paintbrush. "Her figure is perfect and she has the ability to bring forward personality into a photograph. She also has a terrific sense of humor."

The RAAF's F/A-18 Hornets are the
vanguard of Australia's defence forces.

Imagine you're sitting in the cockpit of an F/A-18 Hornet doing 2000 km/h, surrounded by \$34 million worth of technology, knowing that the two of you — that is, yourself and the thing to which you are attached — collectively constitute the most precise killing machine ever devised in the history of warfare.

It has to be this way. Nothing less than the level of excellence and precision that you have achieved at the controls of this machine is good enough — because in any real conflict in this region the odds are likely to be three to one against you. It'll be you and a buddy up against half a dozen enemy fighters. Those are the numbers the boffins at the Defence Science

HORNETS' NEST

and Technology Organisation work with when they plan the tactical strategies that will determine whether you live or die. The training you have done to get here is right up there with, and probably surpasses, the requirements of any other aerial combat course in the world. If you were not an exceptionally talented pilot you would never have been selected to fly a machine that can outfly and outfight any other aircraft.

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY GRAHAM MONRO





Opening Spread: 77 Squadron on a mission, 160 kilometres east of Williamtown, where four squadrons are based: 2 OCU, 3, 76 and 77. This Spread: FCI Flight Lieutenant Pat Barfield and Qualifying Flight Instructor Phil Frawley heading back to base in close formation, the distance between wingtips a mere five feet. Ninety percent of non-combat missions involve two F/A-18s, as would likely be the case in a real aerial dogfight in our region.

HORNETS' NEST

When you conjure up images of high-tech aerial dogfights you probably picture Tom Cruise in a G-suit inverted above a Russian MIG fighter giving some hapless Boris the finger. Most Australians don't realise that the F/A-18 Fighter Combat Instructors (FCIs) in the Royal Australian Air Force can blow the American "Top Guns" out of the sky. They proved it in the recent Exercise Cope Thunder in the Philippines.

The main reason for the all-round Australian superiority is quite simple. QF1 Squadron Leader Frawley: "The Americans are training a large number of reasonable ability pilots — what we say are good ability pilots — but we cannot afford that luxury. We have to train a small number of above average ability pilots, because there are only 13 or 14 guys in a squadron here and when you have a small outfit like that you cannot afford to have someone who is not of above average ability. We have to produce a better quality product at the end of the course."

Aerial combat is only one aspect of the intensive six-month FCI course. Unlike its predecessors, the F/A-18 is both an attack fighter and a strike bomber, able to drop laser-guided bombs weighing up to 900 kgs. It can be used for air defence, supporting the army in ground attacks or supporting the navy in shipping strikes. The 75 Hornets now in the possession of the RAAF — Australia's biggest ever defence purchase — are expected to take care of our air defence needs well into the 21st Century. So the guys down at No 2 Operational Conversion Unit (2 OCU) at Williamtown, NSW, who celebrated their graduation from the first F/A-18 FCI course in June last year, are not only the absolute elite of RAAF pilots but also the distinguished vanguard of Australia's entire defence strategy.

It need hardly be said that self-discipline and physical fitness are mandatory characteristics of the FCIs. None of them smoke and all do special exercises to enable them to cope with exposure to a force of 7½Gs. Half that force would knock an untrained person out cold. Continued exposure to the Gs and the adrenalin rush associated with flying a Hornet combine to overcome the problem.

Pat Barfield, 29, a Flight Lieutenant at 2 OCU and an FCI, might be regarded as typical of the breed. Barfield has been in the RAAF for 11 years and has never toyed with the temptations of a less rigid lifestyle and far better pay offered by the commercial airlines. Naturally there are those in the RAAF who consider the FCIs an elitist bunch. Barfield doesn't fit that bill; his measured responses are a study in self-mockery: "There is still room for improvement. You start out as a D Category FCI and then work your way up as you get more experienced, and you become C Cat, B Cat and then A Cat, where you're very close to God or something."





HORNETS' NEST

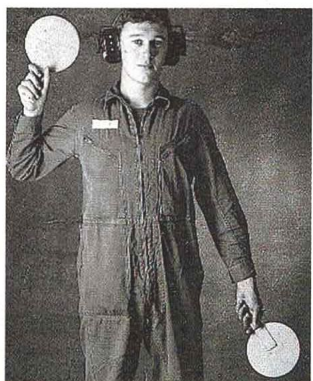
Far Left: The boss at 2 OCU, Commanding Officer Roger Clark — 20 years in the Air Force and still getting airborne as often as possible. Centre Left: A steep bank, with the Hornet on maximum afterburner and full thrust, its pilot pulling anything up to 7½Gs.

Left: FCI Pat Barfield watches two fighters get airborne for a sortie. Williamtown RAAF Base, which hosts 50 of our 75 Hornets, is a busy airstrip with more than 100 military take-offs each day.



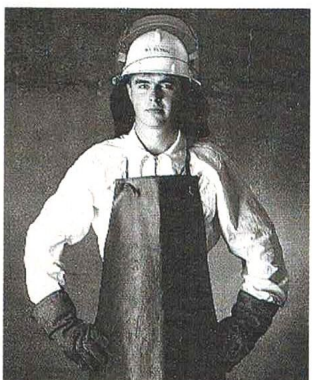
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT

Pat Barfield, 29.



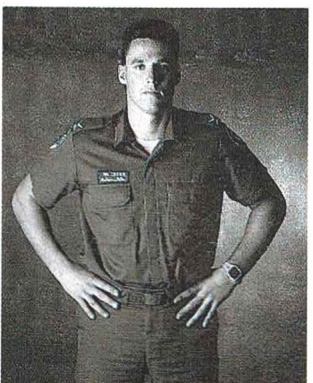
ARMAMENT FITTER

Steve Brooks, 18.



INSTRUMENT FITTER

Brett Koschenaw, 20.



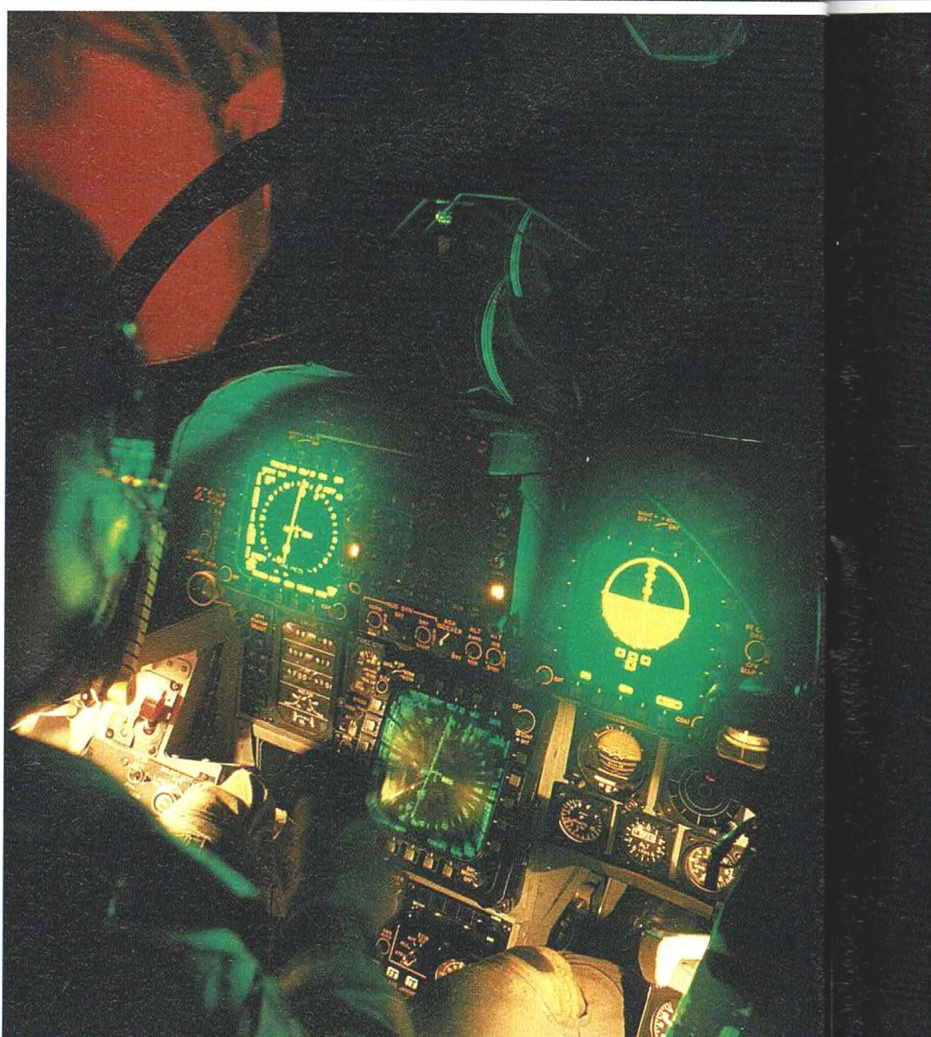
AIRFRAME FITTER

Ian Choice, 24.



**SENIOR
ENGINEERING OFFICER**

Peter Richardson, 31.



HORNETS' NEST

Top: Royal Air Force pilot Mick Anderson waiting to taxi. Anderson is on a two-and-a-half year exchange program between the RAF and the RAAF and is a member of 77 Squadron.

Bottom Left: The sophisticated flight simulator used to train aircrew on the ground, possibly the most expensive computer-controlled video game there is. Bottom Right: Pre-flight inspection which precedes the traditional "thumbs up."



Gary had a fetish for feet encased in five-inch spiked heels. He only had to walk past a shoe shop to feel a hot flush. One day, after hours, he went into the local shoe shop to buy some stilettos for a girlfriend. The lone assistant, Sadie, tottered over in stilt-high heels. She was stunning.

STILETTO

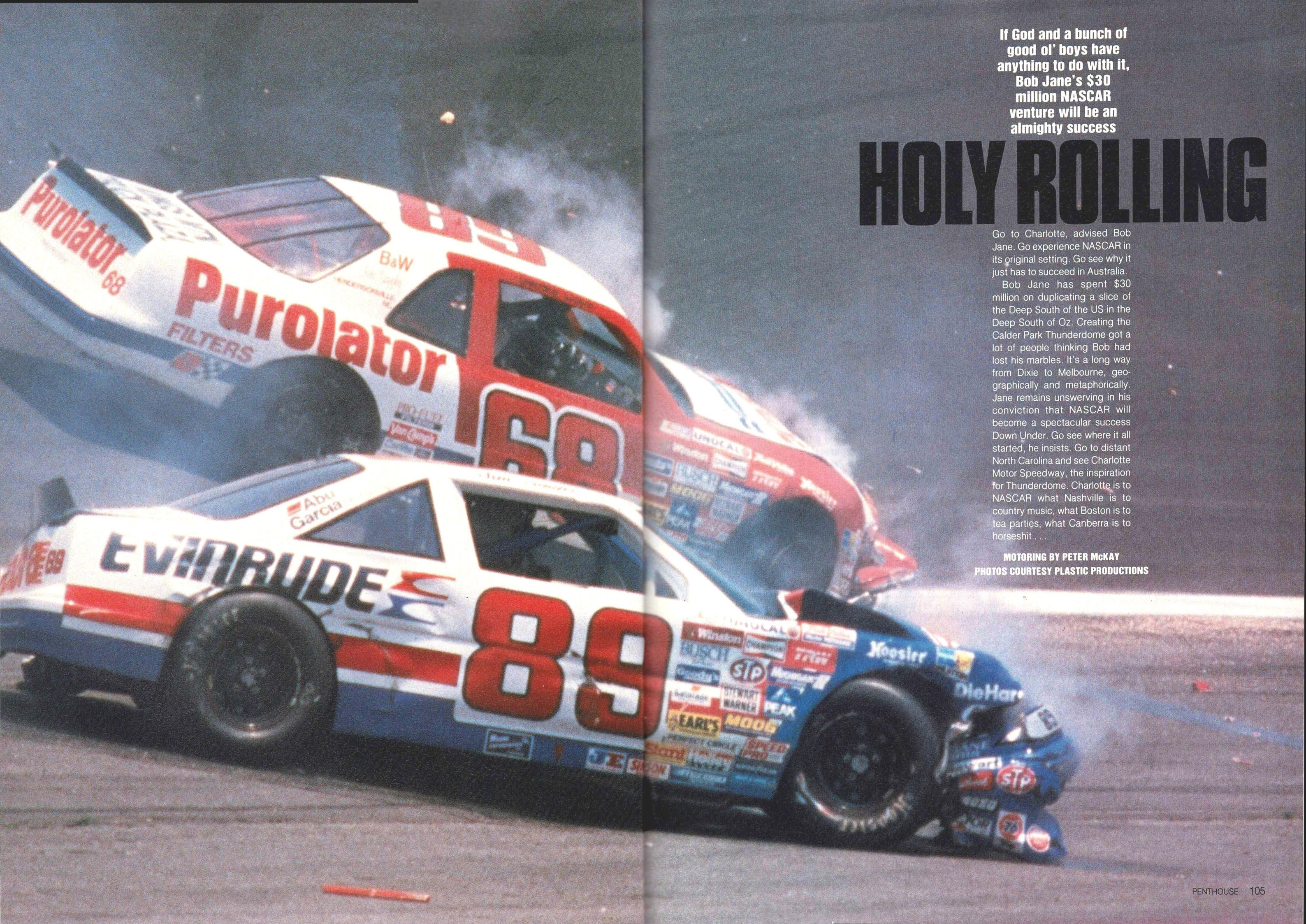
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL



Gary complimented her on her footwear and she answered with a smile. As she showed him the shelves of shoes, she felt his excitement and nuzzled against him. They collapsed into each other's arms and on to the couch. All through the long wild night ahead, Sadie kept her shoes firmly on.







If God and a bunch of
good ol' boys have
anything to do with it,
Bob Jane's \$30
million NASCAR
venture will be an
almighty success

HOLY ROLLING

Go to Charlotte, advised Bob Jane. Go experience NASCAR in its original setting. Go see why it just has to succeed in Australia.

Bob Jane has spent \$30 million on duplicating a slice of the Deep South of the US in the Deep South of Oz. Creating the Calder Park Thunderdome got a lot of people thinking Bob had lost his marbles. It's a long way from Dixie to Melbourne, geographically and metaphorically. Jane remains unwavering in his conviction that NASCAR will become a spectacular success Down Under. Go see where it all started, he insists. Go to distant North Carolina and see Charlotte Motor Speedway, the inspiration for Thunderdome. Charlotte is to NASCAR what Nashville is to country music, what Boston is to tea parties, what Canberra is to horseshit...

MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY
PHOTOS COURTESY PLASTIC PRODUCTIONS

HOLY ROLLING

And so we went. As promised, motor racing is a massive industry in and around Charlotte, vying with Southern fried television evangelism and textiles as the biggest money spinner in town. The visitor finds Charlotte a place of contradictions. The locals pretend not to notice the paradoxes. Baptist churches everywhere you glance, and with Full House signs on Sundays. But, yep, racing on the Sabbath is okay, as long as you worship before you head out to the track. Almost in defiance of archaic liquor laws (and even a dry county nearby), the major brewers Budweiser, Coors and Miller are at the forefront of NASCAR sponsorship. It's tough buying a beer, and yet the blood alcohol limit for driving is a deadly generous 0.1.

In North Carolina alone, motor sport generates an estimated \$650 million annually, with Winston Cup NASCAR racing responsible for the lion's share. Even on a good night, Jim and Tammy Bakker, whose dollar-generating establishment was located on the outskirts of Charlotte, couldn't pull that kind of money, praise the Lord.

If religion and racing enjoy a strange and almost unholy alliance, then NASCAR and the local businesses are enthusiastic bedfellows. Caps, T-shirts, etc — all with racing identification — sell at an astonishing rate, from department stores and out of stalls at the track.

NASCAR car owner Rick Hendrick now also owns Hendrick Sportswear, a company specialising in supplying uniforms to the teams. Hendrick bought the company after another uniform firm failed to deliver on time. Now it's a \$10 million a year operation.



In Charlotte when someone talks about The King, they're not speaking of the Memphis Meadowlark, Mr Elvis Aaron Presley, who fell off the mortal coil some time back. Nope, Richard Petty, coming up to 53 years of age, is the most successful and most loved character in all of NASCAR. Seven Daytona 500s, seven NASCAR championships, 200 NASCAR race victories. Not a hint of scandal. And so friendly and nice that it's too goddam good to be real. And yet it is. So is the seven million bucks in prizemoney he's

picked up along the way.

Petty hasn't won a race for yonks, since that 200th-win milestone on July 4, 1984, with President Ronald Reagan gazing on. Petty began racing in 1958. He turns his deaf ear to anyone who asks him about retiring. "If I get back on top again, that's when I'm more likely to think about it."

Petty is sponsored for life by STP. It is said that some time ago STP tried to get Richard to retire but he refused. "If STP dumped him, they'd never sell another can of that stuff in the South," observed a Charlotte motor sporting reporter.

Bobby Allison, a contemporary and fierce rival of Petty, didn't get the chance to retire gracefully. In 1988, Allison, aged 50, won the Daytona 500. Several months later he was in a coma after a dreadful crash at Pocono. Allison, a man who at-



tended church every Sunday of his life, was given the last rites. Still minus a large slab of his 1988 memories, he came back, not to race, but as a team owner this year.

Allison attended a Night of the Legends function early this year, getting a rousing ovation when he joined Richard Petty, Buddy Baker, Marvin Pansch and Benny Parsons on the stage of the Long Horn steakhouse in Charlotte.

All the old champs were invited to mention their greatest moment in racing. Allison started: "Well, if I could remember it, I guess it would be the '88 Daytona 500 but when I see it on tape it looks unfamiliar, like some old video Judy bought at the store."

Then it was Baker's turn. A mountain of a man dressed in expensive jacket and paisley neck tie, Baker suddenly got teary. "I'm gonna get this out," he said, pausing to swallow. "My best moment in racing was when I walked into hospital and saw Bobby Allison sitting up in the chair. That was it for me," said the gentle giant. At that moment there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

The old timers talk a lot about camaraderie among the drivers of their era and the rough house tactics of the current NASCAR fraternity. Said Parsons, now a TV commentator: "It makes me mad when I see a great driving job by a veteran and he gets put out by a young guy. We had a common bond; we raced tough but we didn't take cheap shots. It's gotten out of hand now. Maybe they should take away that rule that now prevents us reaching in

[the car] and dispensing justice."

Mention such concerns and criticisms to the young lions of NASCAR and they just shrug and say things are different now. Dale "Ironhead" Earnhart and last year's champion, the garrulous Rusty Wallace — off-track pals — don't see anything wrong in belting the shit out of each other using racecars as duelling swords. What is beyond argument is that the sport is changing rapidly. Outsiders are moving in, lured by the sport's popularity. Alan Kulwicki, a nice Polish-Catholic boy from Milwaukee, is hardly typical. He's the only college graduate in NASCAR. They say he's too smart for his own good. Maybe. But NASCAR is becoming more sophisticated. New to the Kulwicki team this year is Ashley Page, straight from working with Geoff Brabham at the Nissan sportscar team. Page says he isn't bringing anything new to NASCAR.

Commonplace today are regular visits to the wind tunnel in the chase for aerodynamic perfection. Cost? A mere \$18,000 a day hire charge. And out back of the Skoal team of Terry Labonte is a fully-equipped gym. The old diehards would turn up their noses at that nancy-boy stuff.

Gymnasiums and wind tunnels and 14-car teams and washing powder sponsors bring a new look to NASCAR, but occasionally there's a suggestion of the old ways.

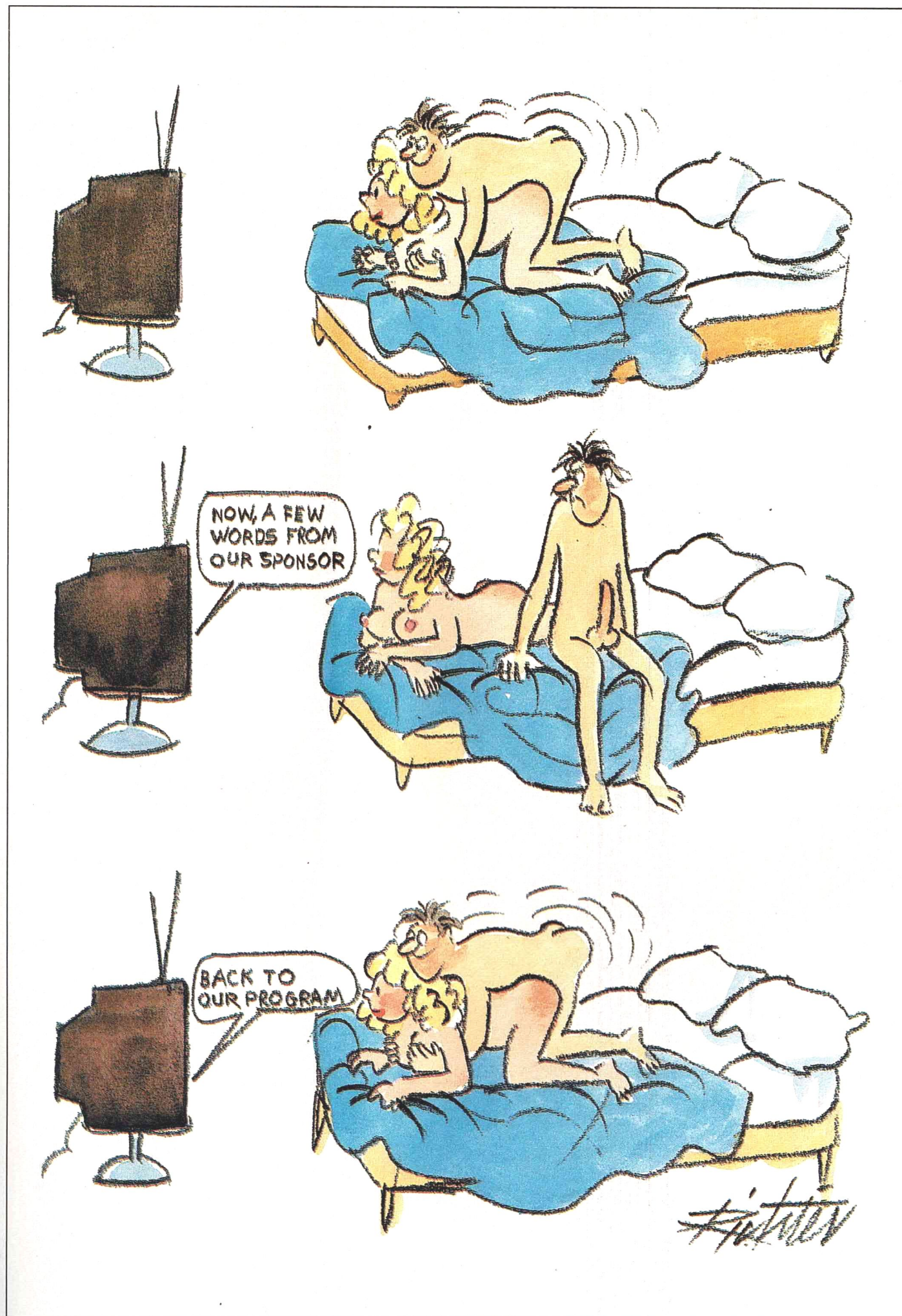
Rookie Of The Year for 1989 was the unfortunately named Dick Trickle, a 49-year-old chain smoker whose background is dirt track racing. He eschews working out. "Racing is the best conditioning you can get. Better than jogging."

Legend has it that NASCAR evolved out of the hills of Tennessee, where good ol' boys in their souped-up cars laden with illegal whiskey learned how to drive like the wind by outrunning the revenue men. The tearaways looked to more thrills in the form of organised races on oval tracks carved into the red clay earth of the South. Later came the super-speedways, awesome high-banked asphalt affairs like Talladega and Daytona and Charlotte Motor Speedway.

Now, over a season, NASCAR pulls the biggest crowds in all of motor racing. Last year 3,127,130 fans were attracted to the 29 championship races. At Charlotte for the Coca-Cola 600 every May, all of 160,000 payers cram in to see the longest stockcar race in the world. It's the second-largest one-day sporting crowd in the US, behind the Indy 500 and ahead of the Kentucky Derby.

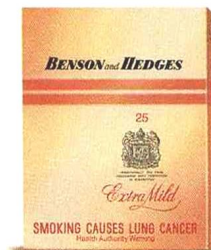
Yessir, folk down there in the heart of Dixie take their racing and their God-fearin' mighty seriously. Thumping fenders and bashing Bibles seem to fit together comfortably. But when a NASCAR driver manages to win a race the chances are he'll give the man upstairs

Continued on page 144



**"THESE EARTHLINGS LOOK
QUITE ADVANCED AFTER ALL!"**

"I KNOW."



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Continued from page 57

fingers in order not to ladder it.

"Your drink," I said, taking a sip of my own.

Turning to the counter, again without consulting my face, she cupped her glass. Her fingernails were long and powerful-looking, instruments such as one would see on an African tribal carving.

"That's some nail polish."

"I like purple."

"I've never seen purple fingernails on a woman." I stretched the truth a little, thinking to flatter her instinct for individuality. Many whores, particularly in Detroit for some reason, favor purple nail polish.

"Yeah, well," she replied in what I took to be a Chicago drawl. She stuck a straw in her whiskey sour and sucked on it.

"David," I said, extending my hand. "I'm pleased to meet you."

She reciprocated with a nod: "Henry." And then, smiling at my confusion, she explained: "My father wanted a boy." She straightened herself on the stool, which was too tall for her and had her feet dangling off the floor.

"So, what do you do for a living?"

She breathed on the surface of her glass before replying: "PR."

I shrugged at this news. The business of

public relations, with which I have frequent dealings, is not a pretty one. All killer acumen and mystification — a can of tripe.

"Another drink?"

"Why not?"

She unbuttoned her jacket with a series of precise movements which culminated in the ceremony of her folding it on the stool beside her. The first three buttons of her shirt were undone, and from my height I could see a generosity of breast pumped up by the brute force of underwiring.

Once I had finished my perfunctory conversation with the bar tender and admired his ingenious lighter, I returned my attentions to her.

"Are you married?" I asked.

"You are," she told me, staring at the counter and beginning to whistle softly.

I started, then felt relieved at being spared having to relay the information. They sometimes reacted badly to such an ordinary piece of news; they sometimes walked out, having opened their mouths to a few plump expletives.

"You're all the same," she said, sticking her straw into her glass and beginning her suck. "You're all the same. You even wear the same suits."

I laughed at this, tickled by her truth.

"Drink up," she said, dismissing me with a gesture. "Drink up or we won't be able to catch a cab."

It wasn't often that I was amused by women. They were either too eager for

love or too frightened to think. Laughter had to be pried from their lips, and the worst jokes — the *worst* jokes — I had ever told in my life were to women in an attempt to loosen their faces into a semblance of normality.

There was a terrible noise, the sound of the Atlantic ingesting a tanker, as she sucked up the last of her drink.

"Let's go," she said, picking up her jacket.

As a chivalrous gesture, I took her handbag, which was cancerous with all manner of female equipment, and stood up. She strode out of the bar, with all the bespoke suits staring at her arse. Her backview was dense and shapely; a pocket harlot moonlighting as a school-teacher. Catching up with her, I took her arm in my hand and guided her out of the station and into the street, which was sultry with carbon monoxide and freakish weather. "Isn't it terrific, all this sunny light?" (Pixie at the sink that morning). "The washing will be dry in an hour."

Henry flagged a cab in front of a hotel and opened the car door. The doorman from the hotel was behind her in a moment with his hand over hers.

"These people have been waiting for a cab," he said, indicating the conga-line of tourists.

"Leave me alone," Henry said.

"I said that these people have been waiting for a cab." His tone was heavy with menace, and at this juncture I intervened, heart stammering.

"It's the lady's cab," I said.

He stepped forward, all jugular. I looked at him and felt a wave of compassion. What life did this man have? Standing in a lunatic street all day long, gassed by fumes and tortured by the weathers, presided over by the whims of foreigners?

"Fuck off, asshole," I suddenly said, pushing Henry into the cab by her shoulder. "It's the lady's cab." I jumped in beside her and slammed the door behind me.

The Pole driving held my gaze in the rear-view mirror.

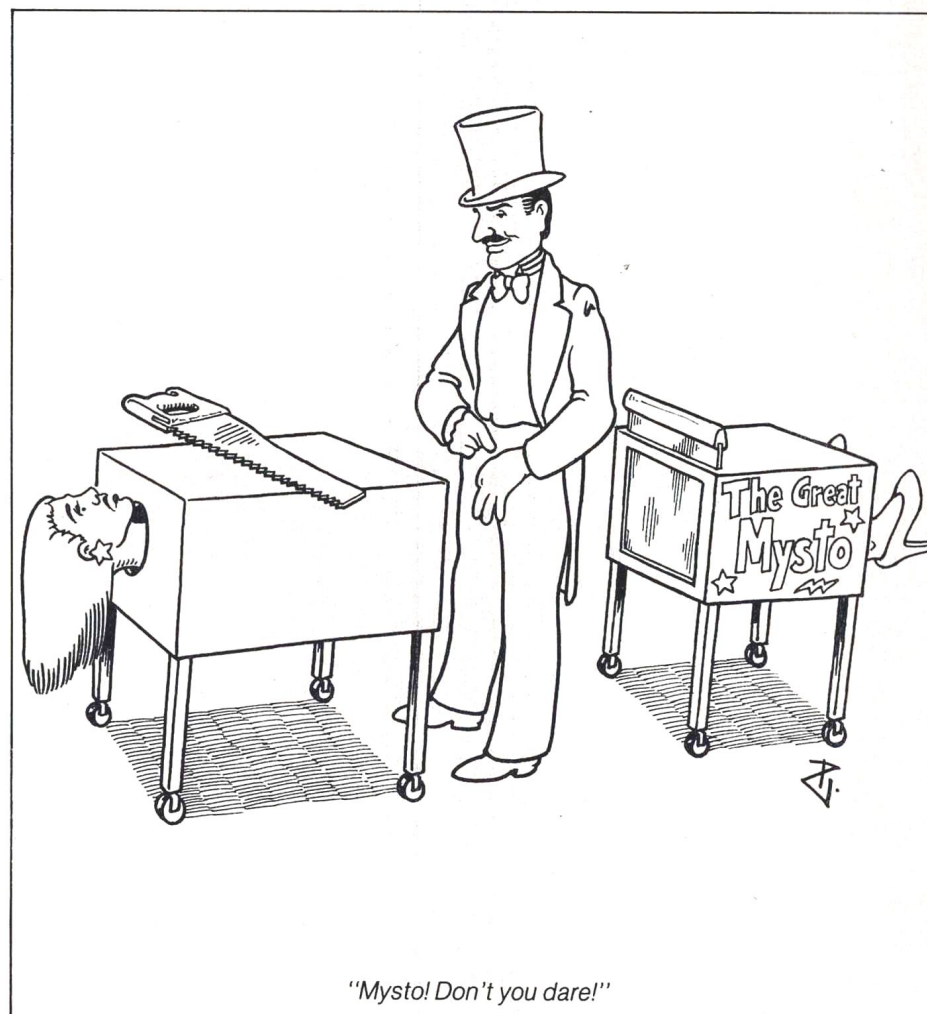
"What was that all about?" he asked in a flat voice.

"West 42nd Street," Henry said. "And we're in a hurry."

The Pole shrugged and scratched the back of his neck with a finger that looked like a bratwurst. Through the window, the city reared up in all its panic and imagination, and Henry bent over to readjust her pantyhose.

I was thinking of an excuse for Pixie. Some suicide, I figured. Some suicide in front of the train. People were always hurling themselves before trains; it would not be an implausible excuse. The lie had nothing whatsoever to do with cowardice on my behalf. It was more in keeping with Pixie's love of a status quo. And Pixie's needs came first.

We arrived at her basement flat and I



"Mysto! Don't you dare!"



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waited beside her as she unearthed the keys from her bag. We walked in, with me following. A jockey's apartment. Claustrophobic, low-ceilinged. It was nothing much in the way of interior design, being dark and stuffed with orphaned furniture, and I felt uncomfortable. "Dark in here," I mused, walking up to the bookcase and turning over some of her novels. She seemed to favor the French doorstoppers — Zola, a Malraux, Proust. Never having had a taste for the histrionics nor the penance, I replaced them and put my hands in my pockets.

Henry had left the room and the noise of plumbing began in the wall beside me.

"Light the fire, will you?" she called out over the sound of running water. "Firelighters and wood next to the mantelpiece."

I looked down at the floor and found the basket, the kind bought at flea-markets or in low-grade home stores. I laid the little logs out on to the grate and crumbled the firelighters. The white squares flared up as I lit them, and I stood back, enjoying the immediacy of their flame.

I heard the padding of Henry's feet before I saw her, and when I turned around I received no more than I expected. She was naked and staring at me with an empty and determined face, her yellow

hair in rags on her shoulders. Her breasts were large and viscous, too large really for such a narrow back. She didn't seem afraid of standing there naked. She stood with a great clarity.

Finding her tantalising, a little too old maybe, but enough, I didn't shift.

"Come over here," I said softly. I had seated myself in an armchair near the fire and I patted my knees. "Undo me."

She walked over to me and kneeled down. I unzipped my pants for her and handed her my cock, which she took into her mouth and gulped with a clever tongue. For a moment I found myself wondering what I was doing there, but I soon diverted my thoughts with the pleasuring of her mouth. It seemed to be a picture I had played in my head a thousand times, familiar enough to be second nature — first, even, as familiar as a limb. The whole routine somehow soothed me, fulfilled a need which I had no explanation for, only an awareness of. It was a bad need, and one which usually got the better of me. Why? Like any urge, like hunger or the need to sleep or the need to hit out at some piece of sky, it had to be satiated. Within those many mouths and sets of thighs I found some solace; diluted, but effective.

Henry sucked me with the capacious mouth of experience, never once looking up, the shadows of her lashes on her cheeks.

"Sit on me," I whispered, and she stood up, her knees red and ribbed from the fronds of her junky rug.

Her arse cheeks were low, visible from the front as she squatted up over me and without making a sound, began a slow buck: hips back, forth, back, forth. I listened to the noises of her and found my own coeval, sweet. This was at once apostasy and sacrament, and even in the thick of my self-involvement, I was sensitive to her difficulties; difficulties that stemmed beyond the throat and gesture and which distracted my attention.

Her breasts swung against my lips, and I latched on to them with my teeth, surprised at the delicacy of her scent, which I had expected to be more bestial. Closing my eyes, I suddenly gripped her hips and pushed her over me. What was the pleasure in this legacy of beasts, and, if Christopher is to be believed, angels?

We sat slumped over each other, my mouth hoarse and breathing in her hair. After a time, I stirred and lifted her from me.

"I have to go home," I said. "My wife will be worried."

Her voice was calm. "Sure." She stretched her legs and wiped me from her thighs. The light of the fire made the surface of them seem sticky, as if she had squatted in toffee or in sugar water.

I pulled my clothes on as she moved around behind me, self-consciously adjusting cushions and tables. Lifting my chin to the last button, I smiled at her.

"Your coat," she said, and handed it to me.

I walked to the door with my arm around her shoulders. "It was nice," I said gently, and squeezed her.

She lifted her face up to mine and grinned. "Your coat," she repeated. "Don't forget your coat."

The ceiling seemed lower than it had before, and I stooped at the door. Henry was still naked, and her cheeks were a watershed pink. I stepped out into the evening and kissed her quickly on the mouth, allowing my tongue to linger over her lips. The memory, I knew in advance, would be treasured. A fine thing. A noble thing. They all were.

I extended my hand to say goodbye, to shake on the experience, when she pressed a fifty dollar bill into it.

"Cab fare," she said, and slammed the door in my face.

Christopher fell in love with Henry without ever having met her. He and Saul expounded at length the theories they had come to through her actions. I began to see the sad son of a bitch they perceived me as being, wading through their thoughts with all the repercussive demons and oracular suspense due to such a sad sack.

Christopher bought me a blue necktie to celebrate what he referred to as a "milestone in (my) stupidity", and Saul — Saul just laughed and shuffled the deck. 

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLD

FAST FORWARD

Twenty-two year old Lisa is no stranger to the limelight. A dancer of the dynamic variety, she has been performing since she was sweet 16. "I love performing live for an audience. I'm not shy about my body. I use it as an instrument to get them to respond to me."





Lisa would like to quickstep her career into celluloid one day. "I'm doing acting classes at the moment and I'd love to work in film and TV. I think dancing is a good background for acting because you lose your fear and learn how to move." With such attractive qualities as hers, Lisa's sure to hotfoot it on to the silver screen.









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still made by hand.*

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Continued from page 10

were weightless, she settled in a spot near the edge. I moved next to her, embracing her from behind and then cupping her firm, wet breasts, lightly massaging her stiff nipples. Then my penis found itself between the wonderfully curved cheeks of her arse. I carefully pushed my penis lower so that I could feel her swelling lips touching the tip.

Suddenly, I became aware of the soft bubbling of the jet in the tub against my penis and realised that her clitoris was also being stimulated by it. I asked her if she liked it, and she warned me that she was about to come. A second later it started, that familiar change of breathing before she arched her back and finally let out a high-pitched sigh of ecstasy. I love to see her come like that, and it turned me on even more. I just had to come soon — I couldn't wait much longer. She realised this and had me stand up so that my penis was above the waterline. As water formed beads on my rock-hard organ, she knelt in front of me and opened her sensuous mouth just an inch from my tip. I could now feel her breath, which caused me to almost faint with anticipation. Her hands moved up my thighs and rested near the base of my penis, but only after lightly teasing my scrotum with her long, beautiful nails. Then her unusually long tongue emerged

from her moist mouth and slowly began to lick the beads of water on the tip of my penis. Her tongue progressed down the shaft, returned once more to the top, and then moved back down slowly.

Suddenly, she just stopped and glanced at me with such seductive eyes that I felt semen sear through my penis for an instant. Then she turned back to my throbbing penis, engulfing it in her mouth. I nearly passed out from the sensation of heat and sucking. But before I reached the point of no return, she abruptly stopped again and led me back to the edge of the tub. She positioned herself so that she could receive stimulation from the jet and arched her back to give me entry from the rear. I slowly pushed my penis into her pussy — moistened not by water, but by her excitement. I reached around and held her breasts, enjoying her seductive smile as I felt her involuntarily twitch around my penis. I could also feel the blast from the jet around my scrotum. I knew that I wouldn't last long, so I started moving in and out of her with slow thrusts, feeling her whole body begin to tense almost immediately. As the tightness in her crotch increased, I began to twitch on the verge of orgasm. I pressed deeper and deeper each time, feeling the skin around the tip of my uncircumcised penis sliding back. I strained to hold back because I knew that the two forms of stimulation, my penis and the water jet, would bring her to an orgasm any second.

Sure enough, she started to thrust against me and moan with intense pleasure as I finally let loose into her, bursting over and over again. I have never before come for so long. My penis still quite hard, I kept stroking in and out of her with a slow rhythm while she felt the aftershock of her orgasm. We repeated this performance in various positions until she had come four or five times. By then we were both completely spent and ready to pass out. — *Name and address withheld*

Peepshow

I'd like to relate a story to you in which, unfortunately, I am only indirectly involved. The people concerned are my work colleague (and flatmate), Anthony, and our receptionist at work, Barbie. I have called her Barbie due to her remarkable resemblance to a Barbie Doll. She stands an imperious six feet tall, with long, curly blonde hair, a great face and a magnificent, lithe body. Her only fault (if you could call it that) is that she's not overly bright. Just about every male at work has propositioned her at some stage but to no avail — until Anthony.

Tony had flirted with Barbie on and off for about six months, and had in fact had his tongue down her throat in the lifts on a few occasions. One particular day not so long ago, Tony came into my office flushed and looking rather pleased with himself. "It's on," he gasped. "I'm going to fuck her in the office tonight." I countered with a disbe-

lieving (and envious): "Bullshit." Proud as punch, he glanced around and discreetly pulled something black and lacy from his suit pants. Yes — her knickers.

This was something I wasn't going to miss and I promptly told him I intended to watch his performance. He agreed (he's an exhibitionist at heart), and we set out our plans.

At about ten to six we went to his office and surveyed the territory. A massive desk sat there, affording plenty of cover for an eager voyeur. I arranged a few books to hide my legs from view, worked out a signal Tony could give when it was safe to look (he would moan loudly), and settled down to wait.

A couple of tense minutes passed before I heard a soft click as the door opened. From my vantage point I saw a pair of slender calves enter the room. Some quiet whispering was heard and I watched as Tony led her to the part of the room we had agreed would provide me with the best possible view.

No more than a few seconds passed before I heard a lovely sound — zippers being undone. I was dying for a look, but waited for the signal. I didn't have to wait long. A loud "ARRHHH" echoed around the room. It sounded so realistic and it was still so early I thought it was an accident and thus refrained from looking. A second, louder moan quickly followed, and I eagerly peered forward for a look. What greeted me was sheer magnificence. No more than two feet away was Barbie's sweet, tender, perfectly sculptured arse, skirt raised above her hips, with her cunt peeping cheekily from between her luscious, creamy thighs; everything was encased in a black suspender belt.

She was busily engaged in sucking on Tony's blood-engorged junket pumper, and I had to suppress a chuckle as I looked at Tony's face. It was a combination of pleasure and amusement, laced with smug satisfaction (I couldn't blame the guy, mind you). He gave me a grin and then proceeded to peel her labia open, giving me a delightful view of her pink pouting pussy, already glistening with moisture. He inserted his middle finger and she wriggled her hips in delight, her movements on his cock becoming frantic. She was slurping and moaning as he started to shove his fingers in with vigor, and her pussy was squelching with ecstasy. Believe me, it took a lot to refrain from leaping out and making an entrance from behind.

It was then that Tony displayed a great sense of friendship. Withdrawing his fingers, he motioned for me to replace them with mine. Keeping his hand hovering behind her, he watched as I joyfully leaned forward and started to massage her steamy love passage. I gently manipulated her clitoris whilst simultaneously inserting a couple of fingers. Her taut tunnel tightened around my exploring fingers as I eagerly began probing her pussy. She was pushing herself back, grinding into my hand, her cunt becoming wetter and wetter. Her moaning intensified

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as I worked my fingers in and out whilst rubbing her rigid clit. She was fast approaching orgasm. "Tony, Tony," she was moaning incoherently (as she still had her mouth full of cock), and we held back our laughter. She started to come, clamping her legs together and locking my hand in. I felt a momentary flutter of panic as I realised I had no way of extricating myself if she chose to look. Barbie was shuddering with pleasure as she climaxed, and as her sighs subsided her vice-like grip on my hand eased, allowing me to pull it away. Tony quickly replaced it as I slipped back under the desk.

As I sniffed and licked my fingers, Tony lifted Barbie's head from his lap and without further ado turned her over and aligned himself in the classic missionary position. His sperm cannon stood rigidly to attention as he slowly eased himself into her. She moaned ecstatically and wrapped her stockinged legs around his buttocks, pulling him into her until he was buried to the hilt.

Barbie froze for a moment — then went berserk. She started bucking like a rodeo bull, and I felt a stab of concern as Tony tried to ride her into submission. He began pounding relentlessly; the smack of flesh hitting flesh reverberated throughout the room, and I winced in sympathy for the poor girl. Tears started streaming down her cheeks, but still she clung to him — meeting his every thrust with a powerful shove of her buttocks and hips. She was biting her knuckles, but I could still hear her frantic pleas of "Faster, faster." She obviously has a strong streak of masochism running through her.

The merciless fucking continued for a minute or so more, when suddenly he pulled out, her fanny farting in relief. Tony turned her over, and at that moment I was very nearly caught. As she was moving I could tell she would be looking in my direction. I jerked my head back in, thumping it into the rim of the desk. "Fuck," I muttered. "What was that?" Barbie whispered. Tony told her it was merely his foot hitting the wall. I held my breath as she paused for a moment. "Let's keep going," she whispered, dispelling my fears.

It wasn't long until I heard a moan again, and out went my head. The sight that greeted me this time wasn't nearly as pleasant as before — in fact, it was fucking ugly. Tony's hairy arse was see-sawing back and forth like a fiddler's elbow as he grasped her hips, screwing her doggy-style. I wasn't particularly interested in this angle, but to his credit he did the right thing, subtly moving until they were positioned such that I was afforded a far more pleasant view of her lovely pussy and tight arse as he ramrodded her from behind, ploughing his powerful pylon in and out of her exquisite pink lips. Her cavernous cunt clutched his cock with every stroke, and her juices were clearly visible running down the insides of her thighs.

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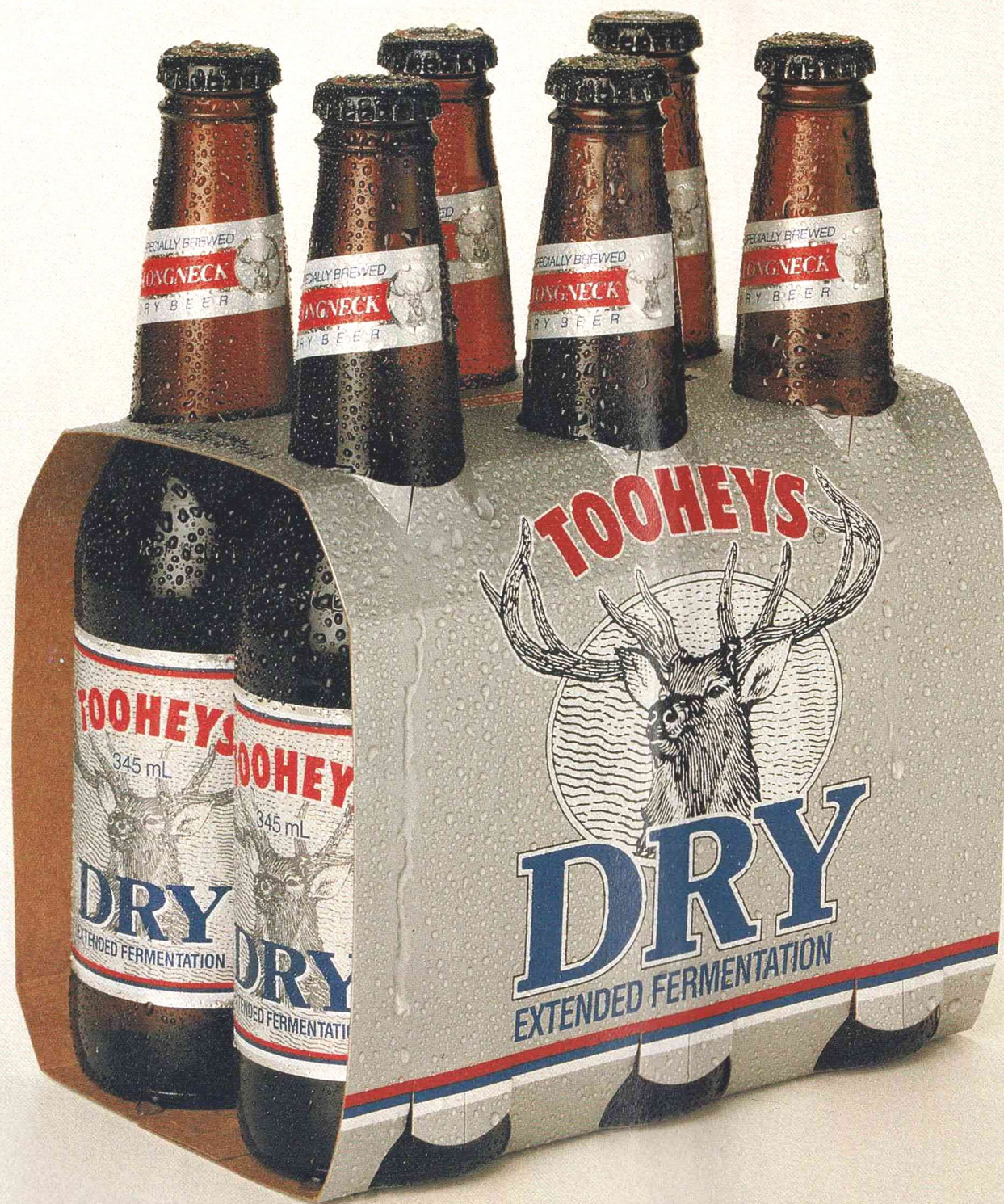


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SIX APPEAL

forum

By now Barbie was whimpering with pain and pleasure, and I noticed Tony's tempo increase — the final act in a masterful performance. "I'm going to come," he managed to gasp (I don't know whether he said it for my benefit or hers), and she moaned deeply. Tony was pistoning in and out and she began muttering unintelligibly as she buried her face in the carpet.

I watched gleefully as with a roar of triumph Tony pumped his load of jism far into her murky depths, as she simultaneously convulsed in an all-consuming orgasm. I nearly applauded them both. — *Name and address withheld*

Heat of the moment

I recently holidayed on one of the Caribbean islands. It was a beautiful place, and I had an experience that I will never forget.

One morning, while sunning myself on the terrace by the pool, I noticed a blonde walking toward the beach. She smiled at me as she passed, and as she walked out on the warm sand, I began to follow her. As I walked in her direction, she hit the water. I got closer and noticed that she was swimming naked. Right before I got to her towel, she realised that she was being watched, and quickly scrambled to the shore to get her bikini back on. She blushed as I neared her. As she walked to her blanket, I asked her if she would like some company. She smiled at me again and said yes.

We introduced ourselves, and I called over a waiter to get us some refreshing drinks. I found out that she was from New York. All the time that we were talking, her swimsuit top kept shifting, and I was privy to the nicest pair of tits that I had ever seen. I commented on her beautiful breasts. She had no chance to reply, because just then the waiter brought our pina colodas. They went down really smooth, and I am sure that my beautiful new friend was catching a buzz like me.

Before long she asked me if I would like to see her breasts and I told her yes. She started to take off her bikini top, so I asked if I could do that for her. I found myself fumbling with the strings, but I finally succeeded and off it came. Once in full view, her tits were magnificent, and she smiled at the drooling expression on my face. I immediately started to suck on her luscious mounds, and she moaned in delight. My hands were free and found their way to her bikini bottom, and there was a dripping blonde snatch. I fingered her cunt and sucked her tits until she squirmed on my finger. Then she decided to go into the water and, before my eyes, pulled her bikini bottom down teasingly. Once it was off, I pulled her toward my face and ate her out good. She loved it, and so did I. As I said before, it was morning and there were not many people on the beach. If anyone did see us, they obviously enjoyed the sight, be-

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forum

cause I heard no complaints. — *Name and address withheld*

Danke schön

It was a calm spring day. I was out driving with a friend. The sunroof was up and the stereo was loud. As we cruised along Northbourne Avenue we noticed two luscious women wearing skintight lycra cycling apparel. We slowed down and pulled up beside them.

"Nice day for it, girls."

The blonde turned around and nodded. "Sure is."

The two girls came to a halt. It was only then obvious that these two beautiful women were born athletes. As they slipped off their bikes, I began to notice the many, many curves which were not apparent beforehand.

"Which way is the Tourist Bureau?" asked the blonde. It was obvious that this girl was not Australian from her thick accent.

"It's just down the road a few more blocks. We'll show you if you like."

My dick began to expand as they followed close behind us. We stopped in front of the building. "This is it," said Bill. "We'll help you choose the nice places to go if you'd like." I could tell Bill was getting horny; his eyes could not be torn away from the blonde.

"We would love that," said the blonde.

"Let me introduce myself. My name is Paul and this is Bill."

"Hello," said the blonde. "My name is Ursula and this is my friend Katerina. We are from Germany."

We invited them on our own special tour. On completion we were invited back to their room for a well-deserved drink.

Bill and Ursula were amusing themselves in the corner with a pack of cards, playing strip poker. Bill was down to his shorts and Ursula had just removed her bra, revealing her gorgeous, firm breasts. Bill leaned over and kissed the newly exposed flesh and began to fondle and caress her, bringing her nipples to attention. By this time I really wanted to shove my eight-inch glory into Katerina's beautiful love hole. I leaned over and began to stroke Katerina's legs. A trickle of her love juices ran down the inside of her thigh, and her breathing became labored.

I decided to try my luck. I slid my hand slowly higher; her hands too began to move closer. My dick began to swell, the blood rushing through my love vessel. I reached higher and felt that beautiful wet spot in her forest of love. I slowly stroked her, feeling her hips thrust into my hand.

"Lick me, suck me, fuck me," she pleaded.

I did not have to be asked twice. I peeled off her second skin, then kissed and sucked her lips, those beautiful sweet juices flowing

from within her. I parted her legs even more and proceeded to tongue-fuck her like I had never tongue-fucked before. She moaned and groaned. I felt myself about to explode. I withdrew my tongue and proceeded higher, working my way slowly up her sensuous body, stopping from time to time to lavish pleasure on her most sensitive parts. Finally I met her two orbs. I nibbled at her already hard and erect nipples and her hips began to thrust. I couldn't wait any longer. I tore off my shorts and injected my beauty with a medicine of pure ecstasy. We fucked and sucked faces for what seemed to be an eternity; then I felt a hand creep around my balls. It was Ursula and her face seemed willing. I nodded and without hesitation she sucked on my nuts while I was still riding Katerina.

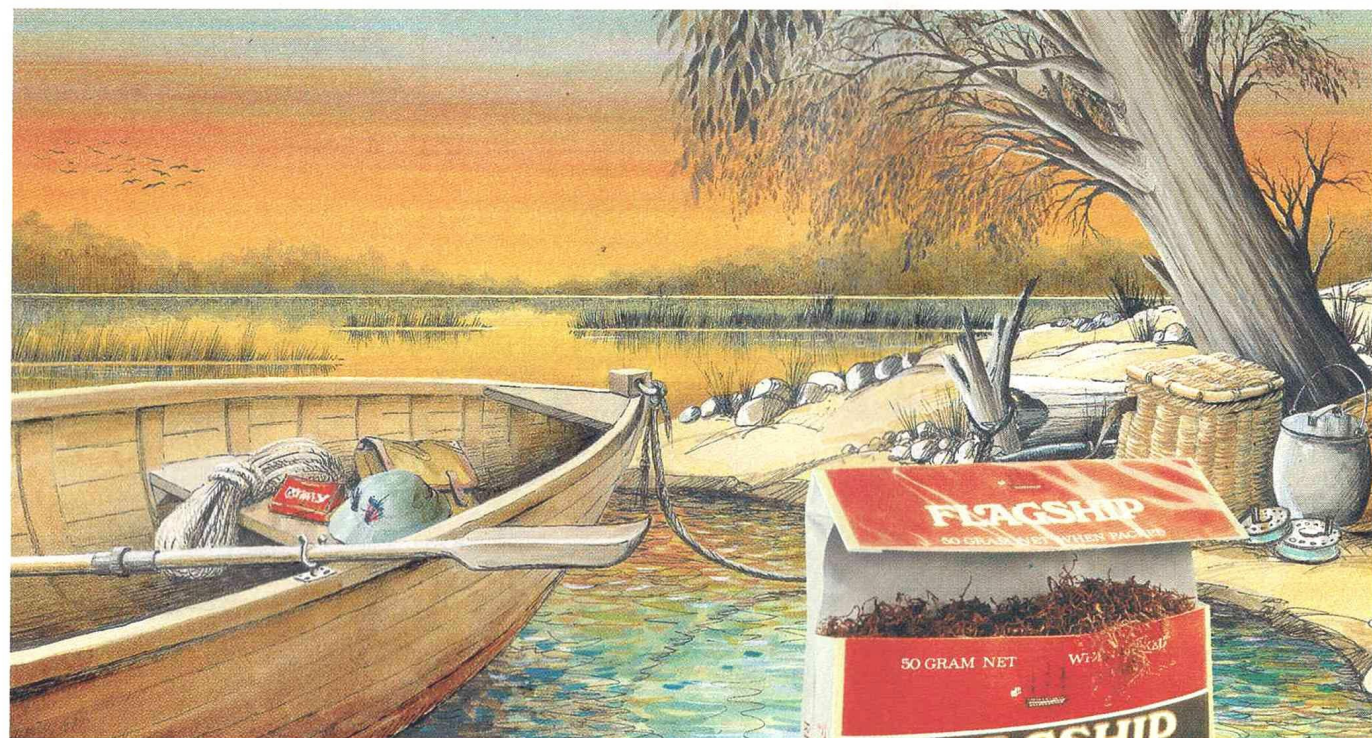
"Fuck me now," said Ursula.

I thrust once more into Katerina's tight hole before proceeding to enter yet another German black hole. And boy, was this tight.

I looked over towards Bill. He was holding a huge bar in both hands and looked eager to use it. He came over wielding it like a sword, and shoved it hard into Katerina's cunt. He was stroking, she was screaming, and I was fucking the arse off Ursula.

We continued pumping until we all reached exhaustion. Then we helped the girls into their costumes and said goodbye.

That was a day which I'm sure Bill and I will never forget. — *Name and address withheld* ☐



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FILM

RIPPING YARNS

Below: Iain Glen and Patrick Bergin star in the British Empire epic *Mountains of The Moon*; Kelly Lynch and Matt Dillon as junkie lovers in *Drugstore Cowboy*.



What-ho, chaps, anyone for a spot of adventure? *Mountains Of The Moon*, director Bob Rafelson's sprawling account of last century's expeditions to find the source of the Nile, comes across as a hybrid of the classic *Boy's Own* adventures and all those *National Geographic* docs about the tribes of deepest, darkest Africa. Yes, old chums, we're talking ripping yarn here.

Based on the journals of explorers Sir Richard Burton and John Hanning Speke, partners and eventual rivals in the quest for the source, this one has got

the lot: stiff upper lips, brutal stoushes with decidedly uncivilised darkies, lions brought down split seconds before devouring our heroes, bearers that take fright and decamp in the night, smallpox, jungle fever, insect plagues, burning desert sands and raging floods, witchdoctors, hallucinogenic potions and fat native princesses who demand sexual favors... and all delivered poker-faced. The old sex act, by the way, simply not cricket in *Boys' Own Reader*, gets quite a wallop in this one. Burton, adventurer, devilishly handsome rake and true White Man, was also a bit of a connoisseur of exotic forms of rogering — wrote the *Perfumed Garden* and all that — and thus we are a party to the dirty deed here and there as he tests his technique with his true love, fiesty feminist and independent spirit Isabel Arundell.

Dashed attractive newcomer Patrick Bergin slips into the role of Burton smoothly and suitably heroically. Iain Glen, familiar veteran of a few better British mini-series, is well cast too as Speke, upper class and eager, with a hint of the cad and a tint of the Public School poof about him. Fiona Shaw attracts the right sort of attention as the steadfast Isabel, and Bernard Hill delights in a very amusing cameo as explorer David Livingstone. The lot is spiffingly captured by director of photography Roger Deakins. Beautifully pip-pip-old-boy British, without lapsing into the appalling high camp of turkeys like *King Solomon's Mines*, *Mountains Of The Moon* fair rollicks along. The stuff upon which the empire was built, this is a jolly good show. ***

Frontrunner for silliest movie of the month looks like *Heart Condition*, a serving of tripe in which Bob Hoskins plays a racist Los Angeles policeman who suffers a heart attack on the night his worst enemy, black lawyer Denzel Washington, dies in a car crash. Black heart gets implanted in white body, white cop gets mighty pissed off, more pissed off when black guy's ghost starts hanging around, getting in the way and telling the cop that both of them had been porking the

same woman, a whacky whore with a heart of gold (Chloe Webb). Silly, silly, silly, and not so much a comedy as a mystery — why did actors of this stature get involved with this, and how, oh how, did this script ever make it past scratch? *

Last Exit To Brooklyn, an American story set in 1952 and brought to the screen by a German production crew, has a grubby and interesting European feel that sets it apart from the mainstream. There's true cult appeal in its rendering of themes like repressed homosexuality, prostitution and violence born of urban hopelessness in post-war New York. (Sound like fun so far?) There's much offbeat talent too among its cast of excellent American character actors, Burt Young and Jerry Orbach the most familiar faces among them. Jennifer Jason Leigh sassily evokes both lust and pity as a back-alley tart with a heart of lead. Directed by Uli Edel and deftly and theatrically photographed by Stephan Czapsky, *Last Exit* is the type of film that slugs you in the guts a few times and leaves you feeling like you need a wash. Should be big with the Darlington set. ***

More ultimately cheerless stuff in the form of *Drugstore Cowboy*, writer/director Gus Van Sant's paeon to junkiedom in middle America in the Seventies. There is a fair quota of black humor in the early part of this film as we follow a likeable gang of pillheads across the States, and oddly share in their junkie joy when they knock over each new small town drugstore and net a showbag of varied highs. As these things happen, death intervenes and rehabilitation follows for the central character, Bob (Matt Dillon in his finest performance to date). The saga of his redemption is grim, enlivened only by a mesmerising appearance by the Grand Poobah of old junkies, William Burroughs, as an unrepentant addict. Good work too from supporting actors Kelly Lynch, James Le Gros and Heather Graham. A worthy and interesting film that no-one will go and see. *** — C. J. Mackay



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SOUNDS

CHALK AND CHEESE

Clockwise from right: Margaret Ulrich's gentle offering; Cruisin' with British duo EBTG; Musical enema courtesy of Tackhead; Triffids in fine live form.



This month's serving of chalk and cheese is New Zealand expatriate **Margaret Ulrich** finding *Safety In Numbers* (CBS) and Californian **Jane Child** with her self-titled album. Their differences are, however, more stylistic than anything else. Exuding strong female energy, both offer love, crave space in stagnant relationships and sing of their entrapment by their own passions. Child, who writes and performs all but the guitar duties, shows more frustration. Her simple, huge mechanical drumbeats are matched in rhythm by the backing choruses. The most obvious love song ("You're My Religion") becomes like a hammering, synthesised Gregorian chant in electronic jack boots as Child pushes her voice to its edge. Ulrich has less of the feel of the potential mass murderer. Her light funky style slides into electro samba on "Your Love." She sings in a sultry chest voice that doesn't scream big funk. Content to mainly interpret others' songs, she bravely attempts the Billy Holliday classic "God Bless The Child" and acquits herself well. Some of Ulrich's music has a gently aimless feel, if not sentiment — "It's time to stop, take a look at my life and live what I believe." Child offers the boom crunch of a relentless monolith but the notion of "Don't turn your face to the wall, trust in the strength of the small."

"Poetry is not for me, so show me the way to go." Probably not

to LA, which is where **Everything But The Girl** finally went to discover *The Language Of Life* (WEA) — or at least the mellow speak of mainstream radio. This chic British duo have constructed music to cruise the LA freeways by — without spilling your cappuccino. Enlisting some creamy American jazz funk alumni they recorded in the city of lost angels where, in another generation, the Eagles used to croon about life in the fast lane. EBTG may be "down in the street with the engine running", but still, they "haven't come to harm your children" but "to be your love."

Occasionally European bands like Shriekback come along and twist their syncopations around a particularly distinctive vision. **Curiosity Killed The Cat** have a plan to *Getahead* (Mercury) which involves a more direct adulation of trans-Atlantic soul pop. They are still a few levels short of the full 42, but their sound funks with a harder edge than EBTG. Meanwhile, Glaswegians **Wet Wet Wet** enthusiastically wave their Celtic Soul banner as they are *Holding Back The River* (Phonogram), presumably the relentless one of time. While avoiding a fourth moistening, they flesh out their sweet croonings with often lush orchestral sections and a waltz deviation from the usual inducements to pelvic gyration ("Broke Away"). There is something attractive about the band's non-poseur stance. They sometimes crash into rousing rock choruses like "I Wish (I could take time)" where the proud Celtic sentiments override any other considerations, though their cover of "Maggie May" is much more polite than Rod Stewart's passionate, albeit drunken, plea to the same woman.

If all this sounds too much like your idea of lift music, then an aural enema like **Tackhead** is prescribed. On their latest they come on *Friendly As A Hand*

Grenade (World). These are perfect backing tracks for minds that are perpetually switching channels. At the core of this boom box is a heart of much sampled humanity and richly twisted thinking. There are also singalongs like "I wanna be an airborne ranger, I wanna live a life of danger, I wanna go to Iran, kill, hurt, cut", or the ode to media evangelists "Stealin' in the name of the Lord."



The Cramps' answer is just to *Stay Sick* (Enigma) — a credo they have stuck to throughout their 15-year output of thrash trash Southern Californian style. They cling religiously to the raw energy of their earliest rock and roll memories. So do the **Purple Helmets** who have dared to *Rise Again* (Liberation) after a short 20-year hiatus while members wandered off to projects like the Stranglers and Tears For Fears. Their improved technique has not dulled the energy they bring to Sixties classics like "She's Not There" and "Baby Let Me Take You Home." The stints in the health farms seem to have worked wonders.

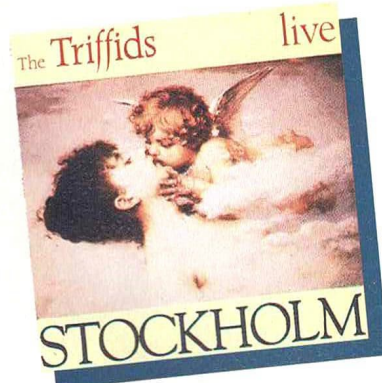
Years of adulation in Europe have also worked wonders for the confidence of Australia's **Triffids**. In the early days the Triffids live was an experience only marginally more interesting than cricket, itself on a par with watching grass grow. *Stockholm* (White) however sees them splashing around in fine form for a live radio audience in that very same city.

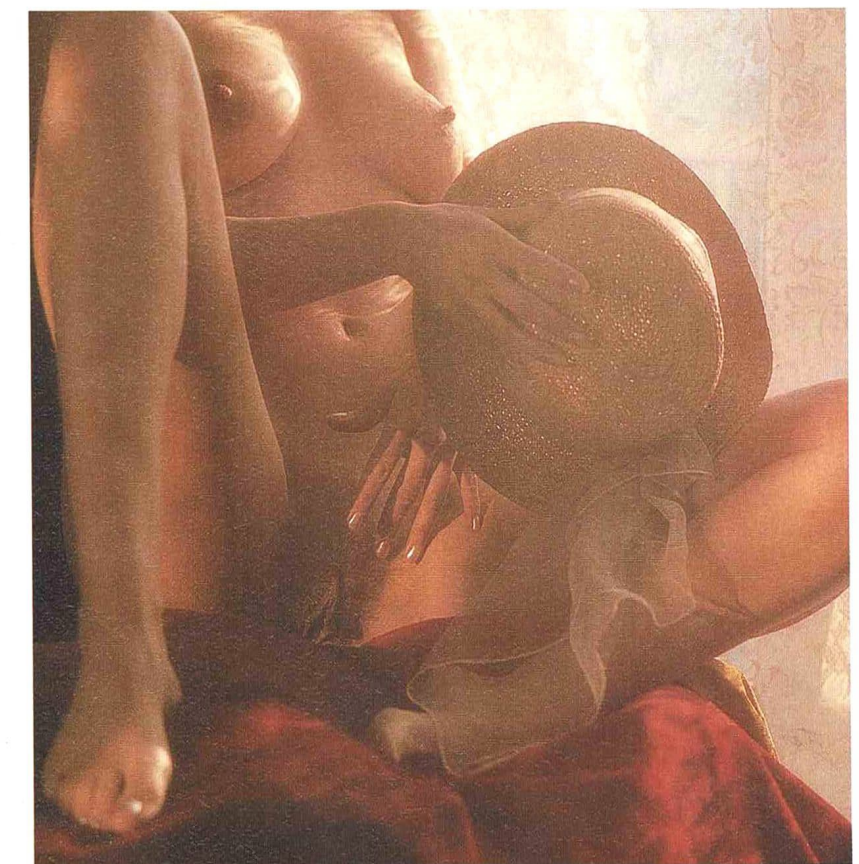
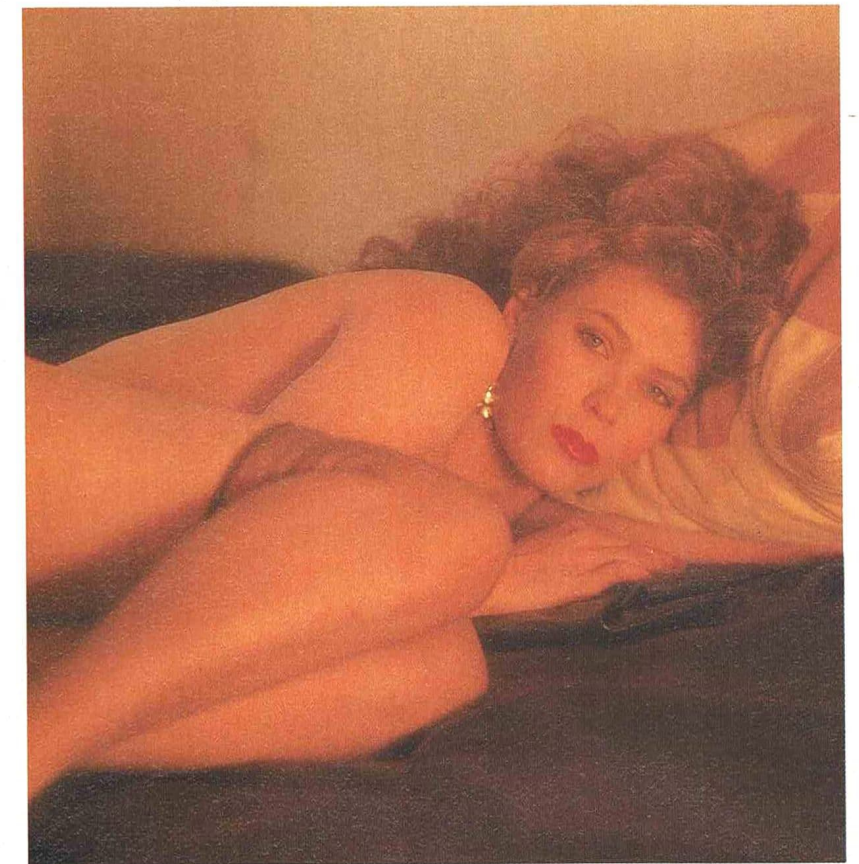
Finally, if you hanker for some guitar heroics but don't want to be labelled uncool, go visit **Jeff Beck's Guitar Shop With Terry Bozio And Tony Hymas** (EPIC). It's instrumental power trio playing, and I won't tell a soul. — **Jeremy Cook** ○✚

Korinne is the rosy-cheeked girl next door. A natural beauty. "I'm an old-fashioned girl," she admits. "An incurable romantic." Candle-lit dinners, red roses and purple prose are the way to her heart. "I like a man who takes his time to get to know me and goes out of his way to win me."

many tongues

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MOND





Korinne is studying languages at university and hopes to eventually work in the hospitality industry. "Learning languages is a great ticket to working anywhere in the world," she says. This beguiling beauty also attended finishing school and is an accomplished *coron bleu* chef. What more could a man ask for?





THE WILD WEST

Continued from page 38

for generations.

And among the pipe dreams, a 600-kilometre one which would pump "liquid gold" from Mundaring Weir, just outside Perth, all the way to Kalgoorlie. It broke its engineer, Charles Yelverton O'Connor. City-based sceptics steered him toward suicide before his vision was completed.

Wealth gushed from Kalgoorlie and the surrounding fields like water from O'Connor's ambitious pipe. In its heyday the town boasted 102 hotels and eight breweries. At the turn of the century and into the Twenties there were up to 80,000 people on the goldfields. And not one Chinaman amongst them. They were banned.

There was a time in the Thirties when it wasn't much better being an Italian. When an Italian barman accidentally killed an Australian drinker, it brought racial hatred to a head. Italians were hunted, their homes burned down, and men brandished weapons from rifles to home-made bombs.

They were hard men, and tough times. Brothels still operate in infamous Hay Street, openly, in full view. It's the only place in the state they're tolerated so blatantly. It's also the home of The Frontier

State's most notorious and active two-up school: and now, within the last decade, the only one to be legalised. The people of the goldfields live hard and they play hard, but fair.

And their frontier attitude rubs off on the rest of the state. Kalgoorlie is home, real or imagined, for so many West Australians. It's their Mecca for one heady week in August/September each year at Kalgoorlie's racing round. Thousands come to revel in the goldfields atmosphere that's endured while the capital, Perth, has been undergoing change. In just three days, 30,000 flock to the Kalgoorlie-Boulder Race Club, betting more than \$3.5 million on course and handing \$200,000 across the bar.

Goldfields folk are individuals, prepared to stand up for what they believe in. They swung the vote for Federation in 1901 against a majority in the rest of the state opposed to it. Thirty-five years later their vote was decisive again, when they prevented WA from seceding from the rest of Australia.

And today, the world's biggest electorate is still represented by a maverick. Federal member for Kalgoorlie Graeme Campbell regularly demonstrates he's not just one of the herd. When Labor was dividing into factions — various degrees of left and right — Campbell wryly described himself as belonging to the "extreme centre" faction. He's still there today, and

says its membership has grown.

In the hottest political debates he will cross the border and become a political outlaw. The rebel member has had showdowns with his Prime Minister over gold tax, land rights, racism and multiculturalism. He split from the ranks when the row between Hawke and Howard over Asian immigration was raging and public opinion was at its most sensitive.

Campbell says, on all these issues, "People in the electorate would expect me to do it." And they would.

Mr Campbell's two-and-a-half million square kilometre electorate speaks just as loudly for the state these days as it did back in 1901 and 1936. When former Premier Dowding was riding into Asia wooing investors and migrants, and meanwhile whitewashing WA's racist image abroad, opinion polls and Campbell's electorate indicated the smooth-talking forward scout was out of step with most of the West Australians he represented.

Poms and Europeans can strike it rich, but in the Wild West there's something sneaky about Asians doing it. Nothing has changed since the Chinese were barred from the fields in gold fever days.

The goldfields have fashioned the frontier image like no modern-day "rush." Men pour into the Pilbara in search of their El Dorado, and plenty among them are immigrants, but times have changed. They go on contracts and know ahead how much they can expect to take out of the land. Their spirits won't be enriched by the knowledge that their adventure could make or break them.

The land is not the enemy, as it was on the Goldfields. Their enemy is "the Company", and unless they get a good deal they'll go out on strike. And a good deal means creature comforts and higher pay. The ventures they're working for are breaking new ground, but these are not frontiersmen. They won't have the individuality nor the recklessness that characterises folk on the goldfields and pervades the rest of the state.

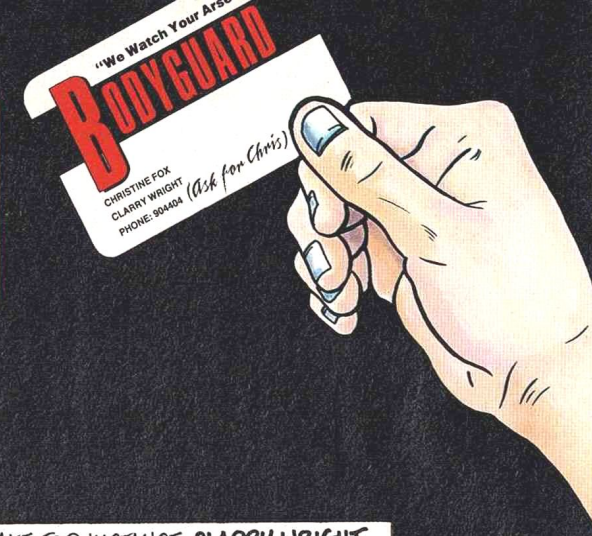
But the Wild West, although a bit punchdrunk right now, is still kicking, as the city of Perth's skyline steadily shows. The wealth from its earth and from its stream of "New West Australians" is reflected in the capital, which aspires to Dallas proportions.

WA's chief sport is Aussie Rules football. As a member of the Australian Football League, WA has a yearly draft, vying for the nation's top available players.

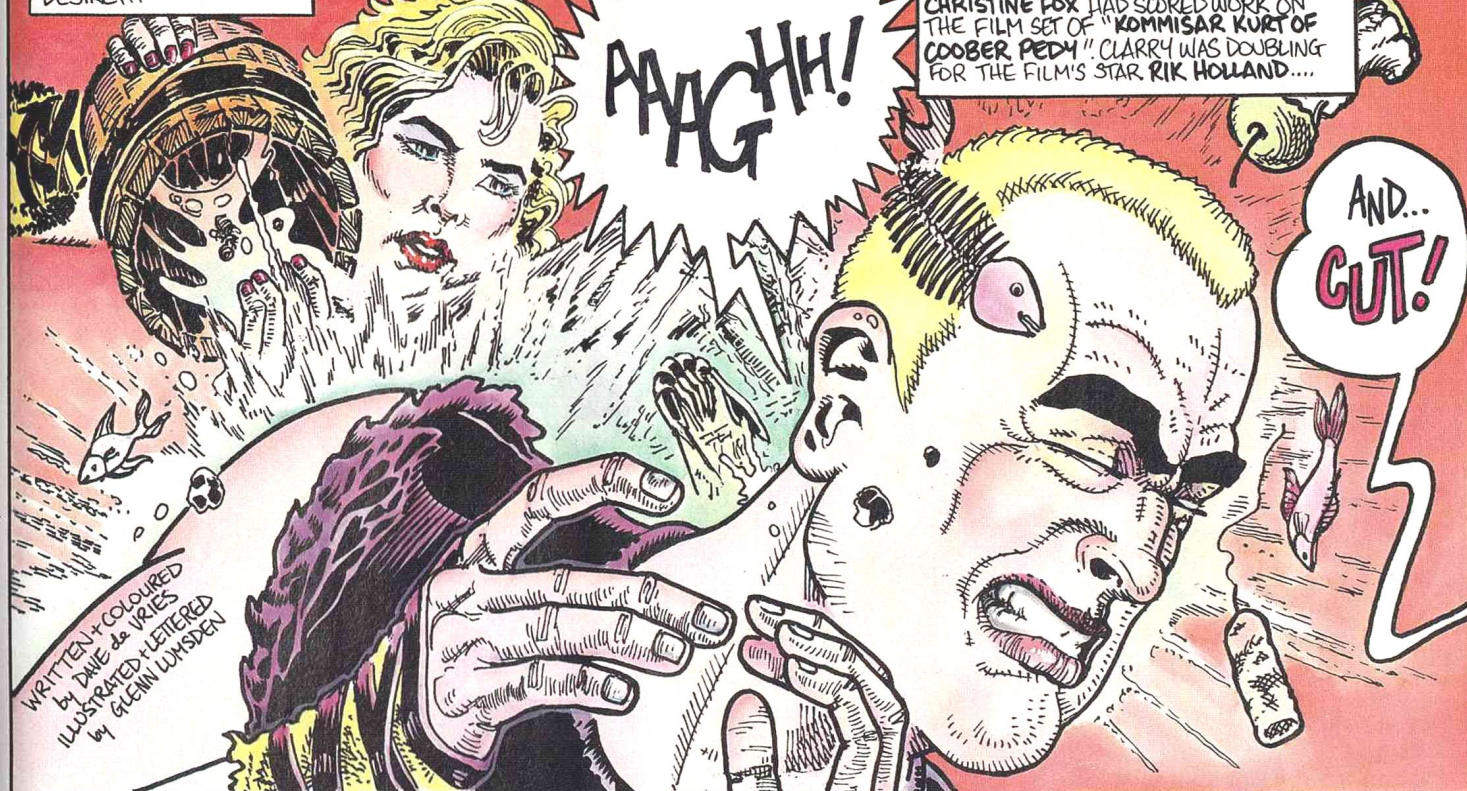
If there were a draft of a different kind for new blood outside the sports world, WA would not be falling over itself to recruit players. But there would be some interest in John Elliott for business, perhaps Alby Mangels for the arts, Bruce Ruxton for culture... and politics? Well, they'd probably be prepared to take Hawkie back. They'd take him aside for a bit of retraining first, though. 

BODYGUARD

PART 10: Double Trouble

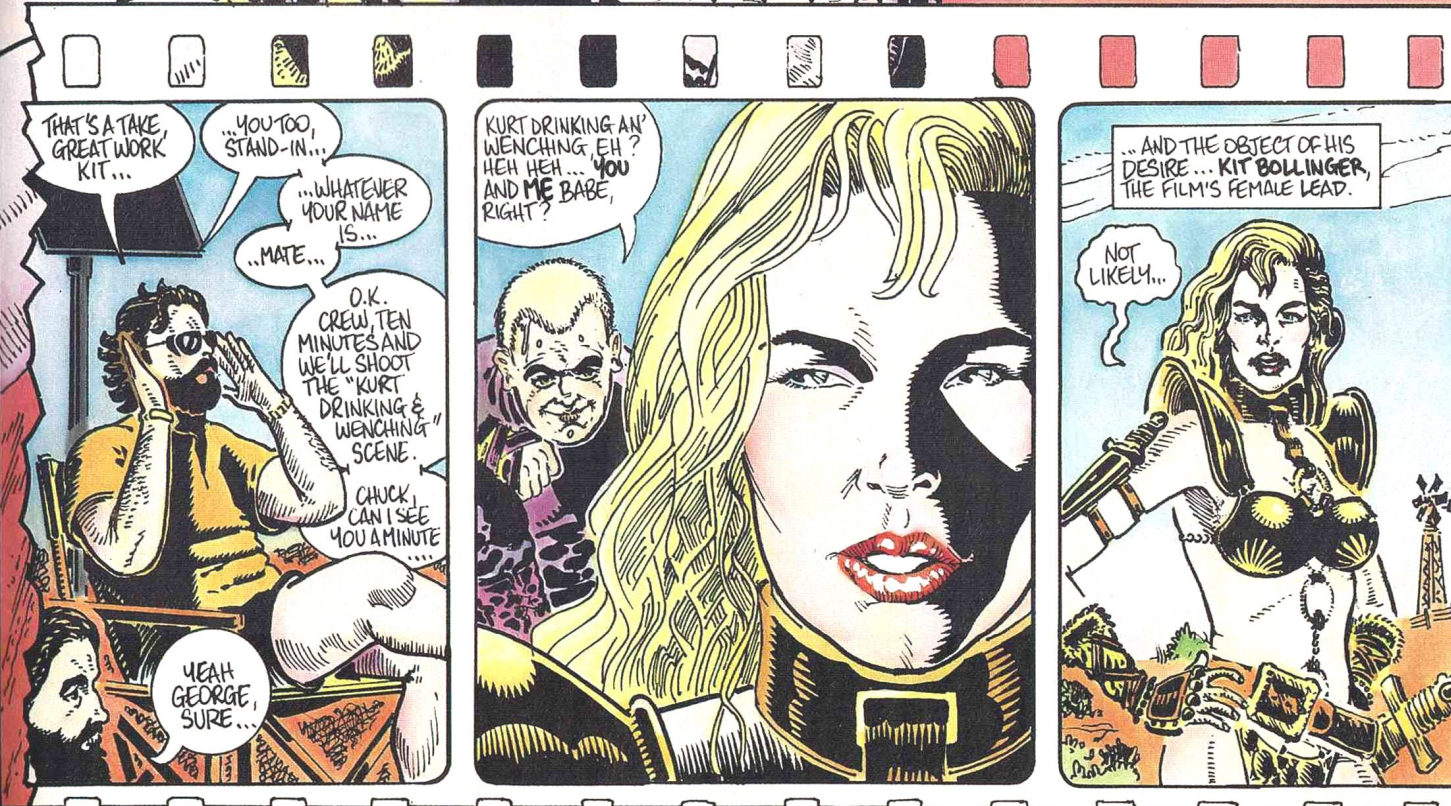


THE AUSSIE MALE WILL GO A LONG WAY TO CRACK IT WITH THE OBJECT OF HIS DESIRE...



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WRITTEN & COLOURED
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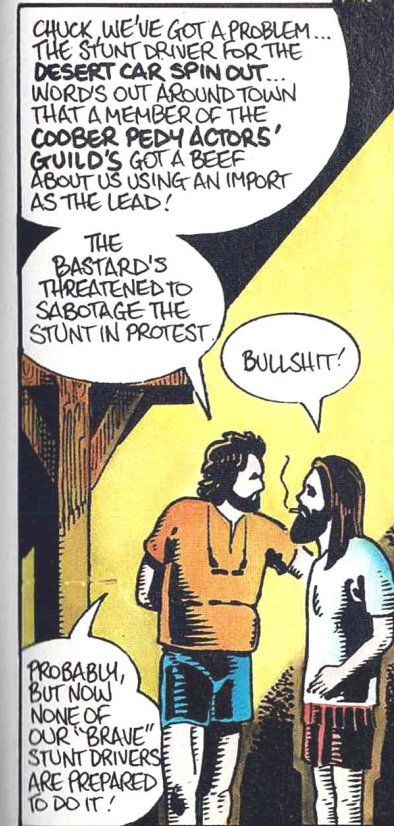
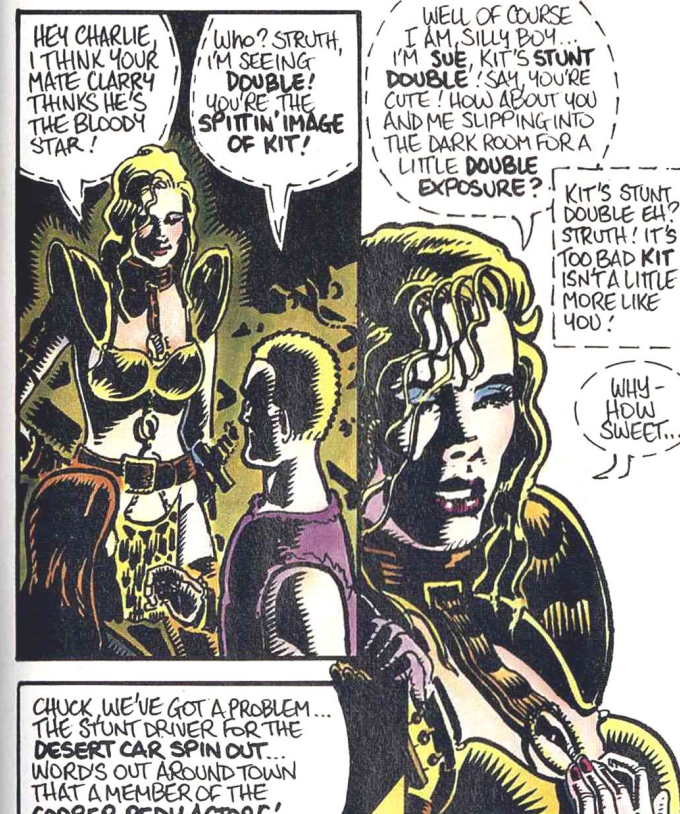
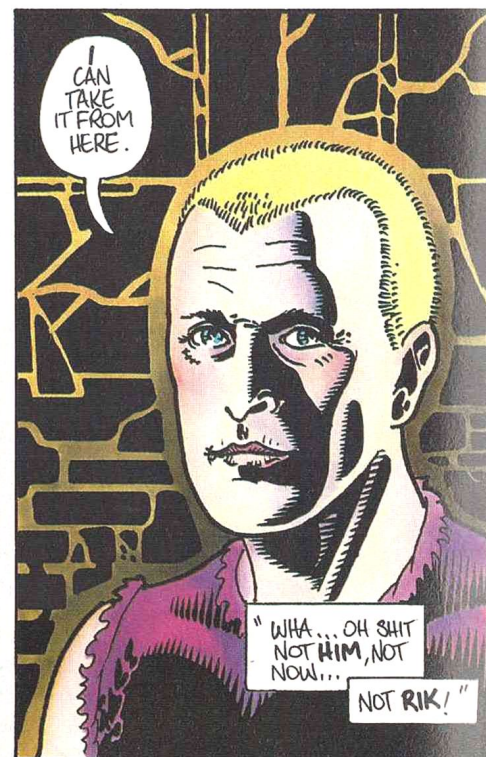
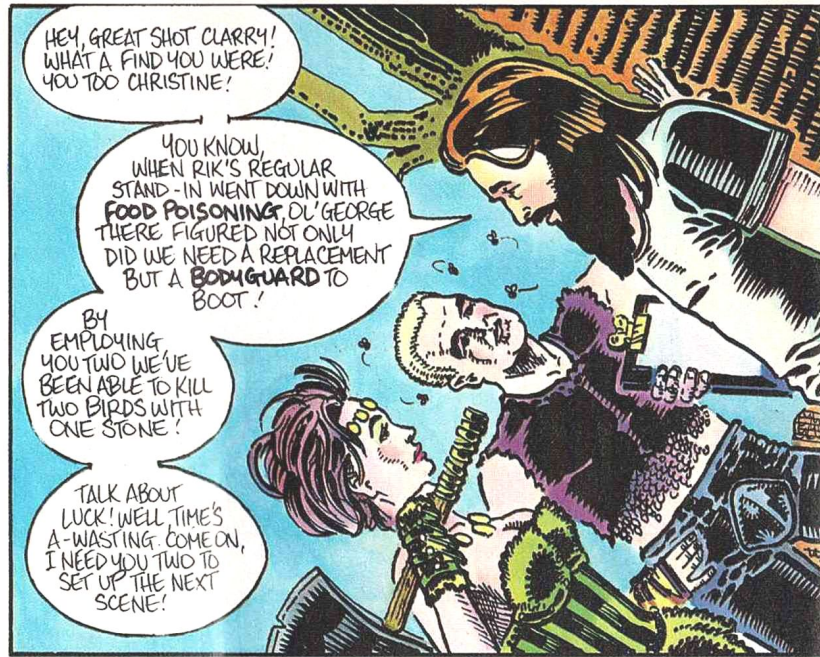


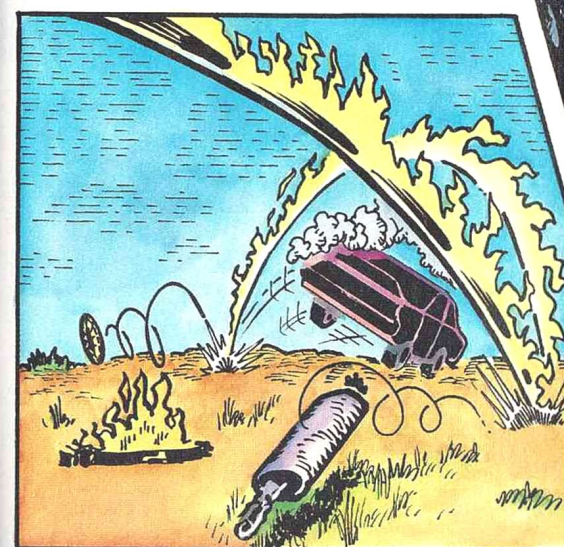
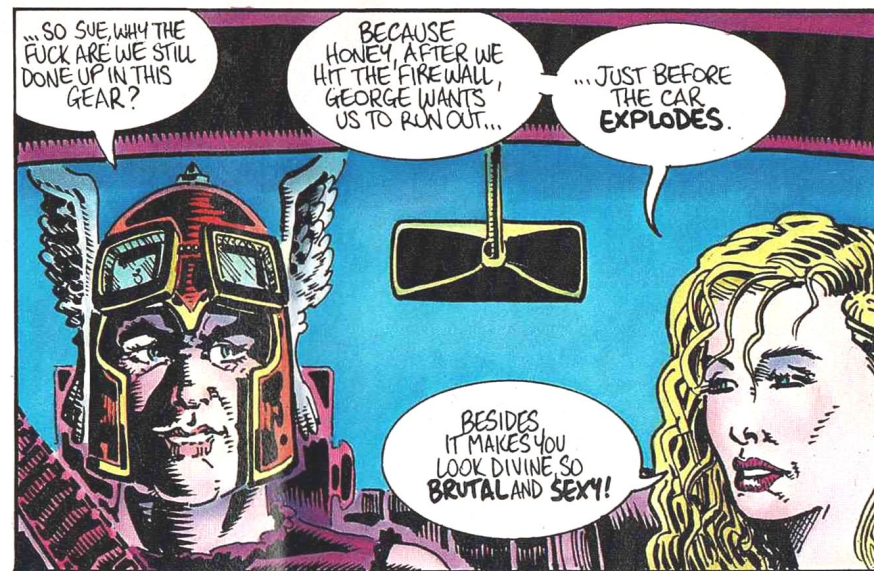
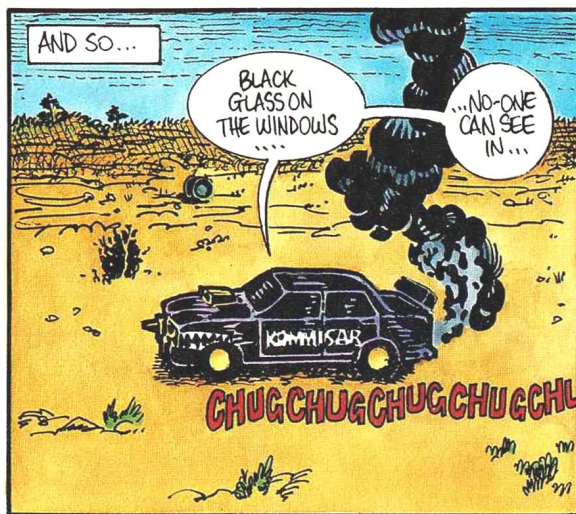
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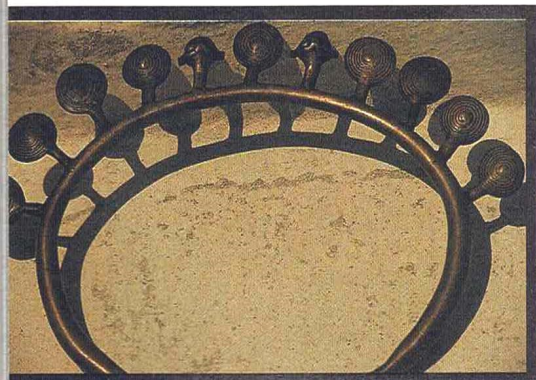
LOOSE ENDS

CLASSIC LIQUEUR

If you're looking for an exotic elixir, Sambuca Sacco is an Italian liqueur with a wildly different taste. Imported from the small town of Sambuca in the hills of Tuscany, this classic liqueur owes its unusual flavor to the distinctive flavors of elderberry fruit with sweet anise from the Orient, mixed with the exact degree of alcohol. Traditionally, Sacco is served in a small glass containing an odd number of coffee beans (for good luck). Once the flame has died, discerning drinkers chew the beans to enjoy the full taste effect. With the increasing popularity of liqueurs, Sacco can also be enjoyed as a frappé or with a variety of mixers, especially cola and orange juice. One Sacco cocktail which is very popular in better Italian restaurants is the God-daughter. The recipe for this colorful concoction is as follows: Combine, shake and strain: 30ml Sambuca Sacco, 30ml Amaretto, 30ml fresh cream, 5ml Grenadine. Garnish with chocolate flake, a strawberry and a sprig of mint.



Traveller's



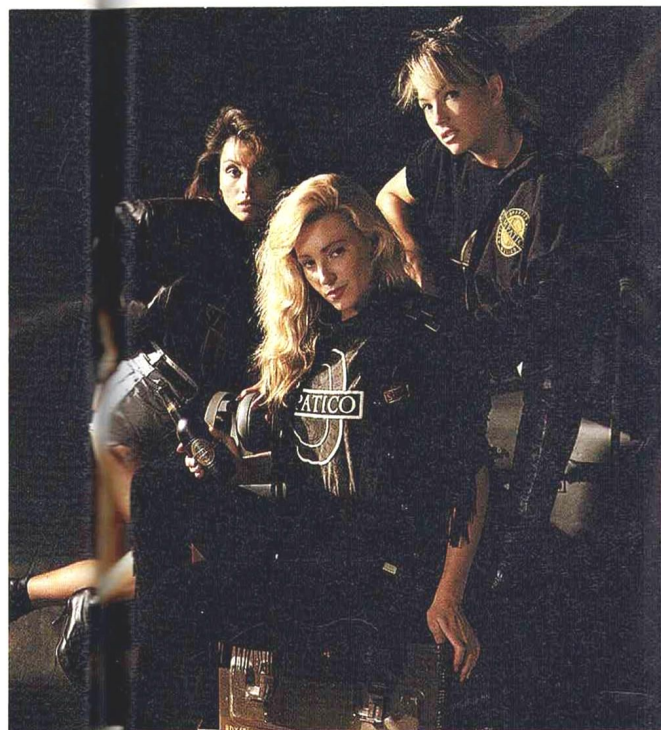
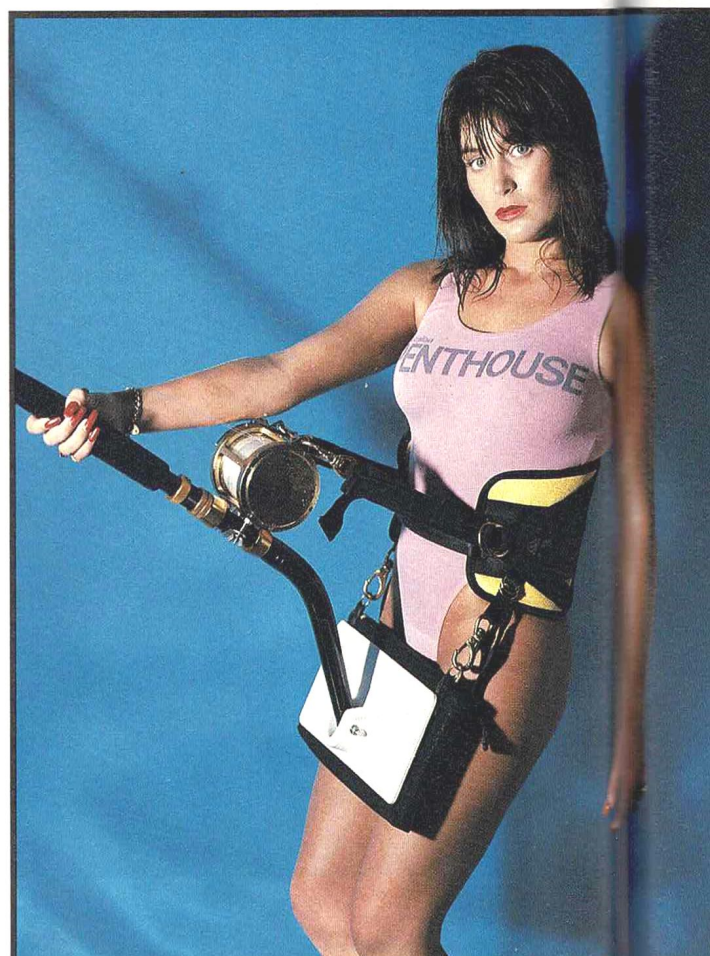
treasures

Gallery Nomad features a unique array of artworks, jewellery and objects from around the world. Most items featured are handpicked by the owners during their travels to exotic corners of the globe. On display at the gallery are woven silver Indian belts, Turkoman gold and silver breast plates, tribal earrings and bangles and textiles often embroidered with real gold. Gallery Nomad is located at 262 Oxford Street, Paddington, Sydney.

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Simpatico, the trend-setting Mexican beer, packaged in signature black bottles, has launched a new range of leatherwear bearing the stylish Simpatico label. The jackets are exclusively made by Frantik, Australia's foremost leatherwear designers. The range will retail for \$529 for a full leather jacket, \$449 for a fabric/leather jacket, \$449 for a fringed jacket and \$359 for fringed pants. This exclusive range is made to order only. For more details call Auspac Marketing on (02) 277 7099.

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Officer's blade



This superb gun is one of the original model 1908 Brazilian contract German Mauser rifles, first made in 1898. Back then it was feted as the ultimate in modern military arms and it is now considered the father of most modern sporting rifles. Made by the Deutsche Waffen Munition Fabriken for Brazil, the 1908 in 7 x 75mm calibre is made to the highest gunsmithing standards. It is fashioned of the finest European walnut and the metal is finished to the exacting standard that made Germany the number one arms supplier before World War I. The rifle shown here is one of the few surviving in original condition and is priced at \$1000. Other Mauser 1908s in below mint (90 to 95 percent) condition are also available for as low as \$295. These collectors' rifles are available from The Armoury, 804 George Street, Sydney.

Great guns

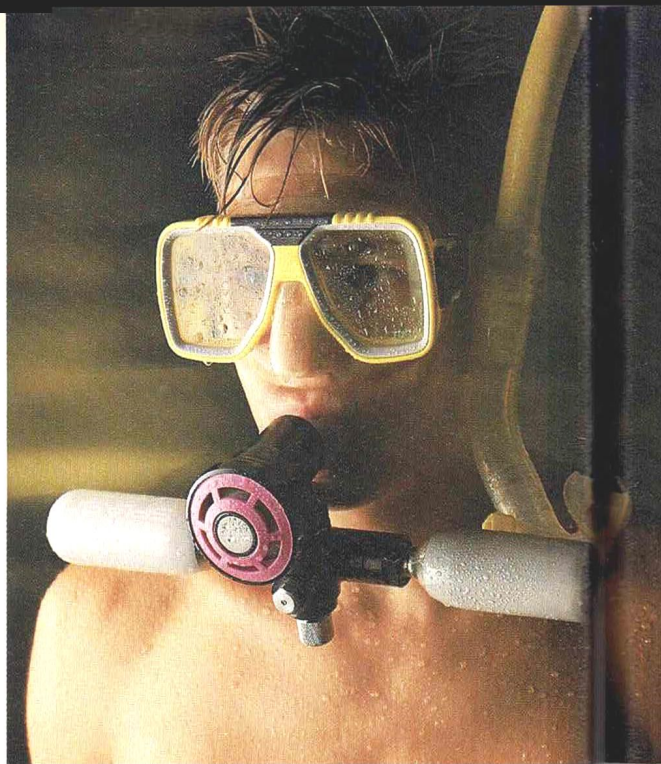
LOOSE ENDS

Underwater action

The new Splash Twin-Cylinder System is state-of-the-art and the smallest such system available outside science fiction.

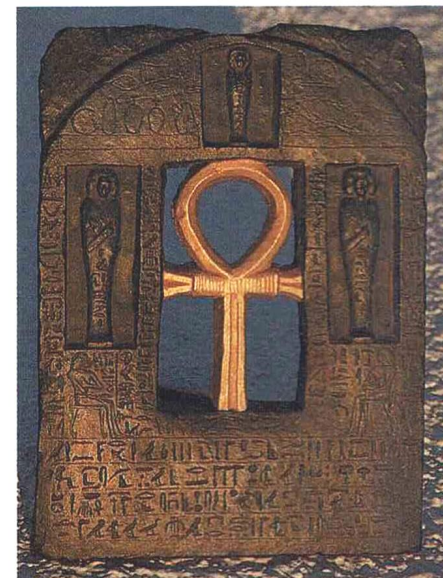
Produced by the Japanese company Splash, it allows approximately four to six minutes breathing time at the surface. The small air cylinders can be replaced or re-filled, providing they are not removed from their installed position. A

small pin indicator located at the front indicates the air remaining when the user is diving. Full scuba training through a recognised training school is essential before use — this system is not for novices. The Splash Twin-Cylinder retails for around \$495 and is available from Pro-Dive at Coogee, on (02) 665 6333.



Egyptian artifacts

The Sphinx Gallery in Sydney boasts a range of unusual artworks, quality replicas of everything Egyptian from Tutankamen's treasures to papyrus paintings. Among the extravagant assortment of *objets d'art* at the gallery are handwoven rugs and carpets, jewellery inlaid with semi-precious stones, camel-bone figurines, carved wood and fine porcelain figures. The Sphinx Gallery is located at 404 Military Road, Cremorne, Sydney.



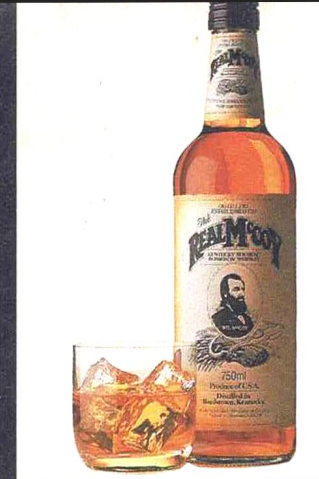
RESTRAIN YOUR BALLS

The Tell-Tail Golf Practice Ball, designed and made in Australia, allows golfers to practice wood and long iron shots in the average-sized backyard or in a nearby park. The Tell-Tail comprises a top-grade wound golfball attached to a dacron fibre heavy duty tape which acts to slow and reduce a ball's flight to about



one tenth of the normal distance. And it works. At \$14.95, an affordable gift for golf nuts. Find them at K-Mart stores, Sportsfair, Ray Drummond Golf Shops and most pro shops.

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Real McCoy Bourbon NASCAR competition

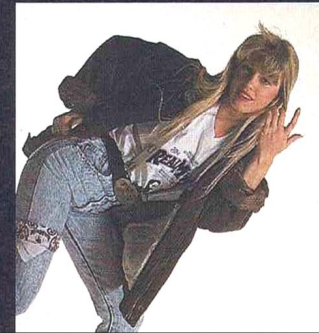
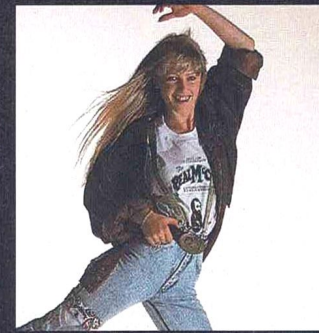
If trying to break the speed barrier in a V8 mean-machine sounds like your kind of adrenalin-raising action, Real McCoy Bourbon may well see you in the driver's seat. Real McCoy, the spirit of the South, are offering one free entry to the Nastrak Starsearch competition (valued at \$1850), a quest to find an outstanding NASCAR driver to race under contract to the Real McCoy team. In addition Real McCoy are offering a \$1000 Real McCoy leather jacket, sloppy joe, T-shirt, belt, bandanna, badge, four boot glasses and a case of Real McCoy Kentucky Bourbon. To enter, simply read the following details on NASCAR and the Nastrak Starsearch competition, and answer the question below.

NASCAR racing, the most popular motorsport in America, is fast taking off down under with the completion of the Calder Park Thunderdome in Victoria. Nastrak, operators of the Real McCoy Bourbon racing cars, are planning to develop the fastest Australian NASCAR Team. To this end they devised the Starsearch competition to find a fresh Australian talent to join the elite ranks of their racers.

The competition is open to racing enthusiasts all over Australia for the fee of \$1850. However, only those quick off the flag will be in the race — the first 500 entrants exclusively will be tested. Entrants are put through a series of track tests and trials to discover the top 25 drivers. These drivers are then put through the Bob Jane NASCAR driving school, at a cost of \$5000 per driver paid by Nastrak. The winning finalist will be contracted to race in the Real McCoy Bourbon team for 12 months, alongside head driver and speedway star George Elliot, with a further 12-month option. The driver will be fully sponsored by Nastrak.

To be in the race for your entry to speedway stardom and a host of other Real McCoy prizes answer the following question: What is the name of the head driver of the Real McCoy racing team?

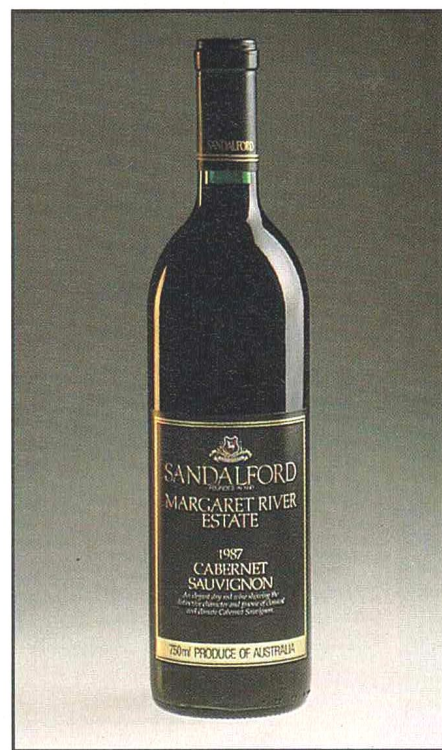
Write your answer on the back of an envelope and send it to Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062, by Friday, 18 May, 1990.



Sandalford Wines, a name synonymous with the finest Australian vintages, has recently released four new varieties which are rapidly winning acclaim nationwide. These superb new wines are the 1987 Margaret River Cabernet

From the vine

Sauvignon, 1988 Margaret River Semillon, 1989 Caversham Estate Chenin Verdelho and a 1989 Caversham Estate Zinfandel, all creations of the company's new chief winemaker, Christian Morlaes. The mastery of Morlaes, in tandem with a \$2 million investment in advanced technology and quality control, have resulted in these superior wines. The 1989 Caversham Estate Chenin Verdelho has received considerable recognition in various shows, while the 1988 Margaret River Semillon has won a gold medal for excellence. With an abundance of floral fruity character associated with Swan Valley wines, these four wines are recommended.



DENIM DESIGNS

This James Dean jacket is part of a range of denim designs featuring popular icons of the past. Marilyn Monroe, Jim Morrison, The Munsters, Elvis, and The Wizard Of Oz are among other cult idols adorning the backs of these original jackets. Each jacket is individually handpainted, air-brushed and finished with rhinestones and silver studs. They are designed by Darren Van Heumen exclusively for Rod Alexander and retail for around \$499. Call (02) 958 6314 for further details.



HOLY ROLLING

Continued from page 106

most of the credit. Forgotten for a moment are the driver's own talent, the engineers who built the car, the Goodyear tyres that carried it around, the sponsors' money that made the whole deal possible.

Critics of NASCAR say the sport is too parochial, a defiantly Southern culture. Strangely, many folk in NASCAR racing accept this notion. Bob Jane's current push to grab a Winston Cup championship race for Australia has surprising support in the US. The Americans want to see NASCAR expand internationally. Mr H.A. "Humpy" Wheeler, president of Charlotte Motor Speedway, is one of the progressives. He describes Jane as a man of vision and sees a time, not far off, when NASCAR will have Japanese and Australian racecars howling around the high banks. "And because of what Bob Jane is doing down there I fully expect a great stockcar driver will emerge from Australia within the next decade."

Wheeler says the secret to NASCAR is simplicity. The cars have plain old four-barrel carburettors. No overhead cams and multi-valves. No on-board computers. The object is to get 40 cars running at about the same speed. "We aim to entertain the fans, not engineers and designers," he said.

Formula One, with its reclusive superstars and an emphasis on Space Age technology, is the antithesis of homely, friendly NASCAR. Wheeler, who obviously spends time musing over such matters, reckons Australians should have a greater affinity for NASCAR than for Grand Prix racing.

"Australians and Yanks," he says, "have a mutual love of contact sports, like football and boxing. Our cars can bang together while they're racing and the fans go crazy. A Frenchman or Italian might prefer Formula One, but I think our nations want to see three guys heading into a corner side by side."

Wheeler believes that 25 years from now NASCAR racing could be seen anywhere from Hiroshima to Moscow. The Soviets have sent a representative to Charlotte to ask Wheeler if he's interested in building a track in Georgia, USSR. He also acknowledges the inevitability of the Japanese car makers moving into NASCAR "before the end of the next decade."

Allan Grice, Terry Byers and Dick Johnson are already pioneering. If Jane has his way, Aussie cars could be dicing with the Chevis and Buicks and Oldsmobiles sooner than you think. Approaches have already been made to NASCAR to allow Holden Commodores and Ford Falcons into US racing. No-one seems to be against the idea. 



Pet Of The Month Tammy Cook

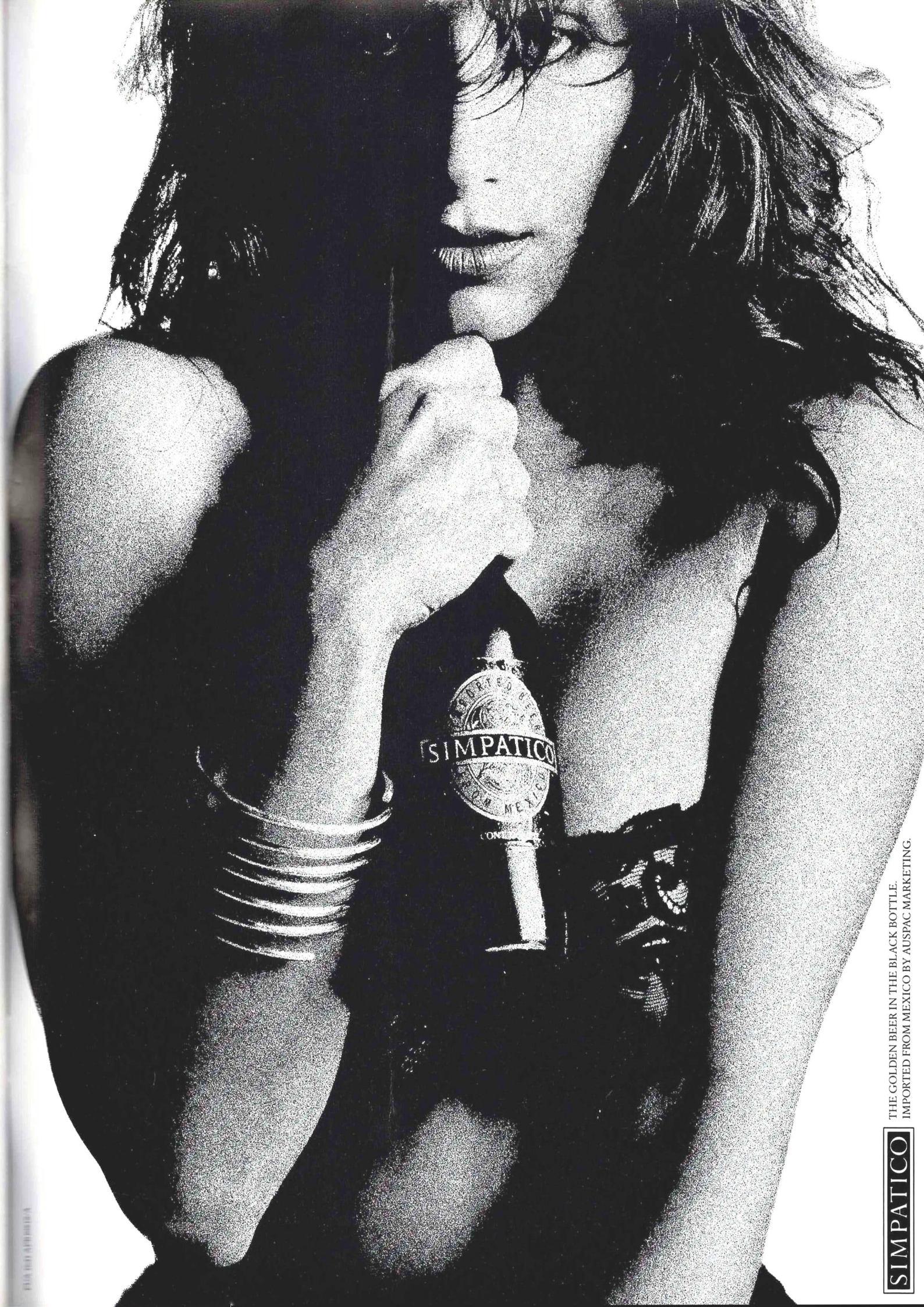
A QUICK PEEK AT JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Forensic Revolution — In America they call it "genetic crime busting." To the scientists it's DNA profiling, one of the biggest steps forward in forensic science since fingerprinting. July *Penthouse* considers the implications of technology which makes a pinhead of blood, saliva or semen the most infallible and incriminating piece of evidence.

Pop Plagiarism — Song theft claims are plaguing the music industry. In recent years Stevie Wonder, Mick Jagger, Barry Gibb, Boy George and dozens more have had to fight legal battles with songwriters who claim "he stole my song." Next month's *Penthouse* presents a fascinating profile of the pop plagiarism industry.

Future Fitness — Is the micro-chip transforming the fitness industry? Computerised weight machines that "talk" and monitor your scientifically controlled routine have already made an appearance in Australian gyms. Next month *Penthouse* reviews some of this hi-tech resistance equipment and questions its appeal, functionality and cost-effectiveness.

Pet Of The Month — When it comes to adventure, next month's Pet Tammy Cook is open to suggestions. Belying her tender years, this deceptively quiet country girl has tried nearly everything more than once. Go on safari with Tammy in July *Australian Penthouse*.



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